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JULY, 1927 VOL. LXV, NO. 5

THE BOOKMAN

John Farrar, *Editor*

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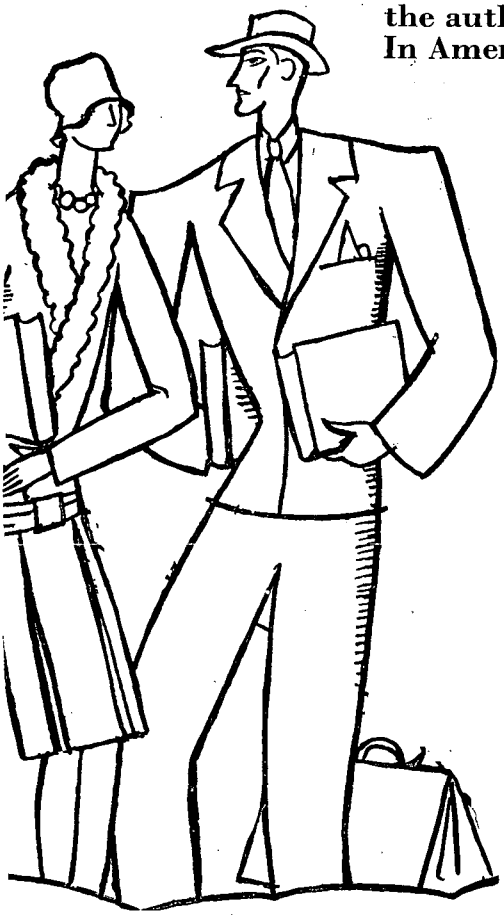

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JULY, 1927 VOLUME LXV, No. 5

THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

NOTHING is so futile as the attempt to feel sentimental about a holiday — any holiday, from the Fourth of July on down to wedding anniversaries. The calendar has no power to restore moods or recreate situations and emotions. Independence Day meant something definite to the Fathers, though they were probably too frightened over the possible consequences of their act to get highly worked up. However that may be, it is absurd to expect frenzied wage slaves in the twentieth century to share the same joy over independence from Great Britain. It cannot be gainsaid that nine tenths of the unsavory drool and deafening bombast to which we have long been subjected on the Fourth is due to a hopeless effort to drum up emotions which none of us feel. The Fourth of July orator is a man who tries to make his fellows experience what is irrecoverably remote, who tries to inspire a sense of gratitude which has long since become vestigial. He is ridiculous because he speaks of things about which no one cares one pistareen. He has no choice but to fall back upon once acceptable phrases.

Our holidays do, however, have an immense recreational value, particularly if they fall on Mondays. Our people, with the exception of those who must run the trains and common carriers and those who must use the occasion to sell their wares, will enjoy surcease from the driving business of modern life. Herein lies the actual meaning of July Fourth. If this be true, why should we be content with merely a day? It seems to us that a more excellent plan would be to group all our holidays into a single season and throw a regular fiesta on a national scale. Such a moratorium would enable most New Yorkers to get farther from the city than Mount Vernon, and enable all of us to rest up from our celebrations. The majority of office forces are off color for two days on either side of a holiday. A three week national holiday would soon bring satiety and, consequently, relaxation.

Meanwhile, there is no danger of this unprecedented arrangement. Let the Fourth come on, and let us use it as a day of pagan pleasure. If some tired

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papa gets a whiff of human happiness, we may be sure the shades of Washington and his cohorts will be satisfied that their labors were not in vain. The spirit of the day will be real in so far as Americans enjoy themselves.

IN DEFENSE OF POPULARIZERS

IN circles where ministers and pedagogues are wont to hold converse, concern over the growth of the popularizer in American life amounts almost to despair. "He's merely a popularizer", the expression goes, and the remainder of the sentence, either uttered or inferred, is, "therefore his stuff is cheap and unreliable". It is the habit of these duller folk to speak of such fellows as Durant as though they were making graceless obeisance to the groundlings of the reading public with a view of increasing yearly incomes. The practice of these men approximates dishonor, if we may believe our ears, and for every ounce of esteem they get in the reviews and advertisements, they get a whole hogshead of deprecation from the pedagogical hierarchy — those who have spent a tedious youth in a bootless search for exotic roots and quatrains.

What is more, the average reader himself feels a bit sneaking when he reads a popular presentation of recondite material. He seems to feel that he is taking a short cut to a goal which should be reached by the forbidding path Christian traveled to the city of Perfection. As a matter of fact, he is not. Our shame over popular writing derives from the academic tradition that ideas are never reliable unless they are made prohibitive by diction. Popularizing, on its negative side, is simply a revolt against the scholastic habit of dulness; positively it is the arresting presentment of ideas and putative information which have for years reposed in caverns guarded by footnotes and technical language. Through men who have written our disgraceful outlines, the world has awakened to a sense of untapped knowledge. This knowledge, like the once esoteric lore of priestcraft, fast becomes the common property of man: the professor is unfrocked; his method of cornering the world's information by making it tedious no longer avails. Little wonder it is that he is chafed by these academic pariahs who have let us common fellows in upon the secrets of the ages.

Rumor has it that Harry Elmer Barnes has earned the scorn of respectable historians. They impugn his gradation of the governments responsible for the World War. But they do not impugn his influence in the American commonwealth, nor the fact that he has interested bankers and tailors in the subject of war guilt and trial by jury, that he has attracted classes — among them college students — who have not hitherto shown aggressive concern with problems of diplomacy and jurisprudence.

The lesson, it seems to us, is one for the academicians. No one wishes them to sacrifice their high standards of accuracy; but if they are not to be completely alienated from the world, they must learn the art of writing cogently for the sordid man in the streets. Charles Cheney Hyde is no better than Norman Angell merely because his stuff has a carefully studied and apparently obligatory dulness. One constructive suggestion may be offered in closing. After a young graduate has finished his doctorate, let him begin at once to rewrite it with a view of making the thing readable and at-

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tractive. Under the prevailing system, this is about the best we can do.

THE UNSUNG REPORTER

WHILE one of the easiest tasks imaginable is to go around picking out unsung heroes, we have a set to add to the list. No group is doing better work in the field of American hack writing than the anonymous souls who give us our daily news. Most of those who have never labored over a story amid the machine gun crackle of typewriters in an editorial room seem to feel that newspapers somehow get themselves written impersonally. They are unable to visualize the sweat and profanity necessary to compose a passable story, the imagination and strive necessary to embellish drab incidents and sordid commonplaces in such a way that the story will catch the eye of the citizen at breakfast. Time was, of course, when the papers were written poorly enough to leave the impression that they were written impersonally. That time has changed. One cannot read a newspaper today without the feeling that the thing has been done by some fellow who ought to be rewarded, who deserves more of an ovation than he probably gets from a thousand widely distributed readers each moment for two hours after the paper is out.

The explanation, if any be needed, is that the papers are being written by men and women of unmistakable abilities, who must rely, for the time being, upon reporting as a means of livelihood. They determine, therefore, to make the best of it during their regular shifts. During off hours it is quite conceivable that they are hard at work on novels, sonnets, essays, articles, and what not. It is not that journalism develops ability; it is more the fact that able persons are often compelled to take up journalism. That these persons need not wait ages for appreciation, it seems only fair that there be added to the Pulitzer Awards one more, which shall provide a prize for the best unsigned story appearing in the daily press. Hack work cannot have too many compensations.

THE PULITZER PRIZES

WITH the announcement of the Pulitzer Awards comes annual disappointment. It is not that the awards in general are atrocious — though they often are in particular. It is simply that those who have published anything from a novel to a history of American civilization feel they have been dreadfully overlooked. As for the judges, they do surprisingly well. In the selection of Louis Bromfield's "Early Autumn", they have covered a multitude of mistakes, even if Mr. Bromfield's story is essentially more English than it is American. But the whole method of awarding prizes is somewhat childish and unnecessary. No man ever did anything great through a hope that he would get the Pulitzer Prize for what he happened to do. All of the awards are incidental — works of supererogation, with a net effect of making conversation and arousing suspicion.

A few more years will doubtless antiquate the awards entirely. For one thing, there is too much good stuff being turned out; the judges must increasingly pick personal favorites or else poke a finger blindly at some one masterpiece that is no better or no worse than the remainder. Again, the

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terms of the awards continue to impose impossible limitations upon those charged with selection. The moral element in literature is ever more pale and forlorn, so that it is probable that only third rate novels in the future can be said to have any salutary influence upon American manhood and manners. Further, dissatisfaction with the decisions will bring the beneficiaries into what approaches disrepute, so that it will be no more of an honor to have the award than it now is to have an LL.D.

For the time being, however, congratulations are in order. It is not too much to say that the decisions this year are not bad, though we deny ourselves the pleasure of discussing them in detail. Literature does not spring from boards of review, neither can it be greatly helped or hindered by the approbation of these boards.

WHAT THE WELL READ WOMAN IS FAVORING

"WOMEN readers do not as a rule like books with unhappy endings." So writes Professor William H. T. Lamont as he sends along a most interesting tabulation of votes taken in the extension courses he is conducting in literature at Rutgers University. At the close of his course, he has the habit of asking the students — most of them women — what their favorite books may be. Among the greatest of the English authors they have read, the students class Hardy, Maugham, Lawrence, Galsworthy, Sinclair, Moore. Among the Americans, Dreiser, Canfield, Wharton, Glasgow, Hergesheimer, and Ostenso have found chief favor. So it is that, though the women do not like unhappy endings, they have rated Hardy and Dreiser above all other writers on the list.

All of which probably goes to show a great many things — among them, that women do not know what they like. Women readers must be extremely hard to satisfy. They must approach a book as they would a dress or hat or piece of material. There is no way of predicting what they will like or why they will like it. Since a great portion of the bookbuying public is composed of women, it is easy to see at once what the difficulties of book prognostication are. Women, it seems to us, outread men by long odds, and it should cause some gratification to know that they have not chosen lesser writers. Perhaps women in the future will substitute a control of literary taste for a control of morals.

Further, says Dr. Lamont, Anderson and Lewis were relegated among the least interesting of American writers, though the men in the classes rated them appreciably higher. It would of course be better to say that these writers are significant rather than interesting. Upon this basis of evaluation, their standing would be more enviable. Yet the moral of the whole table seems to us that we have in America a most encouraging diversity of taste. Dreiser and A. S. M. Hutchinson are read with equal avidity. Our only hope is that we shall not develop a taste so stereotyped that what is commonly called bad literature will have no place in our bookstalls. A land half cultured and half Philistine can very well survive. It will be less sterile and more interesting than one in which all folk feign a sturdy interest in Anderson and Cabell.

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THE FUTURE OF RELIGION

By R. F. Alfred Hoernlé

A VISITOR to New York a hundred years ago would have seen a town in which the spires of churches outtopped and dominated business houses and private houses — bearing visible witness to an organization of life in which religion dominated all other interests. At the present day, church towers are dwarfed into insignificance by skyscrapers; they are lost like puny pigmies between the feet of straddling giants. And once more the visible scene is symbolic of an underlying ranking of values: religion has been dethroned and mundane interests hold the first place in our lives. But perhaps this interpretation of the signs of the times is too hasty and superficial. The churches have been eclipsed, but has religion suffered a corresponding decline? The traditional forms of worship and divine service have fallen, or are falling, into disuse. But does it follow that religion itself is approaching extinction? Let us not rashly identify the fate of religion with the fate of churches.

That the churches are losing their hold is a fact too apparent to be denied. Weekend sport and the motor car have made an end of old fashioned Sunday observance. Family prayers in the mornings and evenings, grace before and after meals, have dropped away like habits outworn. The churches, Protestant more so than Catholic, are getting steadily emptier, and the broadcasting of services offers an additional excuse for staying away. Universities and colleges, in abolishing compulsory attendance at chapel, confess that traditional forms of worship have ceased to meet a genuine spiritual need on the part of the majority.

It would be a grave error to ascribe this falling away from the churches to mere irreligion, to the pleasure loving, sensation hunting spirit of an age blind and indifferent to all deeper things. This may explain some part of the change; it is far from explaining all of it. On the contrary, the revolt against the churches is largely itself a religious phenomenon. There is much genuine religion outside the churches — one is sometimes tempted to say there is more outside than within them. At any rate, if many serious minded, clean living people stay outside the churches, it is in obedience to loyalties that are their religion, that are the faith by which they live. The loss of the churches may be the gain of religion, at least for all those who would have to betray and deny the truth as they see it in order to accept the dogmas of a church. For, in principle, the churches are still bound to demand orthodoxy from their members, however lightly they may press this demand in practice. The Fundamentalists are at least clear eyed and consistent in taking their stand on this issue. But, on the other hand, the man who refuses to be a member of a Christian church when told that he cannot be so unless he believes in the virgin birth of Christ (let alone the immaculate conception of Mary) is no less loyal to the truth as he sees it than the Fundamentalist. Nor is he any less religious, at least if to be religious is to feel oneself bound to the

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service of an ideal the denial of which would make life worthless.

Indeed, there are men who have been turned away from the churches by their loyalty to the very ideals which the churches profess but have failed effectively to realize. The spectacle of the Great War, of "Christian" churches in all lands praying to the God of love for victory in an effort at mutual annihilation, was a ghastly commentary on the extent to which these churches were able, in the hour of crisis, to make the principles of the Sermon on the Mount operative in the lives of their peoples. So, again, the churches in the past have concentrated too much on the private morality and salvation of the individual and abandoned the attempt to bring not only international relations, but the economic and political life within each nation, under the control of Christian principles. In abstaining from "interference" in business or politics they inevitably shrank ideals meant to be universal in their application to the narrow dimensions of private conduct. It was a fatal abdication. It made religion, which was meant to be central and all pervading, peripheral and partial.

As a result, religion — the effective working faith of men and women — has largely taken on forms not only different from but even actively antagonistic to the pattern of church religion. For, let us make no mistake about this: there is no man or woman without religion. Many who say that they have no "religion" merely mean that they belong to no church. They fail to recognize the religion that is in them, because they have become accustomed to mean by "religion" merely the acceptance of certain forms of worship. Just so, the conventional atheist, denying "God" as preached by the Christian churches, fails to see that his very denial is inspired by his loyalty to something which is, in fact, his "God".

To have made this clear is, perhaps, the greatest service which present day philosophy has rendered by its interpretation of religion. Until the time of Kant, philosophers and philosophically minded theologians exerted themselves to prove the existence of God, viz., the God of Christian theology. They invoked reason in support of revelation. They sought to add the strength of reasoned demonstration to the emotional conviction of faith or the willing submission to authority, they labored to meet intellectual doubts with intellectual weapons. Kant showed, once and for all, that these arguments fail. Whatever they may prove, they do not prove the God of the Christian religion.

From the outcome of this great debate we have learned one great lesson: the "God" of a philosophical argument which does not include religion among its premises is not the "God" of religion. In other words, it is wrong in principle to make religion wait on the issue of an argument concerning the existence of God, i.e., concerning the existence of a Being of whom some traditional definition of God shall be true. We must begin with the *fact* of religion, and recognize that whenever there is religion, there we have "God" in some sense. Hence, the problem is not to prove the *existence* of God, but to discover the *nature* of God. *That* "God" exists is guaranteed by religion. *What* God is we must, with the help of religion, find out. In other words, "God" is, so far, simply the name for the object of religious worship. Religion is a certain attitude or response toward the universe, and whatever it be in the universe to which we thus respond, that is for us God.

Thus philosophy emancipates us from taking religion and God in too

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narrow a sense. A man's religion, in the sense of the faith by which he actually lives, is one with his devotion to that (whatever it may be) which is the central pole of his whole existence, which makes his whole life worthwhile in his eyes, and without which it would seem to him vain and of no account. Whatever occupies this position of central value in a man's life, that is his "God", the object of his religious devotion. In order to be religious in this sense, a man does not need to pray and worship. It is enough that his life is organized around this central object of value, to which, if need be, he will sacrifice all else, even life itself, and without which he will reckon his existence to be worthless.

Taking religion in this sense, we must at once recognize that its forms are many, and that, correspondingly, there are many "Gods". It is, therefore, no mere metaphor, but true to fact, when we say of some men that money (Mammon) is their God. Others find in power, honor, the love of a woman, or in the pursuit of scientific truth, the object of their religion. Some live for the cultivation of a refined taste, a preciousness of manner, speech, and dress which distinguishes them from their neighbors; others worship and make any sacrifice for that conformity to the social pattern of Main Street of which the reward is to be called a "regular fellow". Wherever, in short, a man's life is effectively ruled and shaped by an ideal, wherever there is operative a loyalty for the sake of which he will toil and suffer and make sacrifices, there we have, in some degree, the essence of religion: there we have in fact, if not in name, that man's "God".

In this sense, the Abbé Loisy was right when, in a pamphlet published during the Great War, he pointed out that the effective religion of the average French soldier in the trenches was not Christianity in any of its conventional forms, but patriotism. France was his "God", love of France was his religion. Devotion to France was the central thing of value to which, in the searching hour of crisis, all other things of value in his life were subordinated and sacrificed.

Is it not so with all, or at least with most of us? We pride ourselves, nowadays, on our religious toleration. We no longer persecute people, so we think, for their religious beliefs. But is this not because our real religion is elsewhere? If we want to find out where the real religion of a person or a people lies, a good way is to watch what they will persecute; where they will not tolerate a difference of opinion. Patriots persecuted conscientious objectors during the war, and did so with good consciences and holy zeal. I. W. W.'s, Bolshevists, and Reds were persecuted during the years of political hysteria which followed after the war. The Negro tends to be persecuted, if he appears to challenge or encroach upon the race domination of the white man. Men will always persecute in the name of the things about which they most care. That is why persecution reveals, like a sinister lighting flash, what is the effective scale of values which dominates their lives. Whatever it be in the defense of which modern man is willing to be ruthless and cruel, to forget justice, pity, humanity — that is the thing he most cares about in life, that is the object of his religion. That is his "God".

It does not, however, follow from this view that every religion is a good or reasonable religion, that every God is a true God. On the contrary, if we are to do justice to the facts, we must not only take religion in this wide

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sense, but we must also distinguish between religions as better and worse, and between the objects of religious devotion as more or less adequate to what a "God" ought to be. Not every object to which men try to bind themselves with single hearted loyalty meets all the demands of the religious attitude. For religion is an attitude of the whole man, and seeks attachment to an object which shall harmonize and unify all sides of his nature, in absorbing them all into its service and thereby justifying them with its value. Many of the "Gods" which men worship manifestly fail to measure up to this demand. Some fail more or less all the time, like money or power, which are generally gained only at the cost of other satisfactions or by the sacrifice of other interests that leave a man a stunted and mutilated being fundamentally divided against himself, dissatisfied, unhappy. Others, like love of women in many of its forms, fail in the long run after seeming wholly satisfactory for a time. Even one's own country, the God of the religion of patriotism, is not flawless, as any unprejudiced patriot well knows in moments of dispassionate reflection. Is there any mundane God that is sufficiently Godlike to offer to the soul that abiding peace and strength and sense of worthwhileness which all religion craves?

If the answer to this question is No — and it cannot well be anything other than No — where are we to look for a better God, for a God who is God indeed, the true God, the one and only God? This is the problem of the future religion.

In the solution of it the churches can help and must help. Here lies their great opportunity. Will they be able to seize it? That will depend on their willingness and ability to disentangle the profound spiritual truths, of which they have been the guardians, from the myths with which these truths have been clogged. Myths cannot flourish or survive in the clear cold air of science. But there is nothing in science, rightly understood, which is hostile to religion as such. Indeed, in its devotion to truth, the scientific attitude may fairly be said to be a necessary ingredient in any religion that is to be adequate for modern man. After all, the traditional dogmas and creeds of the churches, though now fossilized and fixed and out of touch, at many points, with modern thought at its best, were once fluid and in the making. Why should they not become fluid again? Why should they not be recast and reconstructed so that their permanent content of spiritual truth may be freshly stated in sermons consonant with the best of modern thought and feeling?

But, whether or no the leaders of the churches can perceive and seize this opportunity and cooperate in this task, we must not look to them alone. For the inward purification of religion, its sublimation from less adequate to more adequate forms, requires not merely a recasting of traditional formulæ, it requires also the inspiration which wells up perennially from that fountain of religious experience called mysticism. The mystic is necessary to any rebirth of true religion. For in the mystic, religious experience reaches its highest and purest form. He knows, and it is his office to keep us mindful of the truth, that while there is nothing in the world which cannot become a vehicle of God, at the same time any one thing, if worshiped exclusively as God, proves to be a false God. It is this double edged character of religion at its highest which theologians of old have tried to express by talking of God

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as at once "immanent" (or manifesting himself everywhere) and "transcendent" (or surpassing any one of his manifestations). In the language of our analysis of religion above, we might express this by saying that while the religious attitude is possible toward any special object, its only adequate object is the spirit of perfection which to the deepest insight, often made keen edged by the discipline of suffering, is present and at work throughout the universe. This is the great contribution of mysticism to religion. So long as there are mystics, religion cannot die.

RHYME OF A ROUSTER*

By Ben Lucien Burman

I DON'T want to go a sailin' on de sea.
Floatin' down dis yellow ribber's big enough for me.
Too big.

Biggest fishes in de ribber is them fat an' puffin' pikes.
But there's fishes in de ocean 'stead of scales has iron spikes.
They got eyes like burstin' boilers an' their breath is scaldin' steam,
They got mouths like graves of giants, they is like a dead man's dream;
Their skin is five foot armor plate, their teeth is monuments,
Their length ain't known; they ate de men who took de measurements.
I don't want to go a sailin' on de sea.

De ghosts that's on de ribber they'll smile an' pinch your arm,
They'll pester you an' skeer you but they don't mean no harm.
But de ghosts that's on de ocean they's de ghosts that walks in doom,
They creeps along de deck an' moans "Where has you hid my tomb?"
They climbs by 'lebbens on your bed, some's green, some's black with mud;
They slices off your groanin' leg an' grinnin' drinks your blood.
I don't want to go a sailin' on de sea.

Worsest wimmen on de ribber is de wimmen on de shore:
It's "Honey, spend your money", then they throws you out de door.
But de Her-Girls of de ocean, they can cost a man his life,
They sit a strummin' banjeros an' sing they'll be your wife.
They kiss your cheeks an' bring you wine an' call you "Han'some man",
You drinks — An' you's a skeleton a lyin' in de san'.

I don't want to go a sailin' on de sea.
Floatin' down dis yellow ribber's big enough for me.
Too big.

*Rousters are the Negro freight handlers on Mississippi steamboats.

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GLIMPSES OF MAXIM GORKY

By Alexander Kaun

With Drawings from Life by Valerie Kaun

IT is so much easier to study an artist from afar. Distance simplifies. Distance permits of perspective and arrangement, of smoothing off angles and, when need be, of forcing things a trifle, for the sake of neatness, consistence, and ensemble. But — with apologies to Nietzsche — there is the pathos of proximity in observing an artist at close range. For it is then that you envisage his complexity, his contradictions, his masks. And your neat theorem may explode like a toy balloon.

From afar Maxim Gorky presents a simple case for the investigator. Gorky — bitter; a philosophical tramp, self taught, self made; a lugubrious painter of life's seamy side, whether in Russia or in the City of the Yellow Devil, as he branded New York; a Socialist, nay, a Bolshevik; a half dead victim of tuberculosis. Then, as you go up the steps of the ducal villa at Capo di Sorrento, you are startled by the booming bass of the host. The cadaverous invalid, the bitter crank of your arch logical imagination collapses and dwindles, and you face a tall, erect, youthfully slender Russian, who first of all disarms you of all uneasiness and sham. As his pluralistic personality is further unveiled before you, in suggestive glimpses, you proceed to discard your other conveniently fixed labels. For you find him robustly creative, astonishingly catholic in his interests and tastes, almost embarrassingly tolerant of individuals and nations, drunk with the joy of living, and capable of abandoning himself for hours to Kuzka, his devoted terrier. Yet you cannot help remembering also that Maxim Gorky is fifty seven; that for the last thirty years he has suffered from tuberculosis and has been many times sentenced to death by expert physicians; that his eventful life and close contact with men and movements could not but dampen his enthusiasm for our world and faith in his fellow beings. And yet . . . !

In an open air theatre, at Sorrento. Gorky does not mind the cracked sopranos and maudlin tenors; he enjoys the night and the dynamic crowd, storing up in his prodigious memory those selected details which give his portraits an uncanny precision and vividness. In the interminable intervals he talks, tersely, untranslatably. "Sherwood Anderson! What a surprise! All we knew was Jack London and Jack London. Of a sudden — Sherwood Anderson!" One of the party asks Gorky of whom he is speaking with such exuberance. He explains, referring chiefly to Anderson's short stories. "His stories are about men who wake up. They go on living for some twenty years; suddenly they wake up, and are frightened. . . . And they die well, too, in his stories. And they love!" There is a warmth in his voice, a joyful pride, whenever he speaks of a favorite fellow writer. And the

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number of these is considerable. He is familiar with practically all his contemporaries, and regards them with catholic charity. There is glee in his grey eyes, eyes of a sad dog, when he speaks of Romain Rolland, or Thomas Mann, or Panait Istrati, or Nexö, or that darling of his, Knut Hamsun,

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whom he recognized and published more than a quarter of a century ago. Even of Ivan Bunin, his personal enemy since the Revolution, he has only praise: "I regard Bunin as the only Russian emigrant writer worthy of attention."

He is asked for his opinion of American literature. Alas, he has read so little of it. But he proceeds to make pertinent remarks that show his acquaintance with those who are worth knowing. He inquires whether Ambrose Bierce is read by his countrymen. Good stories, especially the one on fear: a Union officer in ambush, facing a corpse. He used to send these stories to Tolstoy, who on the whole did not approve of Bierce, "but the story on fear moved him deeply". Gorky has enjoyed certain scenes in Zona Gale. Ben Hecht's "Erik Dorn" and "1001 Afternoons" are delightfully fresh and keen. Altogether American literature has made big strides forward. Not long ago it was chiefly a literature of energetics, a mixture of sentimentalism and Puritanism. O. Henry is for people offended by life, for wretched clerks: "Cheer up, my boys! Things may go well in the end." Even Mark Twain has this trait to a degree. Parenthetically: Mark Twain wrote largely beneath his talent; he tried to adjust himself to his public. No, he does not know Van Wyck Brooks. But how different is Theodore Dreiser! The dialogue in the second chapter of "Sister Carrie" is excellent in its compactness and force. He may be compared to Balzac (to Gorky, Balzac and Flaubert are the highest peaks). Sinclair Lewis has a fine vision, but he says more than is necessary. Overloads his facts. For fear of not being adequately understood, he adds another stroke, then another stroke. Yet, even in translation, one feels that certain pages must be wonderful linguistically. American literature is freeing itself from England's protectorate — that is fine! Especially in the drama — O'Neill, for example (his plays are presented both in Leningrad and Moscow). Curiously enough for a European, and a radical to boot, Gorky does not mention Upton Sinclair. Speaking about Mencken, he approves of his reported coldness toward Dostoyevsky and Russian literature in general. Dostoyevsky is a genius, but his morbid gloom is unnecessary in life. Life is joy. Russian literature bears poison. With the Russians it may be a national expression, but why should the West read it?

Why indeed? This is not a pose with Gorky. For years he has been championing the West before his countrymen, and not even the experience of the last dozen years could induce him to fall into the eschatology of Spengler and other Cassandras of Western civilization. Gorky still believes ardently in the superiority of the West over the East, and as against the Russian "poison" he advocates the acceptance of the results of Western progress, which tend to make life happier. He talks with contagious animation about the possibilities of science, and records with a note of triumph every new mechanical invention, every further step of man toward the conquest of nature's elements. Professor Starkov, an eminent scholar of international fame, speaks with amazement of Gorky's exact and versatile familiarity with the aspects of contemporary science. To Gorky, material progress is a pledge for the general advancement of mankind. He writes to a Mongolian diplomat: "'Desire is the source of suffering', taught Buddha. Europe has gone further than other parts of the world in the fields of science, art, and techni-

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cal skill, precisely because it has never been afraid of suffering, always desiring better things than those it has already possessed. The West has succeeded in arousing among its masses a yearning for justice and freedom, and for this alone we must forgive the multitude of its sins and crimes."

This is why Gorky is uneasy about the activity of the Soviet diplomacy in China. But will not the alliance of two such strong powers as Russia and China curb militarism? Yes, perhaps. But the supremacy of Russia and China would mean the victory of the village over the city. This is why Gorky, back in 1912, dreaded the impending world war, as a danger to Western culture and civilization. And this is why he regards with such enthusiasm and hope American progress in letters and technology. There he sees man triumphantly marching ahead toward his ultimate liberation from toil. "America! In the course of one hundred years — what an explosion, what an outburst of energy! While with us — the same muzhik, poorly plowing, poorly sowing, poorly fertilizing." And there follows an amazingly technical discourse on industry and agriculture.

Incidentally, Gorky recalls his visit to the United States, twenty years ago, without the slightest rancor. That awkward display of provincial Tartuffery, which gave the world a foretaste of the Tennessee "monkey trial", and which, as it is certain now, was engineered from the Imperial Russian embassy, has left no bitter memories in Maxim Gorky. What is more, he justifies the conduct of the New York Comstocks as a biological urge on the part of Puritanism to defend itself against the menacing wave of laxity brought in by immigrants. On the other hand, he recalls with pleasure the "great fun" he and his party had in the Adirondacks, at Mrs. P. M. Martin's. At night they climbed trees, and at Gorky's command they shouted: "*Lyubite drug druga*" (Love one an-

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other)! It is characteristic that he records in one breath the "fine time" he had with Dewey and the "reverent admiration" he felt while visiting a piano factory near Albany and the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia.

At tea the large Gorky household (he always shelters a multitude of creative people and mere hangers on) is swelled by some Americans, one of them a young novelist. Naturally, these try to dampen Gorky's Americophilism, by lamenting the low level of culture in their country, the predominance of mechanical comfort over spiritual values, and so forth, in the hackneyed vein. Gorky delivers himself of a rhapsodic defense of America as it is today. Man must have all the comfort and all the pleasures he can obtain. Yes, even that Wrigley product. To be sure, gum chewing jaws are not a pleasant sight (he records his first impression of a New York crowd, and graphically describes the jaws in action), but then there must be a need for gum. It is not impossible that it is good for certain glands, a condition caused by an interocean atmosphere. Occasional mirth does not belie the earnestness of Gorky's point of view. "I am a man of the earth, and am not interested in the skies, the milky way, and constellations of stars. I am no worshiper of nature and the universal order of things. In fact, were I to have my way, I should prefer two suns and six moons, and should bring the stars closer to the earth and give them more color. All is the work of man, all is for man. Let man enjoy all the novelties of comfort, all the fruit of mechanical devices. He will get tired of them, and make a leap in another direction. We do take such leaps, in our own time. Futurism, for example. Or the growing popularity of jazz music in Europe: of course we are tired of Tchaikovsky! And let them have gramophones and pianolas (an atrocity!). All these things bring us nearer to the end."

There is a note of exaggeration in Gorky's Westernism. Obviously, by way of compensation, he glorifies all those things which he has seen sorely wanting in his native environment. "A Negro in a silk hat" is the malicious definition of Gorky privately made by Zinaida Hippius (Madame Merezhkovsky). It may be a veneer, a mask, this vehemently protested Westernism. One is apt to suspect a vastly more genuine quality in that other Gorky, the authentic Russian muzhik, tramp, stevedore, who peers at you out of the grey bottomless dog-like eyes, set in an uncouth, magnificently ugly face with the reddish mustachios glowing beneath a pugnacious, disconcertingly mobile nose. When this Gorky talks of the Russia he knows so intimately, you recognize the author of "My Childhood" and of the later autobiographical works — that is to say, Gorky at his best. His language becomes lucidly simple, his characterizations precise and keen, his face most eloquently mobile, his eyes irresistibly expressive and endlessly changeable. The champion of the West can hardly conceal his warm patriotism, his affection for those dark, stupid, queer, ne'er-do-well countrymen of his, whom he condemns intellectually. His Italian villa is a miniature Russia. You meet there Russian scholars, young writers and artists, diplomats and actors, the giant Chaliapin, the composer Dobrovein, the poet Vyacheslav Ivanov, a Moscow prima donna, a stranded accordionist. And when the accordion player strikes up a Volga melody, Gorky joins in, and the grey dog-like eyes grow moist.

Or is this perhaps another mask?

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DÉPORTÉ

By Gertrude Mathews Shelby

EVEN in Paramaribo Henri was electrifying. I was sauntering through that ordinary street crowd which never ceased to amaze me, a human motley. Simian faced Negresses in gaudy, voluminous cottons, jostling each other, gave wide berth to barbaric, tattooed Bush niggers, fresh from jungles where wild tribes live like African natives. Nearly red Indians, in town for the day, lent sharp contrast to yellow Asiatics, Hindu coolies with white turbans and bare legs, Javanese in sarongs, chewing betel nut, occasional bequeued Chinese, plain or cross-bred. A Chinese-Negro-Portuguese-Jew, a malign fellow I had been told was a smuggler, strolled toward me. To Dutch Guiana's ethnological hash, I was reflecting, this mixture is a truly Hollandaise sauce, when suddenly, in that strange melting pot of a street, all these colorful people fused into mere background. For that remarkable face, still, white as plaster of Paris, blazed forth as though illuminated, a tragic mask in which black orbs burned.

With indrawn breath of excited discovery, I stopped short. It was not only because he was different that this unknown man was as sensationally interesting as a flashlight. Neither his ghastly pallor, nor his brisk movement in a crowd all languor, nor his grubby, scarecrow figure, ill clad, thin, sharp, accounted for the drama of his mere appearance. Above all material considerations rose some clear certitude of personality, some conviction of spiritual virility, poise; above all, of some intrinsic power of æsthetic perception beyond the capacity of the human cattle who surrounded him. His glowing eyes saw everything and nothing, as though trained to observation yet mainly concerned with vital preoccupations.

He passed. Although I had looked full into his eyes I did not believe my image on his retina had pierced his abstraction. He was carrying a long bundle from which projected interesting knobs — or was it figures? I wheeled about to work my way back through the crowd and have a closer look. People surged between us. Before I could contrive it, he was gone.

Who was he? No one appeared even to have remarked him. What could explain the presence here in this provincial South American outpost of so distinctive a person? No official or merchant or planter would be so ill garbed. To maintain its dominance the one per cent of white population was inclined to be rather dressy. Neither did he suggest a mining engineer or prospector, the only other two groups in which men of special abilities were usually found in Surinam. I could not read the riddle. I tried to console myself that in this small city I could perhaps find him again somewhere.

Seated at my table two days later, I overheard a voice, oddly suave and decidedly French in accent, pleading with our black maid, an awe inspiring *cottermisse*, " . . . But *l'Américaine* — I came to see her —"

Who could be asking for me, a newcomer in this remote Dutch colonial

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town? Curiosity sent me to the door in haste, lest I be cheated of seeing someone of interest.

That alabaster face confronted me, the brilliant eyes now personal, appealing. My surprised "*Guten Tag!*" he answered with a deferential "*Bon jour*, madame. *Maintenant* I can show you my work as I hoped. Perhaps you will buy —"

His doffed hat showed holes in the brim. His suit was torn. I marveled that, having come to the point where peddling was necessary, this astonishing man admitted by his manner no defeat. He gave an inexplicable impression of a prince incognito in rags.

"How", I demanded, "did you know about me?"

His eyes left my face; his pose stiffened defensively. "I saw you on the street the other day and remembered, afterward, that you looked as though you might understand — my work. To exist I must sell what I make, and customers are not many. To find you —" his tone changed, touched by the soreness of irony — "well, madame, about everybody in the colony and all that goes on we must and do know, we — *déportés*."

That was the secret, then! He was confessing to me — why, I could not imagine — that he was a deported criminal, escaped from the neighboring province, French Guiana. With bitter challenge in his bearing he watched me for a show of aversion. I was decidedly shocked, yet rebuked myself. Surely I knew many criminals still uncaught! Passingly I was dismayed, too, that *déportés* should be concerned with me, a person of no vast importance at home, and of no significance whatever in this wholly foreign colony. What was the need for such an underground system of intelligence? Further speculation was prevented by my incandescent curiosity about this extraordinary human being. Without bravado, like a man, even like a gentleman, he had made his damaging admission. His infinitely tragic head was held high. Sympathy with such courage fluxed all other emotions.

"I am glad you came, monsieur. What have you to sell?"

His face brightened. He dropped upon the ground the same long parcel he had carried that other day. I motioned toward it but he shook his head, while with beautifully shaped, sensitive hands, he unwrapped a smaller package first. Modestly he displayed two figurines, one of a young girl, an ethereal embodiment of well loved Beauty. It was of wood, yet so eloquently modeled rather than carved that I knew the material only from the hint of a grain. Its patine was like bronze. The other statuette brought reverent tears to my eyes, although I am not a "churchy" individual: a hooded figure of the Virgin, graceful, utterly noble. It was not of wood, nor any material I recognized. Both pieces were exquisite in feeling, finish, and line. They made me feel humble.

"Anything I could say of these", I said slowly, "would probably be presumptuous. They impress me as superb; work which I am qualified only to enjoy, not to criticize."

He flushed painfully with pleasure. "Ah — I knew, you see! You do understand. *Merci* — a million times! I am really a sculptor. Every year I had pieces in the Salon. And often I showed my work in England, too. *Mon Dieu!* That life, so largely occupied by creating beauty! I have been thinking too much of it recently. It has made me almost desperate again."

I studied him, dynamic, complex, yet clear cut, pondering the ineffable puzzles of personality and mental

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attraction. "I will buy from you whatever I can afford", I promised, "but — I am certain that is not all that brought you here."

In his glance there was an uncovering of the compelling hunger in his soul. "I am guilty of great selfishness, madame. My loneliness drove me here to speak today, if never again, to one who appeared to have human feeling, who was not afraid, who might, perhaps, give me hope for my work again. It was not fair to you. By unwritten law no man shakes hands with a *déporté*. A woman who is kind to one risks her reputation. That was why I told you at once, to warn you. Now I had best take myself off —"

"No! Perhaps there is nothing I can do, but talk to me. I do not understand. I have heard that Surinam is a sanctuary to French prisoners escaped from Cayenne. And I should have thought the art loving Dutch would have been quick to recognize your ability."

He shrugged. "We are grateful, we *déportés*, that Holland refuses extradition with France. We are lucky to be alive, even though struggling without end. But the Dutch merely tolerate us. They condemn utterly. They make *l'ostracisme*. We are given only the dirtiest work to do. Mainly we are employed crookedly, helping smugglers, or as spies, madame. Rather than debase myself to that, I have starved — for they do not want my art."

"Is there no hope of leaving the colony?"

"For others, to whom forgery is nothing, perhaps. *Déportés* usually carry strange passports. But hardly for me, madame. I suppose I am a common criminal but I do not feel like one."

"I cannot think you are", I agreed, deliberately provocative. "It takes valor to escape from Cayenne. Of course I do not know your supposed crime —"

He hesitated, looking through rather than at me. By implicit, sympathetic concentration I encouraged him. He resisted almost a full minute; then, as if a dam had washed out, giving way to the urgent pressure of his heart for relief from his burdens, he spoke.

"For gratitude at your friendliness I could weep, madame. My story I have never told to another soul. Perhaps it will do you no good to hear, but the liberation of confession is too great a temptation. *Très bien*. I committed a real crime. My wife, in Paris, was untidy — unfaithful. Discovering, I forgot the creative artist's constructive philosophy. I behaved like a common destructive beast. I killed the man."

His face set grimly. "A slight misunderstanding with my wife and two of her family occurred. They hated me. Their testimony . . . But naturally, society, more interested in practicality than souls, stupidly played its usual rôle. A change of air to Cayenne —" his manner became bitterly whimsical — "was deemed imperative.

"You have never seen a convict ship, *peut-être*. A flaunting *cocotte* of the sea, grotesquely painted. We who were condemned to exile, shackled together, were driven between ranks of soldiers with fixed bayonets upon that vessel of shame. Caged in steel pens we made the slow journey to French Guiana in our floating jail. An awful passage. Arrived at last we left most of the ship's company in Cayenne. A few o us proceeded farther, condemned to *l'Isle du Diable*. Correctly named, madame, a perfected Hades. Since only the lowest class of officials accept appointments to provincial penal colonies, we expected inhumanity. We were

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not disappointed. Interminable forced labor beneath cruel tropical sun, appalling food! No hygiene. For the slightest infraction special *tourment.* The filth, the vice, in that prison! The defilement of the spirit! The appalling eternity of dragging weeks, months, years —

"Ah, then Surinam seemed a sanctuary, the only remaining hope! But one loses initiative, becomes bloodless, weak, terribly afraid. One needs ardor for an attempt to break jail. If one successfully evades the guards, there is a swim of two miles to reach the mainland. In the water one must risk barracuda, morays, pirai, sharks. If one gains shore, the jungle must be dealt with, its terrors more formidable because unfamiliar to men bred in tame countrysides. Somehow one must reach the Dutch boundary, fifty miles away through High Bush, and travel double the distance to make Paramaribo. Without even a map of the country it seemed impossible. . . . Yet the day came, madame, when my horror of that prison was so intense I could bear it no longer. I faced the choice of rotting in the physical and spiritual filth of that intolerable place, or dying, probably, in God's clean forest. I chose the forest."

During an instant of silence my heart beat fast and hard. "How did you get away?" I prompted.

"My closest guard at the island had an accident one day. He severed an artery. No help was near. He might have bled to death. Nothing would have pleased the men more. Instinctively I offered help. While the others scowled, I quickly made a stout tourniquet which checked the gushes of blood. After that he was more kind. He may have guessed. I thought he was deliberately a little careless the night I made my escape.

"To gain the sea I had to knock another guard senseless. Desperately, but with my wits collected, I began that long, hard swim. At one time I had been good in the water. Now a mist helped me, lessening danger of detection. I was nearly ashore before I caught the dreaded rhythm of oars which meant a boat in pursuit. I made the bank, and hid.

"Across the still air a cry traveled clearly, *'Voilà! Un requin!'* And a familiar voice replied, 'That shark probably got him. Let's go back, report that, and make no search ashore before morning.'

"The sound of oars receded. Then, in that complete darkness, *sans* compass, *sans* food, *sans* equipment — not even a knife — I started my journey to this place. My two assets were intelligence and a well developed sense of direction. It is incomprehensible to me, even now, that I should ever have reached Paramaribo.

"I tripped repeatedly over tricky beach vines. Great tree shapes in the deep gloom of the nearby jungle were monstrous. Nocturnal sounds, entirely unlike those of the day, ominous beyond description, assailed me. Once I was sure I saw a man approaching, and slipped within cover of the dense Bush. There, facing other terrors, I forgot him entirely. I expected a jaguar to spring any moment, but my special fear was of snakes. I had read of bushmasters, boas, coral snakes, and *fer de lance.* I forced my reluctant feet forward. Something struck me in the face and swung away — I was sure it was a reptile hanging from a branch. I fought it madly before I discovered it was a *liana,* a rope-like tree vine.

"I grappled then with my fears. Sense returned after a while. I regained the open and stumbled onward

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by the water's edge. As dawn came, I found what I had hoped for — a stream where my trail might be lost in the water. On the other side lay a wet savanna. I was wading in, prepared to swim upstream long distance, when what had appeared to be logs in the water suddenly came to life — alligators! Possible death — or Devil's Island! I took my chance on those beasts. They did not annoy me.

"I hid that day in the swampy savanna. Once I heard people beating about in the Bush opposite, but I saw no one. I did not know when, if ever, I should eat or dare to sleep again, but excitement sustained me. At sunset, I crept out to the shore again, and made my way for hours along that beach, a mere rim around the savanna. When the sun came again I made up my mind to elude pursuit by committing myself for good to the dark, tangled fastnesses of the Bush just ahead.

"Even in broad daylight its terrors were manifold. I knew I must be surrounded by bush edibles. Which were benign and which were poison? I did not know, but ravening hunger had set in, and I began to taste everything. I was lucky. I found *macoosa*. I shook the tree till the orange plums fell in a rain, and I could satisfy my two days' hunger.

"I picked a difficult way through the Bush. Once, hearing something coming, I hastily climbed a young tree from which I saw a band of peccaries. Later, I intruded upon an armadillo's private bath in a pool. He floundered furiously out, leaving me quaking. Toward sunset, pushing through an entangling curtain of tree vines, I disturbed an agouti. I shook with fear, and then saw it was nothing but a rabbit.

"After sixty hours without sleep, I found a great buttressed tree with a hollow like a cave at its base. With fallen branches I barricaded myself within this shelter. Dark fell and I slept, but not for long. A former furry resident of my tree apartment came sniffling about his old home, apparently determined to drive me out so he could come in. I could not see him, but with sticks I kept him off, whatever he was. I did not dare sleep again. I crawled out at dawn.

"Under the constant terror, the need of sleep and food, I began to be uncertain of myself. Were those genuine monkeys that I saw, or phantoms? Was that beastly animal hanging wrongside down beneath that limb a real sloth, or imagination? . . . On another day I beat a vulture to a dead fish on the surface of a tiny creek. I ate it raw. . . . I cannot tell you much more. . . . Subsisting on a little fruit, chewing on roots, I fought my way along. Something poisoned me slightly, perhaps a tuber I pulled from a deserted Indian 'ground' or field. It may have been cassava, which contains prussic acid. I hurt my leg badly and could not disinfect it. My mind went queer. Yet somehow I kept going. . . .

"I feared that I would be found by Bush niggers or Indians and taken to Cayenne for the tiny reward for recaptured fugitives, but I saw no man until I came out one day on the bank of a considerable stream. Before I could hide, I had been seen by a 'pork knocker', or prospector. 'Never mind,' he called, 'you needn't worry — that is, if you do right by me.' He came across in his dugout. 'This is the Maroni — the border', he told me. 'I'll put you safe on Dutch soil if you'll work for me till my black boy comes back.' He looked me over. 'I don't much fancy *déportés*', he summed up, 'but if you don't get ugly I can use you.'

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"I was profoundly grateful. He had a temporary camp there. I cooked, and did what work I could — without a knife! He did not trust me enough to let me have one. I was weak and ill. For two days I tried to eat, yet could not. My fever rose. I crawled into the hammock he had given me to sleep in, and my mind went totally blank. When I became conscious again the prospector had decamped. Probably afraid I had an infectious disease. Having saved me, he left me there on that river bank to live or to die as *le bon Dieu* willed. I could not have deserted a dog so without shooting him. I had yet to find out that *déportés* are less than dogs.

"I survived. Why, I do not know, unless it was because I was still satisfied with my choice of action. I crawled to get water. The miner had overlooked some matches and left an empty tin can, which later became my cooking vessel. By lucky chance I stunned a bird with a stone feebly, erratically thrown. Its meat revived me. Bits I remember about the remainder of that journey — a narrow escape from stepping on a snake, for example — but no connected memory remains. Nevertheless, more like an ape than a man, covered with sores, a skeleton, I ultimately arrived at Paramaribo. Other *déportés* took me with them to that little café behind which most of them sleep, and fed me until I began to recuperate.

"The pinch soon began. To show people what I could do, I secured a little clay and modeled a small group. I hoped that I might do portrait busts. They laughed at me. Who would sit for a *déporté*? How about carving stone or wood for buildings? I asked. For the amount of building here there are too many such workers already. Well, then, graveyard statuary! A mulatto kept such a yard. I begged him to employ me. He drove me out. No *déportés* around his shop!"

He drooped for an instant like an old man. "Thus I came to understand Holland's sanctuary, to know that the Dutch, saving themselves the bother and expense of catching *déportés* for France, despise even what good we do bring to Surinam.

"Once I rejoiced, and thought a real life might begin for me again. I actually found a big fat Dutchman who knew who Henri Beaudin had been in France. He had once seen a piece of my work. He was rich, with a big house and a good and pretty young wife. He gave me an order for a fountain. I thought excitedly, 'Now I shall have a chance! Seeing what I really can do, other people will envy Mynheer and want me to model other fountains and figures.' Then my patron named the price: fifteen dollars — and I was to furnish the materials!

"I thought swiftly. It was imperative that I should get started. I must take it.

"'Very well,' I agreed, 'if you will pay the model for the central figure to pose *au naturel*.'

"'I will not', he told me with coarse stolidity and went away, leaving me in despair.

"But the next day he returned all smiles. 'I have solved the difficulty', he assured me triumphantly. 'My wife, she shall pose for you!'

"*Mon Dieu*, I was angry! The mean, low, fatuous swine! Never have I been more furious in my life, not even when I had that slight argument with my wife's lover which made work for the undertaker. Such indecency — to propose that, to save himself a few miserable guilders, his own wife should sit in the nude! I have never pretended, even before my unfortunate

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collision with the law, to be distinguished for virtue. I rather liked to be thought a devil of an artist. Now I am — *déclassé*. Yet at least I have remaining some taste, some pride which, with all his respectability, that Dutchman never felt. I would not be party to that poor wife's humiliation. I could do no less than refuse the commission with scorn."

I looked at him, this jailbird with the pain twisted, fascinating face. His princely air arose, then, not only from that creative aristocracy to which the true artist consciously belongs, but from this other source, a chivalry capable of dominating practical considerations, the remnant of some ideal of honor sustained through years of living death. What quality!

He stooped to pick up from the ground that long package which, in the complete absorption of listening, I had forgotten. He did not open it at once. His voice, rich and low, took on new poignancy.

"It was then that I reached the lowest ebb of depression. All avenues were closed. No work, no materials in which to model, no way out. I was sunk in misery. I have always found the idea of death ugly, yet my very ability to hope seemed atrophied. It was the figure in your hand, madame, that saved me. Curiosity still lived. Examining balata, a wild first cousin of rubber, I picked up a lump of its coagulating milk. Its malleability brought me sharp joy — I discovered it to be an odd and interesting medium. Under my excited fingers that figure took the shape suggested by the prayer in my heart — the Virgin. I felt ecstasy as I worked. Hope was reborn. And then — *la Vierge* seemed to come alive in my hands. I felt a sort of radiance. I experienced light — a great flash. *Le bon Dieu!* She — the Merciful — gave me a sign that there was still a way.

"I believed. I covenanted once more with life. Yet never could I have guessed how fantastic was to be the route I should follow. As you may already have found out, for all its wild beauty, this is not a nice colonial civilization in some of its phases. To work the land, the Dutch bring from the Far East many of the inhabitants of the colony, the Hindus, the Javanese. They come under indenture, which is twentieth century slavery. They are bound only for a term of years, ten at most. When there is work for them they are paid twenty five cents a day. It is none the less slavery. Coolies are only coolies, at their master's mercy unless he is kind. The system has the terrible accompaniments of human bondage everywhere. Inevitably, since they work Javanese and Hindus on the same plantation, there are race riots. When one is quelled, I have seen the ringleader crawl on his stomach to the overseer's feet.

"In the outfit of an overseer, madame, one thing is essential. This!" Drawing from the package a vicious looking whip, he put it in my hands. Instinctively I tried the lash in the air, shuddering to hear its brutally effective swish-sh-sh. I could see the picture: the villainous overseer, the prone Javanese, the bleeding welts where that whip had stung the shrinking flesh. I am sure my face blanched.

"You can't devote your talent to making those!" I cried.

"Madame, I must, I have no choice. Few tourists come, and none buy my statuettes. *La canaille là*, they ignore my figures — but they will buy my whips! I must make what sells. I make them well. They last all too long. I eke out but a scanty living. Consider, madame, my situation. My

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very existence, miserable as it is, is proof of how I protest against cruel, bestial punishment. *Ah, mon amie* —" His eyes dimmed with tears, his voice shook with anguish. "That my sole subsistence must be gained, my salvation attained, from making instruments for torturing men — is it not pure irony?"

Irony! Words failed me as I looked at the cunning modeling of the dog's head which served as handle for that whip. For into that implement of black hate and human ugliness I perceived that Henri had put as much beauty as he could.

I fumbled in my purse for a bill which would buy the half dozen whips in his bundle. These at least, he should know, would never scar the unfortunate backs of an exploited people. I mumbled awkward, scarcely coherent phrases meant to comfort. I would have bought the two figures also.

"Not *la Vierge*", he said gently. "I keep her always. But the other — with pleasure, madame."

His rare smile of hope, as I handled his lovely work with the respect which was its due, tore my heart. Thus began my strange friendship with Henri Beaudin, ex-convict, whose incredibly brave soul the worst that men can do had failed to kill.

A PRAYER FOR RONALD

By Katherine Burton

SAINT FRANCIS, you who understood
The shy, sweet creatures of the wood,
To whom each wild bird was a friend,
Who taught that love is means and end,
    Saint Francis, who to Heaven hast won,
    Watch thou above my little son.
Shy as the birds who came to thee,
He presses to me lovingly;
Safe as thou in thy hilltop shrine,
Is he with me, his life in mine.
But from his shrine, which is my heart,
Life will in future make him part.
I ask a guerdon for my boy:
Give him thy heavenly sense of joy.
    Saint Francis, who to Heaven hast won,
    Watch thou above my little son.
For Sister Hare and Brother Bird
Always thou foundst the loving word;
Find then within thy prayers some space
To guard his shyness and his grace,
To keep his joys and sorrows fine,
To lift his soul on wings of thine.
    Saint Francis, who to Heaven hast won,
    Watch thou above my little son.

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WRONGING THE MUSES

By J. Frazier Vance

IT is, perhaps, reactionary to insist that the nine muses of tradition are sufficient for present day civilization. In this age of representative government many will insist that the membership of that body should be determined as is the membership of our Congress: one muse for each block of so many thousands of population. This arrangement would certainly make it easier for the muses. How they must have to scurry about nowadays! It might even be practicable to rearrange the whole system of liberal arts on the twentieth century cafeteria pattern. This would be a great convenience for the musician or painter or author. One can fancy a poet entering an Inspiration Automat and dropping his nickel in the sonnet slot. That sounds, as I write it, like a constructive suggestion. I must develop it when I have more leisure.

At the moment, it seems most important that I register protest against an unprincipled practice now frequently resorted to by so called artists in all the media of expression, and to call particular attention to the abuses of writers.

In general, this practice may be compared to the old "rotten borough" system in English politics. Just as large numbers of people were unrepresented in Parliament while nonexistent townships had a vote, so now vast regions of art must remain substantially inarticulate while their logical advocates plump for individuals who represent no art whatever and have no honest claim to membership in the council of muses. It is in this way that Moronia has won to a place beside Calliope, and with her loud, insistent chatter has drowned out much that the world would have liked to hear.

To be explicit:

There is much to be said in support of the theory that all varieties of art find their truest expression in very childish manifestations; that the mature artist is subject to restraints and inhibitions that do not stifle the child. This has been demonstrated so frequently and so conclusively that it is hardly open to question any longer.

True poetry is more than sound. It is feeling, as well, and it has, too, a generous strain of song within it, inherent. It is to be witnessed in its purest form in the group games of childhood and in the simple dances of the primitive and unsophisticate, where the movements of the dancers are accompanied by rhythmic intonations.

True story telling (which is the essence of literature) is also a very simple, unlettered recital. An imaginative child can enthrall an adult audience as the most gifted writer cannot. Perhaps the choicest gems of "literature" have never been transcribed. They may be incongruous, absurd, bawdy even, but they are adequate, accurate, artistic, as related by the garrulous child.

I have a niece, for example, who at five could entertain a room full of relatives for hours at a time with plausible tales of her imagined domestic adventures: the unruly children — seven,

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all named, she possessed — one of whom was a Catholic; the hard working father who made automobiles (a profession entirely foreign to our family); the pestiferous neighbors who were always coming a-borrowing; above all, her unhappily married daughter — about these she wove the most astounding tales, flawless in plot, abounding alike in tragedy and humor. The concerns of school, at eight, have rendered her inarticulate. She is as reluctant now to reveal the workings of her imagination to a favorite uncle as she was formerly in the presence of strangers. The avalanche of maxims and truisms that descends upon the child in school paralyzes the imagination with surprise. My niece, at present, is more concerned with veracity than with truth, with order than with beauty. It may be that she has told her last story — that the inhibitions of realized existence will stifle expression as she grows older and becomes accustomed to the terrifying axioms of knowledge. But there remains at least one fictional achievement of the first water in her explanation, untranscribed, of the "beautiful ladies in their nighties" parading in the "Aurora" above her grandfather's fireplace.

Acknowledging the superiority of the juvenile story teller, however, and the charm of naïveté that is unassumed, it does not follow that imitations are, or even can be, good. Personally, when an adult arrogates baby talk, it is necessary that I exert the limit of self restraint to keep from launching some unmistakable evidence of disapproval in his direction. The language of childhood is not a dialect. It is a serious attempt on the part of the child to talk the language of the grown up, and the child recognizes the difference.

I am told that at two I was unable to say "applesauce". A cousin, one year my senior, was similarly handicapped but much grieved at my ineptness. One evening, after I had demanded a second service of that dish, he remarked in a disappointed tone:

"'Ittle baby [such he regarded me] can't say 'happerhock', him say 'tappy tot'."

The dialogue of childhood is, I repeat, an honest endeavor to speak the language of the grown up, and spurious or inadequate approximations of childhood's own dialect are easily detected. So, children alone can produce the art of childhood — a lead quarter is not more easily detected than a counterfeit juvenile production.

The reasons for this are obvious, I think, to the least contemplative person. Unexplained, the world is unexceptionably marvelous. Commonplaces are full of romance and mystery — everything is legitimate story material.

Thus it is that we have our treasures of legend and folklore. They are the inheritance of a maturing world from its own childhood. What later fables have we that approach the genuine? Cabell, Swift, Rabelais — to name only the universally known — are burdened with purpose. Their greatness, their enduring qualities, are attributable to the measure of success with which the authors have met in approaching the childish point of view. Their weaknesses lie in the allegory and the satire, the one unconvincing to a cynical world, the other transitory in large measure.

Writers who are able to approach the zenith recognize and acknowledge their shortcomings — remain great writers. It is the dilettanti, producer and consumer, who are to blame for the present sad state of letters, and whom I would condemn in this paper.

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Keith Preston once declared:

Among our literary scenes,
Saddest this sight to me,
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free.

The reason why this quatrain is lacking in lugubrious sound and feeling is that Keith Preston knows as well as anyone that it is dilettantism that kills the little magazines and not free verse. True poetry is as apt to assume a free form as not, and it is safe to say that no piece of real free verse ever did damage to a magazine.

However, the little magazines of Keith Preston's lament are too often the organs of the "rotten borough" system of our contemporary fine arts. Too frequently some "liberal" finds a ready market for his slipshod imitations of elemental literature. The masterpieces defying restraint are consumed in quantity and accorded much acclaim by persons who should know better. The fault is that the reader is as slipshod as the writer. The one is too lazy to write better, the other too lazy to read with discernment. The result is a scourge of dilettantitis.

That readers should know better than to accept the imitation is demonstrated by the incident which gave rise to this paper.

Some months ago one of the better known little magazines was in its death throes. It had been struggling into print month after month with lifeless, colorless, formless attempts at realism. Its one saving grace was that it was not always serious. When it was admittedly talking tongue-in-cheek, it was rich; when it became earnest it was woefully ridiculous.

Then the miracle happened. A bona fide elemental author appeared on the horizon, and "An Awful Storming Fire, or Her and I on a Journey to the Secret of the Sun" lent unusual distinction to its pages. From all quarters, the editorial chambers were showered with commendations. Everyone wanted to know the identity of Charles L. Durboraw, the author.

"An Awful Storming Fire" was called to my attention by several of the intelligentsia. It was a masterpiece, said they; and even I, who must confess to stolid, almost reactionary tastes, agreed. It was vital, living, powerful —the work of genius. Again I nodded. Unmistakably it was the work of a highly educated, widely read master of writing and of the language who was able to project himself into the personality of an unlettered, earthy, and imaginative being. Under what bushel had this bright light so long been hid? Perhaps it was one of our contemporary Shakespeares writing under an assumed name and attaining for the first time his full stature. Invariably these recommendations came from persons who knew more about such things than I, and I assented in this last claim as well. There was about the work a sincerity or authenticity, a simplicity that put it far out in front of other "elemental" and "kaleidoscopic" fiction. "One would think it was being told by just such a person as it is being told about", said the wise ones. The point is that they did not really think so.

The "Awful Storming Fire" was applied too late to the little magazine. It did not kindle, was not even warmed. It died, not unwept, and has not experienced resurrection.

I have made the acquaintance of Charles L. Durboraw, by mail. I have not his permission to hold him up as an uncouth giant of realism, but I would like to use him to demonstrate my thesis that the stories styled by our most studious critics as "elemen-

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tal", "rugged", "earthy", are best told by authors who write thus in their own vernacular. I would not imply that these authors are juvenile or childish. I only assert that the "educated" man, the erudite, polished master of style and language, in attaining the qualifications of that station loses his ability to write in the manner he now so frequently attempts. Charles L. Durboraw, the Chicago house painter, is perhaps the master of them all.

He is not ignorant, he is not inexperienced in the "vital things of life".

His most recent letter read:

. . . As to some biographical material concerning myself will say I was born on a farm in Washington County Maryland. Janu 5th 1879. And went overland to tacoma Wash with my parents in 1880. and since then my life has been a most wonderful and interesting one. full of adventure. I have been across the contnent from the Coast to the eastren Citys, 9 different times, I have worked at various occupations., I have seen the ice and snow in Alaska. I have been to Europe two different times. London. Liverpool. and Glassgow. I have ranbled around and mingeled with people in some of the lowest of dives and also been in touch with high society. I have had lots of accidents and sicknesses. There is a whole lot more about me and from what I have said so far will I think give you a sort of idea about myself. I have other stories written and can write more . . .

He sent me manuscripts of some half dozen of his stories in response to my request, showing that "An Awful Storming Fire" was not a mere flash in the pan. I include one of the shorter ones which, while it may fall a little short of "An Awful Storming Fire", well supports my contention:

A PAIR OF SOCKS

In a store of a small town way out west, there was displayed through a dirty, dusty window, along with a whole lot of other selling stuff, several big piles of various kinds of socks.

And so, early on time one morning there arrived the fast right-of-way merchandise freight No. 54, and its crew, which stops, and the conductor goes to the station for his orders while two brakemen, one on each side of the train, make a hurried inspection to see that all is in order.

The head brakeman finds a hobo underneath a box car. He was ordered out and told he could not ride this train.

We will call him "Bill in tatters". He looks around as if lost, then starts on a stroll, sizes up the town and looks at the sights. He starts to get hungry, as it is common for his way and class.

Strolling along he works himself up near to a house, looks and rubbers around hunting for the back door. Opening a gate he goes in and up to a partly opened door, which saved his skinny, boney finger the work of a rap. He sees a young mother startled from amusing her child.

"Good morning, madam", he says and asks her for a bite to eat. She answers "Yes" and Bill was invited in and told to sit down. The mother takes her baby and places it safe in a high chair. A little nervous and fretful she was in getting around.

Forcing the stove to a heat she placed the coffee pot on. Then ground a handful of coffee and dropped in. To the pantry she went and from off the shelves got sugar, milk, bread, butter, jam and some pickles. Our traveler, hungry Bill, seen the sight and shivered in his chair. From a drawer under the table a big butcher knife she got, then cut from the bread ten big slices, the whole loaf. A big soup plate she made full of strawberry jam. Next she got the biggest measuring cup in the house and filled the same with steaming coffee nearly to the brim. The good soul then turned around and spoke to Bill. "Please, my dear sir, come and sit up to the table. There is a meal for you, 'tis the best I can do." "Yes, madam, I indeed thank you" spoke traveling Bill.

He arose very jerky and nervous, his crumbled hat in his hand. Then he sits down at the table and shivers again. He threw his dirty hat on the floor and crossed his weary feet, looked around at the meal and then his hand shot at the bread and he laid butter and jam on it nearly an inch thick. He ate all the bread and also the jam and one big pickle. The big cup of coffee he saved until last to make his voice clear.

Then he picks up his hat with difficulty, gets up and steps to the door. Turning around he said, "I thank you, madam, for your help to me. I once had a home, plenty and most all that I wanted. When I was a little kid I remember it very well this truth. Beggars and tramps as named and called, but not all, many times would come

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to our back door for a bite to eat. I now bid you a good day and a holy blessing for your soul."

The young mother closes the door and wipes her weeping eyes dry. Then she cleans up the crumbs and gets things in neat trim. She then takes her crying child in her lap and nurses it to sleep.

Feeling better and rather frisky, Bill loafs and strays around town. He gets down to the little depot and asks about trains. Was told there would be a fast freight out, east bound, at ten P.M. He then fumbled around and found a pile of rusty rails. Used to hard knocks, he lays down on them, falls asleep and sleeps on.

Suddenly he wakes up by the rumblings of a special that speeds by. Gets up, looks around, stretches himself, and feels hungry again. He starts up town and on the way meets a natty, dudey stranger. Bill asks him for a match and is given more than a dozen. The stranger asks Bill questions about the little town. Bill says, "I dont know anything around here as I am a stranger too, and am killing time in waiting for a freight out tonight, east bound."

Bill, then, from habit, told the stranger a very hard luck tale and asked him for the price of a square meal and some smokes. Bill thanked the stranger for a bright new dollar, and on a stroll up town, still wandering along lonely down the main street, he stops in front of the little town store. Then for twenty long minutes he looked through the dusty window. He turns around and enters the store and asks for a pair of socks, pays a quarter for them; then bought tobacco and hurried out. Strolling around he again gets down to the railroad tracks. He sits down on the pile of rusty rails and removes his shoes, then looks at his new socks, feels 'em, smells 'em and puts 'em on.

He then got up and amused himself in dancing a hobo jig. Then he sits down, soon lays down and soon goes to sleep. Suddenly from his rusty flop, he hears the whistle of the night freight. Along through the night comes the train and stops for its orders. Bill, like a ghost, frisks around and finds a place to ride out. He rides the train all through the long, dark, cloudy night.

About dawn he arrives in a big town hungry, and starts begging again. That day he gets pinched and the hard judge said thirty days.

Discharged from doing time, wandering, on out of town he went. He counted many telegraph poles to bridges and many ties for ten bad miles. He came to a stream from a spring of cool, clear, running water. Got down on his knees, then his stomach and drank like a beast. Then he rolls over on his side, braces himself and sits up.

He takes off his shoes, and then his socks and smells 'em. With a sock in each hand he leaned over nearly falling into the stream. Then he dipped them into the clear, running water on a summer day.

He dipped and dipped and dipped until he got them soaking wet. Then he rubbed and rubbed and rubbed till they started to wash. He washed and washed and washed them suddenly into mushy fiber. So tired, weak and hungry was Bill it stopped his thoughts.

As the sun went down he fell over dead, partly into the running water.

Fate in nature was kind in babtizing his weary, earthly end.

The moral is obvious.

The muses talk in all languages. It is unnecessary for the "polished stylist" to shove an unkempt streetwalker into the council of nine. "Elemental stuff" is "old stuff" to Calliope and Melpomene and Thalia, and what of it there is to tell they will whisper to people who will understand.

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SHAKESPEARE'S CHILDHOOD

Foreword by Hector Bolitho

When I was in Australia some years ago, I found Shakespearean interest so keen that there was a permanent company of players touring the country all the time. They have given four thousand consecutive performances of the plays; a world's record. This is all the more wonderful when you remember that these countries of the antipodes were delivered from cannibalism within the last hundred years. Also, I found two interesting Shakespearean associations: one a portrait of Shakespeare which the owner claimed to be by Jansen, the famous portrait painter of that time; and the other, the following statement by a lady who claimed to be the direct descendant of Jenkins, Shakespeare's schoolmaster. This interesting and amusing record was given to me by Allan Wilkie, who was the founder of "The Shakespearean Quarterly" and also the enthusiast responsible for the permanent company of Shakespearean players. It is foolish and almost impossible to vouch for such documents. One can only present them with the assurance that to the best of one's knowledge, there is nothing of the literary fake about them. Shakespearean study is not going to be deeply aided by this limelight thrown on his schooldays, but any facts or theories are interesting and worthy of print when they surround so great a name. This then is my excuse for being the means of introducing this story to the already mighty deluge of Shakespeareana. — H. B.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEAR was born in Henley Street Stratford-on-Avon, and he was a healthy, lively child, and was described by the old wives as being as "full of mischief as an egg was full of meat". He was very quick to learn any children's games, but when he was sent to Grammar School he was one of the dullest ones there. The Head Master Rev. Thomas Jenkins, was sent down from London with a royal commission to take charge of school, and being a highly educated and gifted scholar, in those times received the highest salary outside London. As the child was too fond of looking at everything and everybody but his horn-book the teacher took charge of him, and himself, taught him beside his desk, until he knew enough to join his class. It has been well known to us that he was as dull at first as he was quick later on and he needed much patience and forbearance at first. Later on his father wished him to be taught the Protestant religion as his mothers family were Catholic and Mr. Jenkins undertook to do so and formed a class which Willie joined and afterwards became a good Sunday scholar. He used to sit under the trees in garden for his lesson and marked his texts with sprigs of rosemary between leaves. Later on he taught a form himself for some time and being so clever had loan of books from the Headmaster to continue his studies as there were no books in Stratford at that time and only those who travelled and could read a little carried them down.

The child became a quiet industrious lad, but when about twelve years old Queen Elizabeth came to Kenilworth Castle, passing through Stratford where she was entertained. It was I think on this occasion that John Shakspear offended Sir Thomas Lucy by walking before him as an older Knight's privilege. The name of Shakspear was first borne by a tall man who was attached to the royal body guard and who was present during one

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of the battles and saw an assassin stealing up to a royal person either king or next heir (I cannot remember which) he snatched a spear from an armour bearer, and ran him through, just in time to save the victim intended. For this he was sent for and knighted on the field and given a spear and commanded to walk before royalty on public occasions for three generations and to receive a grant of five yards of scarlet cloth annually. After this a settlement of an estate a days journey from London was given and kept for many years, and the owner had to appear at court and wave or shake a spear to prevent any one coming too near to do harm to the King and that gave them their name and rank. So that was the reason John Shakspear took his right place before the pompous old Sir Thomas who never forgave it. The strolling players staying in Stratford on their way to Kenilworth attracted the attention of Willie then a smart lad and turned his attention to the play and being coaxed to try some parts he quickly picked it up and was easily the best. Next he was persuaded to leave home at night disguised as a "Mummer" and taken on to Kenilworth and afterwards found there by his father. During the festivities he played the part of a "Merry Andrew" before the Queen who daily watched him and for which she tossed him a gold token from the balcony at end of festival and he kept it till after he went to London. As he grew up he never forgot the first sight of court life and it un-hinged his teachers plans who had his parents consent to train him for the Church and never could they forgive him for doing so as they had set their hearts on it and taught him for that purpose. A clergyman who preached his funeral sermon said, if Willie had entered the Church so great was his knowledge he would have become one of the greatest Bishops of his time. However his life was upset and he could not settle his mind to any trade, and for some reason he did not do so well at teaching and through the losses by plague and other trouble, his father (who owned a small farm and also a glover trade in town) he had to put his son to work to help to maintain the family. He used to write accounts for tradesmen who could not do it and he always made a verse on every one he worked for, but after trying several things he was a failure. Now the cause of this was his fancy for play: his mind was not in any work in the rural district and he longed to go and see life. He got a name for laziness, classed as too dull to learn a trade, as other boys less gifted could do and he was disheartened and discontented with his life. He would lie on the banks of the river and write on any paper he could get hold of, his first long poem being "The Swan on the Avon" in which he paints the Queen as a graceful swan surrounded by three cygnets or three ladies-in-waiting sailing gayly down the Avon. This afterwards gave him great favour with the Queen who had a long neck and was flattered by it and ever afterwards wore the frills round her neck to draw attention to it. Soon after, being so discouraged and not often in work, he was too much in company of young men who led him into pranks and he joined them in stealing deer from Charlcott Park, but not to take home although he joined in the suppers in the meadow, for his mother's family and Sir Thomas Lucy's were old enemies and he would not insult his mother by bringing anything from Charlcott into the house. It was the moonlight chase with the keepers that was the best fun, not the meat supper. However he was recognised

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and locked up with the others, but escaped. The verses written and put on the Lodge Gates were really written by Willie, for revenge for suing his father, but purposely written in very vulgar language, to avoid suspicion, but as he was the only one who wrote verses he was soon discovered. One could never pass Charlcott without a smile at the recollection of the Squire's anger when an apparently ignorant lad went up to the Great House to inform him that a Proclamation or something else was fastened to his front gates, bringing Sir Thomas with his gold topped cane to read it for them. However things went too far and Willie to avoid trouble to his wife and family went to London riding all the way up. He had previously been kind to a troupe of gypsies at Smitherfield where they camped being afraid of Sir Thomas who was a bitter, hard old squire, and on one occasion a very old gypsy, or wich as they were called offered to brew a pot and tell him his future life.

This was amusing to him and he agreed and she told him he dreamed too much, to act would be better than idling his time away and that a great change in his life would take place and that he would see great sights and become a great man. He would be the last of his name in his house, quickly given, quickly taken, but after his death which would be in prime of life, his fame like a star would rise and shine in every part of the world and never dim, but in ages to come with a lesser star would light the world. That was the reason he went to London to try his fortune. When he went there he had many trials but the first chance he had of doing any real good, was by being what he called himself a "Printer's devil" at a printing house owned by a printer named Ford, and from that time he had a home amongst them till he was better known. Then he joined literary friends and success crowned his efforts through his writings and stage plays. He came once a year, harvest time, to Stratford to spend a holiday with his friends and was always welcomed in town, as he brought news from the great city. He had great trials at first, as I am told people were not then educated and could not understand his not working at a trade in his own town. He was received at court and it was the Queen herself who gave him the name of "Sweet William" and handed him the token, a flower well known. I do not know much of his life in London, but some of his schoolmates also went up and settled there and there were some who were partners with him in theatres, I believe and made money. Shakspear's shortest speech — I had this in an old print until about four years ago when I lost it — but I remember it well.

At a meeting at Chapter House where some religious conference was held, Queen Elizabeth and her court and bishops were present, a learned divine gave a long tiresome speech making everyone present weary. After it was at last finished the Queen who had observed Shakspear crossing and recrossing his knees during the long debate said to him, "What hast thou, William to say in this matter". All his literary friends looked at him knowing he was not prepared to give an address, but he rose at once and facing her said "This only Madam, read more, teach more, pray more", and bowing low sat down. Silence fell and court soon broke up. His friends who knew he could quote Scripture from cover to cover had discussion on his short speech, but they recognised that in those few words he had conveyed as much as the learned Bishop in his long

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speech. The rest of his life you know better than I who never yet had a copy of his works. But some were not published for many were found in his desk and some sent to friends but the final one was the Kenilworth one, in which the masked knight and Grey Lady walked the terrace at night and for the plans of which he went to the ruined castle to see. He grew careless of his writings in later years. It was about 50 or 60 years after his death that the world realised that he was a great man and then they wished for more of his plays and sought out those whom they thought had them. I do not know how it was they found his friends so easily but the Jenkins family and connections were very faithful friends to the Shakspears in their misfortunes and it was to some members of that family they went. Instead of using courtesy, they sent a party of "play actors" to *demand* from them certain writings, they desired, but especially the Kenilworth tragedy. Had they stated that it was for the honour of Shakspear they wished to get them they would have got some, but they boasted that they had made him in London. They were quickly told that he had written verses and acted before he went to the city, and they refused to give them up, as they were not satisfied. Then they used threats and were sent away. Again another party went to enquire the part played by Willie at Kenilworth as they wished to produce the act as he had himself played it, but at a theatre objected to owing to the leader a Gentleman player, trying to bribe them to silence and let him produce and publish the Kenilworth play as his own work, they indignantly told him they valued the Shakspear honour and Stratford rights. More than a purse of gold and forbade them to return and by fraud produce his work at the coronation. After this some of the manuscripts were placed in safety, but I do not know where but no more was heard from the players. It is certain that Witty Will never left England, for though tempting offers to France and Italy came, he refused to go, being warned by the gypsy previously that if he ever trod on foreign soils he would be killed by a jealous rival abroad. I used the name "Witty Will" forgetting that you did not perhaps know it, but is the most familiar to my family, as it was bestowed on him as a schoolboy as he had such a ready excuse for his mischief and his wit often saved him punishment. After his visit to Kenilworth he used to round up town boys and teach them, Tom fool games and many are still played there. I never heard much of his wife, but certainly he sent money when any trustworthy friend came back from London and strange to say many of his earlier school friends married connections of Jenkins and Ford family, my fathers side some on both male and female line and they were evidently faithful to Witty Will's memory. I am sorry that more of his works were not published, since seeing your performance and I now realize what the world has lost. My object in writing to you before, was to ask you to contradict any statement that he was born or lived in any other part of the world, as he was well known taught and a lifelong friend of my ancestors and his memory still lives in our hearts. My memory is not very good now, I ought to have written this earlier in life. Should circumstances bring to my mind anything worth adding, I will let you know.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

WHAT THE LOGGERS READ

By Stewart H. Holbrook

SPEAKING as a logger with several years of professional experience behind me, and as one with a high regard for the boys who cut the tall timber, I should like to say that loggers enjoy sound reading matter. I should prefer, for instance, to tell the literati that loggers fight over possession of a copy of "The Atlantic Monthly"; that they gouge out eyes in a scramble for a dog eared "Harper's"; that they plant calked boots in the hams of the thief who removed "The Century" from the bunkhouse; and that they mass and give three rousing cheers when the tote team brings in the monthly supply of THE BOOKMAN. . . . But I can't honestly make such a statement any more than could a spokesman for store clerks, barbers, traveling salesmen, farmers, or even captains of industry.

Because of their extended isolation from moving pictures, Ford automobiles, bootleggers, and other things that distract the minds of people living near civilization, loggers do more actual reading than do most farmers or city dwellers. And on the whole I think the logger's literary taste will compare favorably with that of his city cousins; while it is assuredly on a stratum that would reject the dismal farm journals.

In New England and the Lake States loggers, or lumberjacks, hibernate from late fall to early spring; many camps are busy throughout the year. In the Pacific northwest, where there is at present more logging going on than ever was seen in Maine, Michigan, or Wisconsin, the loggers emerge from the timber at Christmas time for a month or two, and again just before the Fourth of July. In camp there is ample time for reading. Long evenings and longer Sundays, when the only attraction is a poker game or a lecture by some often ignorant and long winded evangelist, present unusual opportunities to study the confessions of J.-J. Rousseau, or to contemplate and marvel at the more recent, and possibly more erotic, "confessions" prepared for morons and published in the nation's intellectual capital.

Most loggers like their literary meat red. They want a story with black, curly hair on its chest and smoke and fire blowing forth from every chapter. During the long evenings in camp, when poker happens to be financially impossible and when chewing plug or snuff is the only amusement, loggers often crave to be somewhere else. How? . . . Zane Grey . . . Jack London . . . Harold Bell Wright . . . and that feller who wrote "Graustark". These are among the leaders of camp literature.

In New England and Quebec, and only there, Holman Day's books are supreme with English speaking loggers. Day wrote "King Spruce", a tale of the northeastern woods with a hero in whose doings every incipient camp foreman has seen himself ideally reflected. I have bought and loaned three copies of this book.

In the Lake States and in the Pacific northwest, however, loggers strongly favor the gallon hat, two gun cowboy school of literature. There have been few novels written around the type of

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logging that prevails in the northwest, at least, and this fact may have some bearing on the loggers' preference for red blooded frontier stuff.

Upton Sinclair is a favorite with the "radicals". I have also seen on bunkhouse tables — and showing signs of having been well read — a copy of Voltaire's Life, Paine's "Age of Reason", and a volume of Thomas Jefferson's Letters. The "wobbly" papers (a wobbly is a member of the I. W. W.) are seldom seen in the camps any more. A few years ago every mail brought a large bundle of them into camp, but the organization appears to have fallen onto hard times and its publications seem tame and uninteresting when compared with those of the Golden Age of the I. W. W.

In every logging camp I have ever known there was at least one man who, all things considered, might well be termed a bibliophile. At Grassy Bay in northern British Columbia we had a saw filer who qualified. Untainted by any schooling other than a few terms at a red schoolhouse in the backlands of Texas, he owned a library that attracted every semi-educated savage among us. To the intelligentsia, of course, this filer's collection of books would have appeared banal. But neither I nor the other customers had even heard of the intelligentsia and we found a great deal of good in the filer's bookcases, which were made from the long, narrow boxes in which crosscut saws had been shipped. This rough library kept me in good reading matter throughout the longest seven months' period I ever experienced.

The library ran across two sides of the front room of his shack. There were five boxes on each side, crammed with volumes. On the north wall was a very good steelcut of Voltaire. Facing the great philosopher was a halftone of Brann, the Iconoclast. Today Brann is largely forgotten, but in the nineties he achieved fame as editor of "The Iconoclast", a Texas "weekly of opinion" which had wide circulation. The paper lived up to its name and Brann was shot on the streets of Waco and died with his boots on. . . . The only other picture in the room was a horrible chromo of Jim Fiske, done in four colors.

This saw box library contained as wide a range of reading as I ever saw in one place. Brann, complete in ten volumes, was prominent. Dumas, complete, took up an entire shelf. Both Darwin and Huxley were represented, and this long before the Scopes trial brought them to the attention of the literate but unread. A full calf edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica was piled up on the floor. A fat tome labeled "The Plays of Euripides" had been well thumbed. "Billy Baxter's Letters", written, if I remember aright, for Red Raven Splits, brought one quickly from Greece to Chicago.

In the other stack of saw boxes I remember seeing a volume devoted to the life and works of Cagliostro. Next to it, by chance or design, was a copy of Moody and Sankey hymns. Monsieur Fournier's exposition of economics occupied the same shelf. Charlotte Brontë, Carlyle, and several volumes of Dickens were there.

In western Washington, in the tall Douglas fir country, I know a lumberjack who has and reads Plato. He knows the massive Gibbon's "Rome" from cover to cover. Poe is there; and Thomas Hardy. And close to a thousand volumes ranging from Catullus to Elbert Hubbard. When on a recent visit I stopped to consider that any one of a large number of these books represented one day's wages of the owner — $3.80 — it gave me food for thought.

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Along the Quebec-New Hampshire border there was, and possibly still is, a lumberjack who loaned me "Gil Blas", "Don Quixote", Rabelais, and Rousseau's "Contrat Social". I also borrowed from him a set of Wilkie Collins. "The Moonstone" was the first book to keep me awake all night; and the goings on of Gargantua were the only goings on that made me laugh aloud in a shack so cold that I went to bed in my underwear, socks, outside shirt, and trousers. From this same library I learned of the loves and troubles of Signore Cellini. My librarian chewed tobacco and played an accordion by ear. If I were sure of his address I should send him a pound of plug and a copy of Queen Marguerite's "Heptameron". (He once told me he had looked long and wide for the tales.)

Magazines are more in evidence in logging camps than are books. "Adventure" is first in fiction of a kind, and "Popular Mechanics" runs it a close race for general circulation. Vicarious travel is accomplished in the pages of "The National Geographic Magazine", one of the most popular publications in any camp. Following these comes a long line of cheap fiction magazines, all of the red blooded school, and several movie magazines. I have known many young loggers who write letters to the editors of the movie sheets, requesting information regarding the ages, color of hair, religious persuasions, and favorite corespondents of the various picture stars.

Despite its wide circulation in urban and bucolic districts, "The Saturday Evening Post" has never been prominent in the woods. It is not so widely read as is the noisier "Liberty". The large prize offers of the latter have the loggers agape, as they have many other people, although I have never known a logger to write a title for an unnamed cover or the last line to a limerick. They get their five cents' worth of thrill from contemplating what they would do with a prize of $10,000 or $40,000, or whatever it is.

A monthly pamphlet devoted chiefly to pornographic allusions and to stories that drummers tell to paretic customers is occasionally brought into camp by the young bloods or the senile bull cooks (men of all work). Richard K. Fox's crowning glory, "The Police Gazette", is seldom found in bunkhouses. Its pink pages of burlesque queens can hardly hold their own alongside a journal the masthead of which proclaims that here is "Wedding Bells; The Matrimonial Journal That Gets Results". Without a copy of "Wedding Bells" no camp is complete. One finds it in the Kennebec woods, the Saginaw country, and in the great Oregon timber.

"Wedding Bells" is published, according to an announcement by its obviously idealistic editor, in order "that worthy men and women who are lonely for life mates, may become acquainted with each other" through its columns. It accomplishes this laudable purpose by printing halftones and self written descriptions of generally fat but roughish appearing females who are advertising the fact that they want a Man. Nothing but the pictures and descriptions (which appear unduly optimistic) is given in the pages. On close application one learns that for two dollars one may receive a list of addresses of any six of the female marvels advertised. Correspondence and ultimate marriage, it is intimated, will follow such action. How many matches are made through the columns of this paper and its many contemporaries I have no way of knowing, but the number is greater, I feel sure, than most people would believe.

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This closing picture of what loggers read is melancholy, but it is not meant to be general. Only one or two men in a camp take the matrimonial journals seriously. And this percentage is nothing when compared with the ever increasing numbers of city readers who are becoming addicted to "confession" and other sex magazines.

Then, too, the loggers who *do* read the matrimonial journals get more for their reading than do readers of the "confession" drivel. The loggers learn to write, or improve their writing; far away correspondents in strange cities cause them to think about geography; and many of the ladies they write to are old enough to teach history.

Even when the logger doesn't read sound literature he learns something.

PREMIÈRE

By Katharine Hopkins Chapman

LET this chance discovery in a village of an eye witness to Ibsen's eccentricities be a warning to urban literati who may imagine that they are above receiving a kick from the culture clubs of small towns.

Recently a Literary Lady was filling engagements at southern colleges, giving a series of talks and author's readings. She was only semi-professional, never having been taught how to send out her voice from below her diaphragm and other tricks of the public speaking trade; consequently at the end of two weeks her throat was raw and her tones were losing that melodious appeal to which southerners think they have "a nachel bo'n" right, not to say exclusive possession.

She had spoken at chapel and was to lecture that evening, so when the college president's wife invited her to attend the weekly meeting of the Culture Club in the village she demurred, pleading need of rest and of conserving her voice. But the college president's wife, who was also president of the Culture Club, insisted. Since the Literary Lady desired a return engagement, she agreed to accompany the wife of the man who signed her checks, stipulating, however, that because of her throat she should not be asked to say a word.

The college president's wife carried another guest to the club that afternoon. This woman was the wife of a professor at the state university, house guest of the college president's wife, and friend of the Literary Lady. She had been born in Germany, residing there long past maturity, and though she had married an American and had been living here more than a quarter century, she still impressed strangers as a foreigner because of her ineradicable accent. She was a wisp of a woman, mostly brain and heart, and revered by her friends. In Germany she had been governess to the children of a near royal family, and as Ex-Governess she will be hereinafter named.

These three arrived at the bungalow where the Culture Club was to rehash the world's supply of criticism and appreciation of "A Doll's House". After introductions, the college president's wife, hereinafter President in her own right, bracketed her guests on a small antique sofa and started toward her official seat beside a table on which lay the gavel. This implement was made from a beam of the house in which was born General Gorgas who cleaned up the Canal Zone and made it habitable for white people.

But the Literary Lady clutched the President, detaining her to reiterate that because of her throat she would not say a word, positively not a word.

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The President then perfunctorily asked the Ex-Governess of near royalty if she might call on her for a brief talk. That lady humbly refused, knowing that Americans consider anyone, no matter how erudite, dull who does not speak fluently the language they themselves treat so flippantly.

The meeting came to order after several whacks of the historic gavel. The Literary Lady surreptitiously extracted a throat lozenge from her beaded bag and, watching her chance when all eyes were riveted upon the member who was to dissect Nora (with instruments borrowed here and there), slipped it into her mouth. Then she essayed the difficult feat of trying to rest her mind without appearing imbecile. Watch for the look on the face of the next lecturer whom you see entrapped outside his own field of endeavor.

The program followed established lines, with good talks upon the characters and the dramatic situation within the home of the Helmers. The door which rivals the shot heard round the world was duly slammed. The short sketch of Ibsen treated of him as one remote and foreign to our ken.

The last member began her résumé of the play. The hostess's expression assumed the usual strain of uncertainty. Was it time to ease out and tell her assistants to prepare the plates? Or would the speaker keep on until the refreshments melted or got cold, whichever they should not do? She hesitated and was lost by the disconcerting brevity of the review. She scurried rearward, and the club members changed positions in their chairs and commenced animated discussion of the play with neighbors, lest they appear to be anticipating refreshments.

The Ex-Governess of near royalty gutturally whispered something to the Literary Lady. The latter became electrified with interest. Avidly she asked questions. Then for more particulars. In the delay prolonged because of the hostess's miscalculation, the club members ran out of highbrow comment and even out of small talk. Finally they sat in a silent circle, excluded from the rapidfire dialogue between the two visitors. When this silence became audible, the Literary Lady entreated her companion, "Won't you tell this to all of them?"

"No, no!"

"Please — "

"Not mit my broken English. Eef you t'ink it interest dem, tell it yourzelf!"

Whereupon the Literary Lady arose and asked permission of the President to speak. This was granted with amazement which merged into amusement at her inconsistency. The Literary Lady, finding the lozenge an impediment, swallowed it and proceeded with the zest of recent adventure.

"Madam President and Ladies of the Culture Club: Can you realize that we have with us this afternoon one who frequently saw Ibsen in Munich and who sat nearby while he watched the first performance of 'A Doll's House' there? Our friend here has just given me such a clear cut view of the great dramatist during a critical hour of his career, that I should feel selfish not to pass the vitalizing sensation to you. Think of sitting here, so far removed in time and place, beside one who watched Ibsen while he saw his play for the first time! Somehow it enables me to sense — to get — Ibsen not as a legendary figure but as an individual, not as the remote father of modern drama, but as an author angry at seeing his wonderful play presented from the wrong angle. For this first performance was made the

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vehicle for a popular actress, who submerged Nora in her own personality and obscured the problem presented by the situation.

"Ibsen finished 'A Doll's House' at Amalfi during the summer of 1879, and it was published in Copenhagen in December. Within three weeks the play was presented at the Royal Theatre there, and soon it was being read and played throughout Scandinavia. The unusual theme and Nora's startling attitude toward her husband became such a constant and contentious topic of conversation that discussion of the play had to be formally banished from social affairs.

"By the summer of 1880 the play had reached Germany, where it has continued to hold a place in repertory theatres. Since Ibsen's works were not at that time protected by copyright, he could not prevent managers from changing the end of the play to suit themselves and their audiences, which at first were not prepared to go all the way with Nora. As the lesser of two evils Ibsen himself, though under protest, wrote an alternative ending in which at the last moment the thought of her children restrained Nora from leaving home.

"At that time Ibsen was living in self exile, going from Italy to Germany, according to temperature and temperament. Therefore he had not seen the Scandinavian productions. On the evening that our friend and her pupils occupied the family box nearby, he witnessed 'A Doll's House' for the first time.

"He sidled in, appearing topheavy because of his large head with its outspread mane of iron-grey hair, and his broad, thickset shoulders. He had short legs and tiny feet. His hands also were extremely small, and he always carried them clasped behind his back. Even then Ibsen was becoming the subject of myths, and a German poet fathered the fancy that since Ibsen could do nothing but write, the muses tied his hands when he was not actually composing. He minced along, bending forward from the hips, and thus further decreasing his height.

"When he was seated his appearance was impressive. His forehead gleamed, high and broad, between his bushy hair and whiskers. His pale, small eyes scintillated through thick spectacles. His thin lipped mouth was drawn down at the corners, indicating stubbornness and temper. He had a gentle voice, which made the sharp things he said sound all the sharper by contrast.

"That evening in Munich Ibsen wore a galaxy of decorations. This was not in honor of the occasion, but in defiance of his friend-enemy, Björnson, who had pronounced the wearing of them to be bad taste.

"He entered unobtrusively, but as the play proceeded he became excited and angry. He bent forward, gripping his small hands behind his back and growing scarlet in the face. As his anger increased he gave vent to startling exhalations, like steam escaping. Finally he scuttled out, exclaiming furiously, 'She shall never play Nora again! Never!!' And so great was Ibsen's influence even then that the part was never portrayed by that actress, though the alternative ending was used sporadically for some time."

The Literary Lady sat down. The members of the Culture Club, after rousing as if from a cutback view of the irascible Norwegian, broke into appreciative applause. But the lady whose talk had stressed the door slam protested, "But what would 'A Doll's House' be if Nora did not go out and slam the door?"

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No one replied, because doors can convey different meanings. For some time past the swinging doors had expressed agitated impatience. Through them now came refreshments which had grown cold or warm or whichever they should not while the Literary Lady, who had positively refused to say a word, had insisted upon talking, all because chance had bracketed her with one who sat in the box close to Ibsen when he saw Nora for the first time.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

By Homer Dye, Jr.

With Sketches by the Author

TO hear certain oldtimers express themselves on the matter, the world is coming to something pretty awful. As to just what it is that the world is coming to, no one has mentioned any definite names or vouchsafed any specific conjecture; but whatever it is, one gathers that the possessors of the voices crying in the wilderness would like for it to hurry up and happen — inasmuch as it is going to happen anyway — so that they may get front seats where their viewing with alarm can take the form of viewing with the satisfaction of vindicated prophecy, and where their "I told you so" can be reiterated from as favorable a vantage point as possible.

We who are neither Fundamentalists nor Evolutionists, but a little of each, have generally observed that both heredity and environment have had a part in human affairs, and in varying proportions have caused the complex of reactions which are viewed with alarm. Sticklers for scientific conclusions debate on whether the startling changes of environment have brought about the alarming customs, or whether the alarming customs have brought about the startling changes of environment.

For instance, was it the restlessness of the jazz age which caused the horsehair sofa and the enlarged print of Uncle Eben to be taken from the parlor? Or was the banishment of the bustles and encased artificial flowers which served as bulwarks of conservatism and beauty back in the Cleveland administration the forerunner and herald of the jazz age?

At any rate, demure young ladies no longer carry tasseled fans behind which to hide blushes — it is likewise evident that those young ladies are not given to blushing to any great extent. And with no horsehair sofas upon which to swoon in good Victorian sentimentality, the young lady has ceased to swoon; in fact, doesn't seem to have any intention of doing so.

Environment has had its effect upon the older generation as well. There is no getting around the fact that parents are not so stern as they were back in the days portrayed by "East Lynne", when betrayed daughters were driven out into snowstorms. Of course, fathers may still be as stern potentially, but the fact of the matter is that they are not getting away with it so thoroughly. When father in days agone thrust a hand between the buttons of a red plush waistcoat and another beneath long coat tails, and glared from between a formidable pair of sideburns, he was a power calculated to unhorse the spurring impetuosity of high riding youth, and cause it to rise meek and subdued with a "yes fawthah". And when father's sideburns were backed by a background of funereal, betasseled mantelpiece, while the gunmetal heels of congress gaitered feet crunched into the woven

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With such a background father was invincible

rag hearthrug, he was invincible. Environment, you see, prevailing over heredity.

Right here, I must admit that, having been born well along in Grover Cleveland's second administration, my observation of the placid perfection of the self satisfied seventies, the elegant eighties, and the normative nineties is to some extent from hearsay. However, my remembrance still bears precious fragments of the poet sung heaven which lay about me in my infancy. For example, I have seen mustache cups used on more than one occasion — and I have seen other occasions when they were not, but should have been. And when the first motor car came to our town, I was among the dozen or more shoeless and sockless and hatless ones who ran about after it.

So, with whatever modicum of authority my readers will accord me, I shall endeavor to tell of a certain factor of environment that existed in the days when Queen Victoria and John L. Sullivan reigned. I have as a source of reference a certain browned and time stained book which I ran across while browsing in a second hand bookstore the other day. It is entitled "Beautiful Homes, or, Hints on House Furnishing", compiled and otherwise perpetrated by Henry Williams and Mrs. C. S. Jones, and published in New York in 1877 by Mr. Williams as

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Volume IV of "Williams's Household Series".

Right at the outset, we can take the authors' word for it that environment has something to do with the spiritual afflatus of those who come in contact with it. The first paragraph counsels us that "The aspect [of the home] should be so entirely agreeable, so bright and cheery, and the appointments within, should present such a combination of beauty and general comfort that all who enter the doors will be impressed with the subtle power of the Beautiful pervading the entire household arrangement."

And then, amplifying beauty's incidental function:

> Household taste is but a synonym for household culture, and she is a wise woman who surrounds those she loves with objects of beauty; for she may safely rely on the influences (so intangible) which the beautiful (both in nature and art) ever exerts in a moral, intellectual, spiritual and social point of view. The beautiful picture or softly tinted wall, the peaceful drapery or chiselled statuette may perhaps be the means of opening some fount of wisdom, else closely sealed, or touching some sensitive nerve of thought, otherwise dormant.

And then there follow some three hundred pages of text, profusely illustrated, conveying ideas of household beauty as they prevailed in the days when pa courted ma.

> As the parlor in the majority of houses is the room devoted to the entertainment of guests, there is an apparent necessity for a liberal display of elegance, and those many attractions which tend to give pleasure to guests; and as it is a room sometimes (it may be supposed) open for festivity, there may also be allowed a wider scope for the embellishment and decoration than in any other apartment.
>
> With these requirements, it is in the parlor therefore that we find the choicest treasures that the house can afford, that will tend to the hospitable entertainment of guests, just as in the sitting room, or living room are gathered the dearest tokens of love for the family circle.

Among those "choicest treasures" were the ingrain carpet which was stretched and nailed down, pulled up at housecleaning time and nailed down again; the vase of bittersweet and goldenrod on the mantel shelf; the embroidered footstool and brioche; the mantel lambrequin embellished with decalcomania designs, and the window curtains and drapes suggestive of the dignity and impressiveness of a Victorian hearse. And of course, even before these, there was the elaborately framed and flowered "WELCOME" in the hallway, and the umbrella rack with its niche for the bust of Pallas Athena in the upper recesses. Or perhaps Venus rising from the waves might have been a more appropriate concession to the moisture suggested by the draining umbrellas.

If the guest perchance would remain overnight in this home of "comfort and sense of easy freedom", he had a treat indeed. For he then experienced the spare bedroom.

> If desired, an ornament of some kind may be placed upon the bracket or shelf above the bed — a statuette of "The Graces", "Hebe", the "Sleeping Beauty", "Guardian Angel", "Rebecca", or the like being most appropriate.

That the discovery of such a thing as fresh air was beginning to have some effect even at that early time is admitted:

> It is a disputed point whether drapery about a bed is detrimental to health, or the reverse, many good and sound reasons being given on each side. We would say where delicate persons, or the aged are occupying apartments exposed to cold winds, and there are drafts occasioned by badly-fitting doors and windows, some protection is obviously necessary, and there is no doubt but many a severe attack of neuralgia, catarrh or rheumatism have been occasioned by the neglect of arranging some protection such as curtains around the sides and head of the bed; but where a room is perfectly close, and there can be no drafts about the head especially, it is certainly more healthful to breathe the pure air than that enclosed within the heavy folds of drapery used about many beds.

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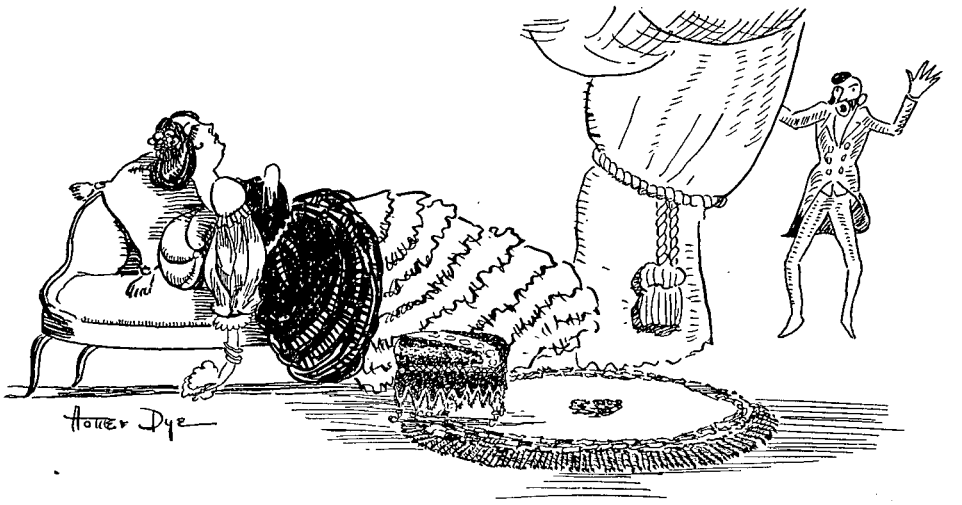

When ladies swooned on horsehair sofas . . .

Be that as it may, hygiene or no hygiene, the housewife was not expected to pass up any chance to add beauty to the home. "Any lady may add an Arabian canopy to her otherwise plain bedstead, and thus give it at once an air of elegance not obtainable by any other means", the book recommends, and goes on to say that "nothing is handsomer than fringe around the canopy of a bedstead, and which may be obtained for 25 cents a yard."

With beauty parlors for dogs gaining favor, there should not be today the wide demand for rugs on which the dog may lie as he searches for fleas or combs out his shedding coat. But for decorative purposes a look at the creation pictured in the good book might start a modern day run on red flannel, quilted and fringed. Also an old style in housedogs might be revived, if dog fanciers could find it possible to reproduce the mixed strain of water spaniel and Newfoundland, or what have you, that prevailed before the spitz, the pomeranian, and the airedale made their common appearance.

In addition to the various articles which are described as necessary furniture for the house, there are innumerable knickknacks and articles both useful and ornamental, "which", we are assured, "add greatly to the elegant appearance and comfort of the house in general". Whereupon, recipes for pincushions, the wall pocket for the whiskbroom, and the wall rack for the hairbrushes and other articles are presented. And of course, there was that contrivance now extinct in this day of bobbed hair, but which was entirely necessary in that day of pompadours and "rats", the receptacle on the dressing table of the lady, in which she saved her combings.

As to the cover for the centre table, the authors indulge in a hint of prophecy and philosophy:

> Many persons still cling to the centre table, and consider no room well furnished that does not have its circular table in the centre of the floor; and certainly where a group of persons desire to gather about one common centre, perhaps to enjoy a winter's evening game, or examine a set of beautiful or rare pictures, curiosities or books, what presents so perfect and appropriate a scene as the good old fashioned centre table; so though we are fully aware that fashionable

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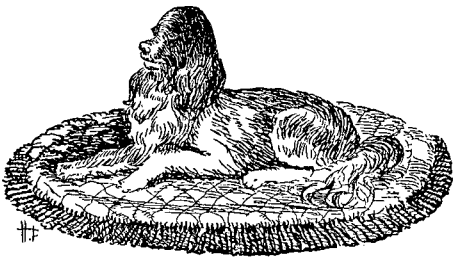
people cry out "away with centre tables", we say to those who enjoy their comfortable form and proportions, use your centre table and welcome — only make for it a tasteful cover.

There are directions for putting a new cover on the settee — which goes to show that the settee presumably had been sat upon to an appreciable extent. And inasmuch as the settee was big enough to seat two, it goes to show that two must have sat upon it. Whereupon it is disclosed that there were courtships in the days when pa courted ma. And although the oldtimers shake their heads pessimistically over the way that courtships take place today, the only real difference, after all, is perhaps environment. Surrounded by things of beauty, as beauty was seen in those days, the courtships of course were decorous and proper in every way — so it is reasoned.

It would be pretty hard for us of today to prove conclusively that those Victorian masterpieces with which the housewives of the seventies graced their homes were not beautiful — and it would likewise be hard for us to prove absolutely that some of the things cherished in bungalows of today are joys forever. It might be a good idea for a Mrs. Jones of today to write a book — if indeed she has not already done so — and give a symposium on how beauty is being lassoed and hog-tied and made to function in the five room kitchenette. We owe a laugh to those of 1977.



Rover — or is it Fido? — and his crimson flannel quilted rug

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AS TO REVIVALS OF PLAYS

By Stark Young

PLAYS often survive their epoch, which is to say they go on being significant as an expression of life. But conditions have changed meanwhile; the theatre where they must be played may be different, the conceptions that the audience brings to the theatre are different. How to revive the play becomes a problem.

There are numerous theories about the revival of plays. Take a work of Shakespeare's, "Macbeth" for example. According to one theory "Macbeth" should be revived exactly as Shakespeare made it and as it was produced in his own time. Everyone knows this theory from various experiments in what is called Elizabethan production. We all know these occasions — the apron stage, the inner stage, the scenes unchanged, the branch for the forest, the placard for a street in Verona, the audience on the stage, and so on and on, according to the producer's scholarship or sense of the picturesque. This we are told is the only way in which the values in Shakespearean drama can be achieved.

The answers to this theory are several. In the first place, we do not know exactly how the play was given in Shakespeare's time. In the second place, if we knew and reproduced "Macbeth" exactly as it was when King James saw it, our audience would not understand it, not even in the matter of pronunciation, not to speak of tempo and the stage arrangements and stage conventions. In the third place, even if the audience understood, the play would mean something different from what it once meant, in the same sense that a remark of Cæsar's separated by centuries and continents cannot say to us quite what Brutus and Pompey took it to say.

In the fourth place, and finally, there is no lasting state to anything, no is-ness in life by which we can settle something once and for all and have it stay put. The sum of an idea consists in a set of relationships; its truth arises from the relation existing among its diverse elements. It is obvious, to take some examples, that in the costume of a man whom we must portray as moderate a hat that would be immoderately small in Siena might be moderate in every way in London, or vice versa; that an axiom about decency might apply most to bodily functions in one era and to social fitness in another; or that what was once manly may have become now only brutal or effete. This is true in the moral and intellectual life and it is true in drama. We have the idea, we have the dramatic elements into which it will go. Of these elements the drama is one, the stage conditions another, the conceptions of the audience another, and so on. A play is a piece of writing in which the idea has found a theatrical body for itself. The rightness of this theatrical body derives from the relations among its elements. But with the passage of time comes a change in certain elements; to produce the play again the relationship among them must again be discovered. To keep the play alive we must find

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always anew a body to express this idea. In sum, we must translate it into the medium of the moment or it will be dead, an empty mask without the life that is there to be expressed.

In "Macbeth" Shakespeare took a story full of the fierce, primitive lust for living, full of haunted moors and the ancient, evil powers of the earth, and gave to it the rich texture of the seventeenth century. To another age than Shakespeare's the fulness of this seventeenth century quality might seem to dim the glare of that older and more primitive quality, quite as a baroque ornament set in a Colonial room might express more brightness and complexity than was intended by it. To yet another age the primitive element in "Macbeth" might express a greater degree of barbarism than Shakespeare meant. In every case, it must be obvious, this drama of "Macbeth" must be restated in the terms of the moment if what is its essential truth is to be given a living theatrical body. To do otherwise may be interesting as archæology, obstinate as academic statistics, quaint as folk-lore, but in the meantime the necessary life of the play, its essential content, must suffer or be lost.

If, then, the fundamental problem in every revival of a play is how to restate it in such a way as to keep alive its characteristic idea, what shall we say of the type of revival that violates the quality of the play, of Robert Edmond Jones's and Arthur Hopkins's revival of "Macbeth" for instance? Well, that too is art. It differs from the intention of which I have been speaking in this respect: it does not aim to express the complete essential nature of the play, it uses the play to express some idea that the producer wishes to express, as Liszt might do with an air of Schubert's or as Michelangelo did with a classic motive in architecture. This is virtuosity sometimes, like one of Liszt's compositions; or it is a sort of creation in which the artist takes the play as a theme or material from which to project the artist's special creation, as Shakespeare himself may have taken an old play of "Macbeth" and used it to his own ends. In revivals of plays, such a method is justified by its success, by the significance of what it creates. A dozen such violations of "Macbeth" might enlarge in twelve respects the scope and meaning of the play for us and so dilate its region. In such a method the artist-producer proceeds by his own imagination and at his own peril; his result may be luminous and beautiful or asinine and quite awry.

One thing in every revival of a play must above all come first. This is that you know what is the idea that you either derive from the play or will employ the play to express. To return to "Macbeth" as an example. The average producer of a Shakespearean play has neither culture nor acumen enough to arrive at a sum of what its quality or meaning is for him; he sees no one style to it; he merely gets along from one section of it to another, with hand to mouth conceptions, grasping at one quality or idea after another — which is why in most productions of his plays Shakespeare seems so made up of inspiration, fancy, confusion, and mixed effects. The idea that you may have of "Macbeth" cannot of course be fully expressed in words; it eludes mere words and awaits its own theatrical medium, as Beethoven's idea awaited its symphony. But — merely to glimpse the idea with a descriptive word — we may inquire if you wish to create primitive archaisms or baroque com-

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plexities or a sense of the powers of evil, or what? What is it that you will try to create with this play as the material and with your theatre as the medium? You must know. With this clear to you, you can set about finding a body for your idea; and, in so far as you can use your medium, you will achieve a unity, something that is alive, however satisfactory or not it may be to others, or significant in itself.

EVERY POET KNOWS

By Dorothy Dow

EVERY eager Poet knows
Passions perish with the rose:
Joys depart and love goes free. . . .
Yet you sadly stare at me,
Call me faithless and unfair,
Wondering why I ceased to care:
Seeking deftly what I lack
For a spell to bring me back.
O, Fond Silly one, no chain
Vulcan forged can bind again
My unchastened heart that took
Freedom for its sacred book.

Many a woman, far too kind,
Never dares the truth "You bore". . . .
Only in her secret mind
Shuts the gate and locks the door.
I, with airy gesture bade
You adieu, and turned to find
Fresh enchantment . . . and you swore
Hussy . . . hussy . . .
Here's a truth
Men but rarely hear, forsooth. —
Every woman, in her breast,
Bears an infinite unrest. . . .
Every woman, did she dare
Leave the spinning, leave the fire,
As myself, would onward fare
Loitering with her heart's desire. . . .
Deep in every woman's heart
Don Juan finds his counterpart!

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MARY ROBERTS RINEHART: A STUDY IN CAREER

By Grant Overton

A PITTSBURGH girl of good family who had chosen to train as a hospital nurse became, when nearly twenty, the wife of a physician. Three sons were born to them in the next ten years and the mother's health was poor. Toward the end of this period of invalidism, when she was in her twenty seventh year, she began to write little articles, verse for children and even short stories. One day, having sold a poem or two, she went to New York and made a discouraging round of publishers. With one thing and another, in the first year of sustained effort at writing, she made $1,200; a certain amount of tolerance in the family changed toward encouragement and she continued to write, sometimes on a card table, then with two fingers on a typewriter. It had mostly to be managed when the children were out for a walk, asleep, or playing. After three years her first book was published. It was a popular success and has since become a landmark in mystery-detective fiction.

At forty one the woman who had been an invalid spent forty days in the saddle through unknown mountains in Montana and Washington, as unwearied as her sons. Earning an annual income of $50,000 or more from her writing was no trick at all. She was shortly to refuse the editorship of a great woman's magazine, double and treble her income, take her place as one of the distinguished hostesses in the society of the national capital, and write her best book to date.

In the worn phrase of the book reviewer, but in all seriousness, I say that with the publication of her new novel, "Lost Ecstasy", Mary Roberts Rinehart stands on the threshold of a great career.

She who has had a half dozen careers is about to have the one she has always wanted. The fact that any one of her careers would have been a triumph for most women and many men is neither here nor there.

And what has she wanted? She said, a few years ago — forgetting or else underestimating "'K.'" — that she was a "story teller. Some day I may be a novelist." I think she has always wanted to feel that she was a novelist in the sense of having power to make her story a commentary on life. Well, it is one of those achievements of which one can be most frequently unaware. It is an achievement of which one may remain wholly skeptical. A pronounced skepticism of this sort, a constant and humorous self depreciation, is Mrs. Rinehart's outstanding trait. I have no doubt that she thinks "Lost Ecstasy" merely the work of a story teller.

There is a story, sure enough, in this new novel. But as a matter of fact the book is the most fundamental expression of Mrs. Rinehart's creed I have encountered. I dare not say that it offers all her personal wisdom

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in the art of living, but it offers a good deal — and all, surely, that one novel should be made to contain.

Nothing, in outline, could be simpler than this tale of a cowboy and an eastern girl. A little curve must have formed and deepened in the corners of Mrs. Rinehart's mouth as she considered the incredible number of books presenting a cowboy and an eastern girl. This, of course, could only come afterward; Kay Dowling and Tom McNair came first. You know how it is with your friends, enemies, and other intimates: they are strongly differentiated in your mind and it requires a distinct effort to recall that on the anatomical side they are markedly similar.

Kay Dowling is the granddaughter of old Lucius Dowling whose L. D. ranch locates itself in Montana or Wyoming. There is little of old Lucius in his son, Henry, Kay's father; and when the L. D. commits the capital crime of losing a lot of money the ranch is sold. But in the painful preliminaries to the sale, while a sort of financial autopsy is taking place on the spot, Kay and Tom McNair have met each other and ridden the range together. Herbert, so efficient, quiet, and impeccable, so set apart as Kay's future husband, must be held on the whole to have helped rather than to have hindered an association of which he anxiously disapproves.

Separation takes place automatically with the return of the Dowlings to the east. After it has lasted for some time Kay has an unexpected chance to see her cowboy in her own world — one with which he is completely unfamiliar and in which he shows to no great advantage. His appearance is brief and after it comes the return to Herbert, the acceptance of Herbert, the preparations to be married to Herbert. And, as the wedding presents pour in and are catalogued and insured, as the gowns are fitted and the country house is made ready, there comes panting to a slow climax the apotheosis of Herbert, nothing passionate you understand but a gradual summit of human perfectibility, already nearly scaled, where one will rest through a serene long life hand in hand with Herbert in peace and Herbertude.

With the swift action which has often the character of mad folly, but which may equally be final wisdom, Kay deserts Herbert for Tom. The rich girl and the cowboy marry and Mrs. Rinehart rides into the bad lands where most "story tellers" have no sufficient knowledge and far too little courage to venture.

I could almost take oath that no one has ever done a real job with the cowboy before.

In thinking of western stories I imagine most of us still hark back to "The Virginian" as a standard of comparison; I know I do. It had never struck me, until I closed "Lost Ecstasy", that even in Owen Wister's renowned story the cowboy is distinctly sentimentalized. Of course, the fact that he was a Virginian duly qualifies him as one of nature's noblemen, but there is sentimentalization over and beyond that large license. I am afraid "Lost Ecstasy" makes "The Virginian" seem a bit mushy. Mrs. Rinehart, intent every instant on giving Tom McNair his due, exhibiting all his worth and according him all merited sympathy, does not sentimentalize him at all.

Tom is human. Like all egoistic males, he takes his time about falling for a girl. The ranch expression was that he was "God's gift to women"

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but Tom's customary behavior indicated a faith that women were God's gift to him, and a gift not to be overrated, either. He is the kind of fellow who expects a girl to endure hardships with perfect stoicism but who, should she light a cigarette to see her through the grim ordeal, reaches over and takes the cigarette away from her. He can bring Kay to a wretched shack with no real comprehension of its misery for her; strive anxiously to make her warm and comfortable; and then, when he sees she is still shivery, become peevish as a little boy and make mean, resentful remarks about the abandoned Herbert. "It's a fine wife I've got. Now if you'd married *Percy* — " One can say "Percy" much more poisonously than "Herbert".

And Kay? She is a thoroughly nice girl, not blind to Tom's disqualifications to be her husband but pretty well at the mercy of physical attraction as most nice girls are. Mrs. Rinehart conveys whole sides of her with simple and significant strokes. All her life Kay had heard her father and mother say goodnight:

"Goodnight, Katherine."

"Goodnight, Henry. Don't forget to open your window."

It did not escape Kay that marriage with Herbert would be like that. Herbert was "rather sweet". But there were the other sides of Kay — the adventurous courage inherited from old Lucius, her grandfather; something of his passion for the far west; and she had also the woman's strange power to make a single look or tender gesture compensate for every physical stress. . . .

Nor is Herbert less well done. I can just see him, when the rich array of wedding gifts was pouring in, going around and meticulously recording them. "There is a very large sum of money invested here and it requires protection." It is a pity that Herbert could not take out insurance on the wedding, only on the presents.

For some time now I have been under the conviction that I know little or nothing about literary values in a piece of writing. This is most humiliating for one who has spent much time with books. I still feel that I know the qualities of a good prose; I am by no means insensible to the beauties of literary style. But I have seen, and I still see, these beauties singled out for admiration to the serious neglect of other, and vastly more important, elements of literature. The book juries, of which we have now so many, have not infrequently selected novels that I should not dare to broadcast indiscriminately. The books so chosen have been poetic, fanciful, and altogether lovely as to prose, but quite meaningless to the majority of readers, even book readers. Their authors have sometimes thought that realistic detail makes reality, which is not the case. Without exception the characterization in these novels has been hopelessly anæmic. But as it happens, good characterization is almost the whole art of the novel, from Defoe and Fielding to date. It may now have become advisable to abandon this splendid achievement and substitute for it prose poems of 60,000 words or over — or polemical tracts of 180,000 words more or less. But let us have no illusion in the matter.

The literary values of Charles Dickens are uncertain, but he was a novelist. The construction in the novels of Thomas Hardy is lamentable, especially for one trained as an architect, but he was a novelist too. On the other hand literary values, as each

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interpreted them, have killed George Meredith and have seriously damaged Stevenson. Multiply with your own examples.

It is not the larger public that is at fault, only a few critics and reviewers. The larger public may suffer the pundit, not very gladly, but in the end it will overthrow him. And so I return to "Lost Ecstasy" to observe that although none of the scenes is laid in Poictesme, and although none of the persons is a Kentucky mountaineer, and despite the fact that there is nothing to cause the book's suppression in Boston, Mrs. Rinehart has written that substantial thing, a novel. A convincing story about convincing people, if you get me.

Mrs. Rinehart's books fall into several classifications and she has enough in each class to establish her spades, hearts, diamonds, or clubs, as the case may be. "Through Glacier Park", "Tenting Tonight", "The Out Trail", and "Nomad's Land" are travel books of personal experience; all the rest of her books are fiction.* There are a number of collections of short stories, such as "Love Stories" and "Temperamental People", and there are the integrated tales of the spinster Tish which have accumulated at the rate of a book every five years since Tish made her début in "The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry", so that there are now four Tish books. It is in the remaining volumes, mainly book length fiction, that Mrs. Rinehart's career as a novelist is clearly to be traced.

She began with "The Circular Staircase".

The most remarkable thing about this story was its construction, and it still holds a chief place in mystery-detective fiction because of this point. As I have said before, most writers, having brought about the murder of Arnold Armstrong in the opening pages, would merely lead the reader through a suitable maze to the revelation of the murderer. Mrs. Rinehart makes the murder merely a dreadful incident in a mysterious crime that is more and more evidently in the process of being committed. A baffling and increasingly desperate struggle with the unknown criminal is what gives "The Circular Staircase" a quality of drama rare in books of its kind.

With such brilliance in an ever popular type of story, it was natural that Mrs. Rinehart should go on with mystery-detective books. But "The Circular Staircase" had other constituents of more importance, ultimately, in her writing than any gift for plotting. No one who reads it fails to be struck by its characterization and its farcical humor. The humor was a humor that meant outright laughter and it was created by the impact of character and situation, one on the other. Mrs. Rinehart was to develop this vein in the Tish stories particularly; and the presence of this farcical quality was to insure the great success on the stage of "Seven Days" (from her book "When a Man Marries") and "The Bat" (founded on "The Circular Staircase"). Her humor, which is always an illustration of character, contributes to her characterization; conversely, if she could not characterize so thoroughly her humor would lack all its robustness. After a while she did one or two romantic novels, such as "The Street of Seven Stars", which is the love story of a little American girl in Vienna. And then came "'K.'"

This astonishingly intricate — yet

*Except "Kings, Queens and Pawns", a record of experiences as war correspondent at the front, published in 1915.

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always clear — study of emotional relationships has never been surpassed in a single novel of the usual length. The emotional substance of half a dozen ordinary novels is compressed into the story of some eleven people. It was both extravagant and magnificent — an over-generosity that only an abundant talent could indulge and an art that most authors of novels cannot command. Mrs. Rinehart rested from it with a romantic adventure story of southeastern Europe, "Long Live the King"; with the fun of feminine adolescence in "Bab: A Sub-Deb" and with that irresistible love story, "The Amazing Interlude".

When she returned to the novel in "Dangerous Days" and "A Poor Wise Man" it was to put all her story teller's talents back of a serious purpose. But her difficulty of adjustment was perceptible. Too much of a novelist to write a diatribe of Sinclair Lewis's sort or a piece of journalism of Philip Gibbs's type, she was also too honest to be merely sensational and too well versed in human nature to be successfully unfair. I think she will probably give us at least one more novel with an incidental and biting commentary on contemporary ideas and attitudes and I think it will make these earlier ones seem frankly experimental.

As they were; what writer worth his salt does not experiment? No experimentation, no growth. In "The Breaking Point" Mrs. Rinehart used again her skill in the story of mystery; but kept it wholly subordinate to the study of character. "The Red Lamp" was a return to the mystery tale for the mystery's sake and also a demonstration that such a return is impossible. As the ingenuities of plot multiplied you felt every nerve in the author's body screaming its protest against the monster, Action, and his steamroller, Event. What could all this Contrivance mean to one who knew her people?

And so she came to "Lost Ecstasy" with a relief and a delight that give a double significance to the title. It has been her fortune to develop all her talents and to find herself, on the threshold of middle life, in ripe possession of the greatest one of them all.

Having once written about her work under the heading, "The Vitality of Mary Roberts Rinehart", I met her shortly afterward. She said: "I have a bad cold. I am afraid you will find the vitality which you have celebrated very low this morning." But it is a vitality of the mind, almost independent of the body. She has personality as few women have it. No other woman novelist does male characters so well, which may be the reason why no other woman novelist numbers so many — or near so many — men readers. And yet, what a woman she is! She took part in the most famous debate in history and she took the woman's part against a man. True, he was not Edmund Burke, nor even Daniel Webster; but who shall say that Irvin S. Cobb is less redoubtable than either? You have perhaps read "Isn't That Just Like a Man" and its valiant counterblast, "Oh, Well, You Know How Women Are!" Then you know that Mrs. Rinehart gets the decision. If you don't, I'm telling you.

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THE LONDONER

An Interview in the "Observer" about H. G. Wells's New Book — Some Kipling Rarities — Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams — Butler Relics and Alfred Emery Cathie — Nathaniel Hawthorne — Sir Frank Mackinnon

LONDON, *June* 1, 1927.

IT is not very often that a publisher can do himself much good by advertising a book six months before it is to be published, and it is not very often that a publisher can secure that an interview with himself shall be published in a leading periodical six months before the book about which he is interviewed can possibly appear. Still less often can a publisher — as it were — speak his own press notices in advance. So the action of Victor Gollancz in granting to a representative of the "Observer" an interview wholly devoted to the subject of H. G. Wells's new novel, which will be published in September next, is something of an event in the world of book production. Mr. Gollancz is a director of the very enterprising firm of Ernest Benn, Ltd., and his genuine enthusiasm for Mr. Wells is one of the happiest features of the affair. It averts any thought of "stunt", for there is no question at all of the good faith of the publisher in this instance. He has a book which he regards — rightly — as an event of the greatest importance. In his delight, he expresses that admiration to a representative of the press. And the completion of a new book by Mr. Wells is treated with highly becoming excitement. I venture to believe that we are all eager to read what Mr. Wells writes. Even those who seethe with anger at Mr. Wells read his books — if it is only in order to have something to snort about! And as Mr. Wells is nothing if not topical in his themes — since his active interest is in the world as it appears to him, and as it may become, and as it should be — this new novel is in a special degree a document of the day. It deals with the late coal strike, and it is called by the menacing title "Meanwhile". "The very centre of this novel", said Mr. Gollancz, "is an absolutely ruthless criticism of the Conservative Government, and particularly of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill, for their conduct of the coal dispute. . . . The leading character is Philip Rylands, a young and an enormously rich coal owner, . . . and the upheaval is seen through the eyes of Philip, who is drawn as ignorant and idealistic, but active-minded and honest. . . . I do not want to give the impression that the interest in this novel is exclusively political. As I have said, it is full of witty conversation, and there are many exciting episodes. But the strongest impression left on my mind is that of the enormous vivacity of the political pictures, and the brilliant satire of Mr. Wells's denunciation of a certain type of mind." It seems to me to be impossible to read this interview with Mr. Gollancz without wishing very strongly to read the book which has inspired his enthusiasm, and I should not be surprised to learn that booksellers and libraries are already bombarded with demands for the book. I ask whether the same result could be expected from any similar interview

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given by any other publisher regarding a book by any other writer? It could not, I am sure, in England. Publishers would all like to be interviewed about the books they specially admire, and many writers, no doubt, would like to feel that readers were awaiting their productions with fury for many months before the actual publication. But how many authors enjoy just this particular zest upon the part of their readers? How many publishers could escape from a suspicion of interested puffing? Finally, in how many English newspapers could such an interview appear? This last point is one which should not be allowed to escape notice. The "Observer", although it suffers from inveterate and incurable verbosity, is the one periodical devoted to the supply of news in Great Britain and Ireland which displays real and passionate attention to literature. Other papers have literary departments, reviews, and the like; but the "Observer" has its eye upon the literary production of the entire earth. It lets us know when a new play or a new book is published in Prague or in Warsaw, it has intelligent correspondents who keep in touch with artistic movements in Constantinople or in Copenhagen. Its reviews, although often too long, because the tradition of the paper is to give ample space to everything, are generally tolerable in quality, and certainly not lacking in enthusiasm. And with all its faults it has, as I say, this sense of the importance of letters in modern life. I am sorry that Ernest Newman is no longer musical critic to the paper, for Mr. Newman was and is — in the "Observer's" rival, the "Sunday Times" — the most readable of all musical critics, and a wit. But the "Observer" still enjoys the services of the most powerful of the current dramatic critics, St. John Ervine. Mr. Ervine enrages many who affect to scoff at him, but he is a remarkably shrewd, honest, and courageous critic; and although I do not in every case see eye to eye with him I always feel that in his bluntness, and his refusal to be bounced into praising the amateurish and the pretentious, he is a particularly valuable asset to the paper he represents. As for the interview with Mr. Gollancz, I have no means of knowing who wrote it, but I think it possible that the writer may have been the daughter of the editor himself — Miss Garvin. Miss Garvin it is who contributes each week the literary gossip concerning forthcoming books; and although her touch is at times uncertain the enthusiasm which she brings to her task certainly produces a tremendous improvement upon the hackneyed weariness and conventionality of similar collections of paragraphs. This department in English periodicals is carried on under difficulties which American journalists could not appreciate. Announcements are habitually made in England at short notice; there is a far greater distance between those who write books and those who write *about* these same books; and publishers are very difficult to pump as to their plans. Moreover, there is a sort of understanding that the "Times Literary Supplement" must have first pick of the news, and all those who do such work as Miss Garvin has undertaken have great difficulty, accordingly, in making their columns consist of matter which is not already stale. In my opinion, therefore, the announcement of Mr. Wells's new book, and the method which has distinguished this announcement, should be regarded as a triumph for intelligence in book publicity and in newspaper control. It is also a striking innovation.

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The new Kipling Society, which is supposed to have outrun the approval of the author whom it was established to commend, has just had a meeting in London, at which Captain Martindell gave what seems to have been a most interesting address on the subject of "Some Less Known Kipling Writings". Captain Martindell was evidently out to make the mouths of all collectors water with desire, for he confided to the meeting that there were certain works by Mr. Kipling which had never yet been published! Imagine what such an announcement means to the enthusiasts who gather all the scraps left by a famous writer! Recall the successive editions of Robert Louis Stevenson's collected works, each of which has contained some new contributions unknown to the owners of earlier collected editions! It was cruel of Captain Martindell, for into the minds of all such enthusiasts he must have caused passion to rush uncontrollably. The lecturer, having made this exasperating start, proceeded to quote some of Mr. Kipling's less known work, and said that some of the poems he instanced from "Schoolboy Lyrics" (e.g. "Job's Wife" and "Thoughts of a Felon Awaiting Execution") had been written at the age of thirteen. Collectors possibly already knew that there were originally thirty nine "Plain Tales from the Hills", and that of the ten which were omitted from the book as it is usually printed two have never been published at all; but it is amusing to see that Captain Martindell told the story of a pirated edition of Kipling which was published without success at Santiago, sold as waste paper, and subsequently became a collector's "piece". Just what the collector of such unconsidered trifles gets from his possessions, I have never been able to understand. He has something that nobody else has, it is true, but why should he want it? Are all collectors victims of the inferiority habit? Do they collect in order to give themselves an adventitious importance? It may be so. At any rate, I am sure that the majority would be very indignant with me for suggesting such an explanation of their harmless hobby.

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For me, the best edition of Kipling's verse, replacing all first editions whatever, is the one published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in a single volume, and the mention of this reminds me that although my words will come late I must not omit to say here what a loss the English publishing world has sustained by the death of Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams. I cannot say that my acquaintance with Hodder-Williams was a very close one, but I had met him a number of times, and we once had a most delightful tête-à-tête dinner together at the Hyde Park Hotel. He was among English publishers the leader of what I may call "big business". Under his leadership, the firm of Hodder and Stoughton had far surpassed any of the firms with enormous output excepting those of Heinemann and Hutchinson; and in the matter of book production Hodders were, if a trifle mechanical, at least in advance of many of the smaller houses. For cheap editions I should say that they had the best average of any house in the trade, and while my readers know that I am not altogether sympathetic with the firms specializing in mass production, I must admit to a sense of admiration for the skill with which Hodder-Williams piloted his firm to a notably efficient position among English publishers. In person this leader in bold publishing was exceed-

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ingly modest. His rather thin, small face was that of a lawyer rather than that of a publisher, and he was in the habit of wearing a quaint, almost Gladstonian collar which served to heighten the impression to which I refer. He must have been a very shrewd man, but in the conversations we had he never once obtruded business. We had, indeed, no business to discuss, and our relations were purely amical. There was a dryness of anecdote in him which made his conversation amusing and interesting. Although I do not recall that he expressed any particularly deep interest in literature, he had his enthusiasms. One of these, without question, was his belief in the star of A. S. M. Hutchinson. He published — I think I am right in saying — Mr. Hutchinson's second novel, and he continued to publish books by Mr. Hutchinson, and to prophesy a considerable future for him, before the general public had taken Mr. Hutchinson to its home and bosom. This enthusiasm, in a purely professional publisher who was immersed in the details of his business, seems to me to show great acuteness, and to be entirely creditable to Hodder-Williams. That he had learned much from that astonishing human encyclopædia, the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, there can be no question. Hodder-Williams was the first to proclaim his debt to that marvel of his class. Nicoll was less a man than a one man syndicate, and in this respect Hodder-Williams, who had so much more to do with the practical details of the business than Nicoll ever had, did his best to follow his teacher. He did remarkably well. I do not claim for him that he lifted publishing to the heights attained by the past masters of publishing. He did not. In my judgment, nobody who publishes as much as Hodder-Williams made a practice of doing could ever rank with the greatest of his profession. But he made a large and thriving business out of books, he had a keen eye for talent in the literary world, he was an agreeable and intelligent human being, and his personality was as striking as was his capacity for work. In a business man, there are few qualities more valuable than the power to master detail, to take the large view even while mastering detail, and to keep calm. All these three attributes of power Hodder-Williams had, and it is for this reason that I regard his death as a distinct loss to the profession which he followed.

* * * *

There has just taken place the sale of some unique records of Samuel Butler which, like the Kipling disclosures to which I have referred above, will be of particular interest to collectors. These records consisted of a collection of Butler first editions which had belonged to the late Alfred Emery Cathie. Alfred Emery Cathie is better known to the great world as "Alfred", because it was under that name that he was immortalized in the biography of Butler written by Henry Festing Jones. Alfred it was who, being engaged as it were on trial by Butler, proved so invaluable that he remained as a servant, secretary, and companion until the end of Butler's life. A more devoted servant no man ever had. Not only did Butler himself describe the relationship as resembling that of a basket (himself) which had been entrusted to a dog, but he preserved a number of really priceless scraps illustrating his remarkable relations with this servant among servants. Here is one of them:

Mrs. Bovill and Miss Hickman were to come to tea at Jones's, and Alfred was to

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take me to meet them. Through a combination of accidents, I forgot; and they expected us and we did not come. Alfred was very much put out and, after blowing me up sufficiently, said:

"And now, Sir, for the future let it be an understood thing — and Mr. Jones too — that if I am told, nothing will ever go wrong."

Which indeed is neither more nor less than the truth. Why does not God have an Alfred and tell him everything?

Among other references is the following:

Did I want a new hat? Alfred knew very well that I should rub on with the old one unless I was kept up to getting a new one.

"Here, Sir, is a reminder for you; you must keep it in your waistcoat pocket and keep on repeating it to yourself." And the reminder was slipped by him into my waistcoat pocket. It ran: "I am to buy a new hat, and a new pair of boots."

On another like occasion I received the following:

"This is the last notice from Alfred to the effect that Samuel Butler, Esqr. is to buy himself a new Hat on Wednesday morning the 8th of November 1893. Failing to do so there will be an awful scene on his return to Clifford's Inn. — ALFRED."

At the sale was disposed of Alfred's collection of Butler first editions, and all of these books, excepting only two, contained autograph inscriptions from Butler. There were also half a dozen autograph postcards and some albums of snapshots taken by Butler. I do not know exactly how keen is present day interest in Butler — it seems to me to have died a little, and I question, indeed, whether it has ever been particularly extensive — but "association" copies and photographs such as these should appeal to many whose interest in Butler's theories regarding Homer, Handel, and other difficult matters is limited. To myself, the most interesting Butleriana will always be the manuscript notebooks in Butler's fine, pointed, and very clear handwriting which are in the possession of Mr. Festing Jones. I presume that these will eventually find a place in the British Museum, but they are certainly a wonder to behold. Fortunate owners of the selection from these notebooks which Mr. Festing Jones has edited and published will not need to be told that the book is one of the most stimulating and amusing of all such volumes. It can be endlessly read, and a pocket edition would be a delight to the literate.

* * * *

Talking of pocket editions, I once bought a very small copy of Nathaniel Hawthorne's great novel, "The Scarlet Letter", and when I was very juvenile I took this with me upon a solitary and adventurous visit to Paris. Unfortunately I was in those days among the least wealthy of youths, and the hotel at which I stayed in Paris was of the kind to discourage all brave spirits. I reached it late one night, and went straight to bed. Upon awaking in the morning, I realized with horror that my rest had not been absolutely calm, for the privileged occupants of the wooden bedstead were still disporting themselves upon my pillow, and they had taken toll of my rich English blood during the night. Having no money, and very little self assurance, I was in a quandary. It was at this point that I ran into two young Americans, more adventurous even than myself, who had worked their way across the Atlantic upon a cattle boat and who — almost equally penniless — were having a holiday in Paris before returning to their native land. They too had suffered as I had done from the midnight marauders, and common misfortune made a bond between us. We agreed that nothing would induce us to sleep again in the ravenous beds. Our remaining nights in the hotel, accordingly, were spent upon chairs, and mine were given over, in the intervals of uncomfortable dozing, to

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reading "The Scarlet Letter", which I finished early one morning in the Gardens of the Tuileries. As a consequence of these disagreeable circumstances I did not really enjoy "The Scarlet Letter", much as I appreciated its power, and I date from this hour my indifference to the works of Hawthorne. I forgot to mention that the culminating horror of my experience came when I turned a page of the book and found that even my "Scarlet Letter" had afforded harborage to an unwelcome stranger, so that before I could bring myself to finish the book I had thrown it down in the Gardens of the Tuileries and had pricklingly searched its covers to assure myself that the book and I were at last alone together. I believe I shall not be seriously blamed for associating "The Scarlet Letter" with my own discomforts, although I know well that I should rise above such associations and take it for what it is, a masterpiece. Nevertheless, from that day until this I have never read another word that Hawthorne wrote. I shall now, however, hasten to fill the gap in my knowledge of American letters, for I have just read with great enjoyment Lloyd Morris's delightful study of Hawthorne which has been published under the title of "The Rebellious Puritan". This book seems to me to be a very good book. It presents a clear figure, and it does this with remarkable skill and delicacy. The book has proportion and taste, and Mr. Morris takes what I think is the excellent line between humor and idolatry. There is plenty of sympathy in his book. Hawthorne emerges from it a most attractive figure, very judiciously presented, so that even when he appears to be prejudiced or peculiar he never ceases to be a sincere and likable, as well as a great man. I think Mr. Morris has thus done a considerable service, not only to Hawthorne's reputation, but to readers who are unacquainted with the details of Hawthorne's work. It is the sign of a good character study that it should interest the ignorant, such as myself; and when a book of this kind can be read with continuous and unfailing absorbedness by those who have no preliminary enthusiasm for the subject with which it deals, it must be said to have scored a remarkable triumph. I welcome, therefore, Mr. Morris's adhesion to the modern method of biography, and venture to suggest that he has at once taken a high place among the practitioners of that method.

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The Oxford University Press is issuing immediately a new edition of one of Charles Lamb's essays, "The Old Benchers of the Middle Temple", with elaborate annotations by Sir Frank Mackinnon. Sir Frank, who is better known to the students of law notices as "Mackinnon, J.", is a judge of the King's Bench Division, and a Master of the Middle Temple. What is less well known about him is that he is one of the most learned of all loyal Austenites, and that he rendered magnificent service in connection with the great Oxford edition of Miss Austen's novels, edited by R. W. Chapman. This edition of Miss Austen will always be the standard edition, since it is practically impossible that anybody will ever know more about the texts, allusions, and associations of Jane Austen than Mr. Chapman and his colleagues. It is not quite a thing of beauty, because the editors and publishers have thought more of scholarship and the appropriately Georgian (Georgian III and IV, not Georgian V) format; with the result that in the

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matter of Austenian charm Mr. Secker's Adelphi edition is still without rival. But the Oxford edition is an excellent example of modern scholarship, and to the lover of Jane Austen a most delectable possession. I take it that the same qualities will be apparent in Sir Frank Mackinnon's reprint of the Lamb essay. Although, by its character, this book will not appeal to a very large number of ordinary readers, I am sure that to Lamb lovers, and to such members of the legal profession as can share Sir Frank's interest in old legal memories and associations, it will come as a treat. Does it not seem strange (and excellent) that a man who has had to spend many years in the law courts, dealing with the sombre intricacies of company law, should all the time have been sustained by a love for Jane Austen and Charles Lamb? I must confess that the reflection affords me a delicate pleasure. There are barristers who never read anything but their briefs or the crabbed documents and "proofs" which are submitted for consideration. I know a number of barristers who have no relaxation from their work excepting bridge and golf. These men are what Dr. Johnson would call "barren rascals" in the matter of conversation. When "shop" is denied them, they can fall back upon nothing but commonplace hearsays. But Sir Frank Mackinnon, although he is not much of a talker, has a mind well stored with literature, and while the kind of work he is doing in connection with his favorite authors is not such as to make his name familiar to the multitude, it will endear him to all who can share his enthusiasms and appreciate the importance of the knowledge and insight which he brings to his literary — no less than to his legal — tasks. Moreover, it is good to know that judges are human, even though, during a large part of their lives, they may have to do with nothing more edifying than tedious litigation and the boredoms of the courts.

SIMON PURE

AWAKENING

By Josephine E. Roberts

I WATCHED a bee on a flower spray
And saw it carry the nectar away.
I said to myself, "O silly bee,
A poor blind fool you are like me.
You suck all the sweetness out of the flower
And never taste anything bitter or sour,
And when you make something out of it,
It's sickening sweet and only fit
To put on something else as spread:
It will never be used for food, like bread."

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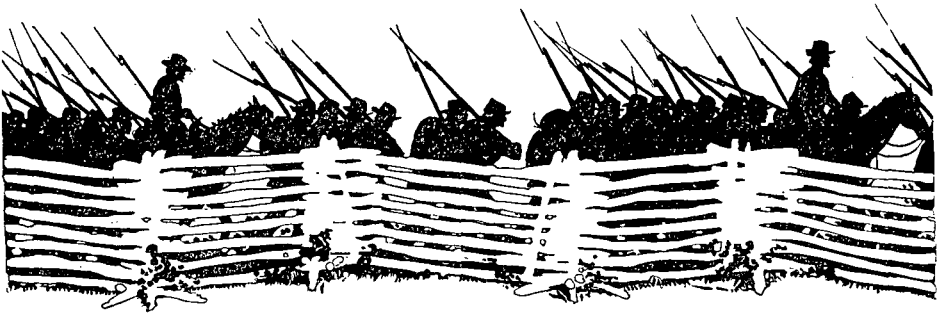

Jacket design for "Marching On"

HIGH SPOTS IN SPRING BOOKS

By Herbert Gorman

IN a season peculiarly rich in varied fare it is difficult to attain that impartial selectiveness that is the boast of the true critic. Yet, as one gazes back (not without faint amazement) at the literary output of the spring season in America, it is obvious that certain books loom larger than others. They are spotted with facility. It is rather that middle ground crowded with laudable endeavors that offers difficulties. Here the personal idiosyncrasies and prejudices of the commentator must prevail and the reader must bear in mind that perhaps other books merited mention equally with those actually enumerated. Yet the books that are noted have been weighed and found not wanting. Each volume has brought some new value, some nascent aspect, some further emphasis, some unusual trait to the spring season. Most important of all, each book is the husk of an individuality. The authentic literary values, it is needless to state, vary, a few of them touching high and lasting planes while others are manifestly for the day itself. But an intelligent comprehension of what has been accomplished during the first five months of 1927 must take them all into consideration.

A few broad generalizations may be made immediately from the thirty books that have been selected (arbitrarily, of course, by this writer) to represent the season. There is manifest the continued high trend of the novel with its increasingly implied philosophical approach to life. There is the spectacle of poetry in the doldrums except for one astonishing achievement that stands up like a lonely mountain on a parching plain. There is enlightened biography still holding its own in a season crowded with other fare. There is the laudable curiosity about the springs and progressions of American thought. Permeating all is the lively and unquenchable exploration of the depths of the mind and the adjustment of objective phenomena to a subjective explanation.

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An era of synthesis and analysis may be presupposed (although it is difficult to prophesy anything in a world where fluctuation appears to be the rule), and this suspected era of essential prose may account for the weakening of the distinguished poetical impulse.

One poem, however, stands head and shoulders above all the spring books and that is Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram" (Macmillan), a narrative in flawlessly conceived blank verse that belongs not to a season but to the heritage of American verse. Indeed, one may be quite dogmatic in asserting that this is the finest long poem that has ever been produced in this country and, as a rendering of the Tristram and Isolt legend, the most coordinated and inspired achievement since Gottfried von Strassburg. Here Mr. Robinson's unique and admirable talents are fused beautifully in a theme that called for every iota of his poetic strength. He has risen to it with unquestioned genius and circumscribed a moving and flame-like subject with unfaltering art and in language that runs through the mind like a long string of perfectly cut jewels. This is the one poem of the season; though other books have not been wholly deficient in poetic properties none of them has been of that order of excellence to convince anybody that the poetic renascence in America is continuing with the eagerness and gusto that marked it a few years ago. The older figures, having established themselves, continue to reiterate their personalities in a rather jaded fashion, and the newcomers fail to exhibit that intensiveness and individuality that one might wish. Even the importations from abroad have been inconsequential, relatively speaking. With Mr. Robinson's "Tristram", therefore, we may let the poetic output go and turn to the novel, that classification of literature that is always paramount in the spring and early summer, perhaps because of the fallacious notion that the winter is the only time when the cerebellum is sufficiently lively to attack weightier works.

Two novels stand out, Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" (Harcourt, Brace), because of the excessive notoriety its inception occasioned, and Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" (Knopf), because of the philosophy of life implicit in it. "Elmer Gantry", an attack on the evangelistic churches, exhibits all of Lewis's keen observation of contemporary life, his impatience with hypocrisy, his inveterate leaning toward burlesque, and his indubitable courage in the face of a loud and sustained protest. His book is probably based upon false values; yet it is put together with such virility and is so mordant that it constitutes, in spite of declarations to the contrary, a fierce and plunging attack that has not gone astray. Mr. Mann's "The Magic Mountain" is on a different, loftier plane. This two volume work (how many two volume works have appeared this season!) is both distinguished and inspired. The career of Hans Castorp in the tuberculosis sanitarium on the magic mountain is both a criticism and a philosophy of modern life. Through the mouths of various personages, the philosophies of modern life are enunciated. The drama is essentially intellectual, although it is wrought in such a fashion that the interest in it never sags. Here we observe the birth and progression of a consciousness that is played on by the antagonistic forces of contemporary times. "The Magic Mountain" is an indication of the road that the modern novel is traveling.

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Turning to the other distinguished novels (and what an array there is!) we may note "The Old Countess" by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton Mifflin), "Marching On" by James Boyd (Scribner), "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking), "Black April" by Julia Peterkin (Bobbs-Merrill), and "Shadows Waiting" by Eleanor Carroll Chilton (Day). Here is an excellent quintet, enough to keep the intelligent voyager quite happy during his trip to Europe. "The Old Countess" is a book wherein are entwined the conflicting blood currents of two countries, France and America. The old Countess, herself, filled with her amorous memories, is a striking portrait and her influence on Marthe Luderac is subtly and sparklingly delineated. Readers of Miss Sedgwick's "The Little French Girl" will be quite aware of the sophistication implicit in the author's work. "The Old Countess", although it is not so arresting an achievement as "The Little French Girl", will deepen this impression. "Marching On" by James Boyd is a Civil War story told from the viewpoint of a southerner. It is finely knit and sensitively written — there are moments when the battle pictures and martial vignettes will remind the reader of Stephen Crane. Yet Mr. Boyd is essentially modern. His book is manifestly romantic in intention, but it is romance in the contemporary vein, with none of the despised "costume" attributes that flaw so many ambitious romances. "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" is a worthy successor to "Lolly Willowes". Miss Warner's new book is one of the delights, the hors d'œuvres, of the season. It is a spiced and sparkling dish, this whimsical account of a missionary's adventures in the South Seas. If there is a sly malice in it, that malice is cleverly coated with a skin of good humor. "Black April", Julia Peterkin's astonishing novel of Negro life on a plantation, is quite unrivaled in its particular field. There have been many books before about the Negro but none, so far as this mere mortal knows, confined wholly to Negroes in the precise realistic vein that "Black April" develops. The daily life, habits, superstitions, hatreds, and loves of a community of blacks on a lonely plantation are pictured here with a high sense of dramatic values and humorous points. This is the first book that the writer has read in which the Negro dialect did not bore him to death. "Shadows Waiting", by Eleanor Carroll Chilton, is one of the few amazing first novels that have appeared this year. It is primarily an intellectual novel, yet there is an exquisite and dream-like beauty about it that translates the theme to a plane where intelligence becomes more than acute analysis. I feel that this is a book that Walter Pater would have enjoyed. The prose, the slow blossoming of the theme, the æsthetic impulse behind it, fashion it into something altogether new in American fiction.

There remains yet another group of novels to consider before this classification is dismissed, and the mere fact of the existence of still another group illustrates how rich the spring has been in fiction. Michael Arlen's "Young Men in Love" (Doran) may not have quite the universal appeal of "The Green Hat", but still it is an amusing and distinguished book. Arlen is not to be matched in his own milieu, and this new book is an absorbing slice from that milieu. It is a mature Arlen writing, one who knows all the tricks of suspense and all the leisureliness of a sophisticated

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prose. "Brother Saul" by Donn Byrne (Century) is, as the name suggests, a narrative concerned with that Saul of Tarsus who became Paul the Apostle. The picture of Biblical times that results is compact with color, movement, and drama. Those readers who enjoy Byrne will find in this book all of the qualities that have drawn them to him. "The Triumph of Youth" by Jacob Wassermann (Boni, Liveright) is also a novel laid in the far past, this time in the Germany of the Thirty Years' War. It is Herr Wassermann's first historical novel to appear in English. The story of the poetical boy who is accused of black magic by the witch hunters is beautifully rendered. "Bevan Yorke" by W. B. Maxwell (Doubleday, Page) is an honestly conceived narrative of a man's struggles against an ironic fate. It is Maxwell at his best, the Maxwell of "The Devil's Garden", that is writing here. Though he cannot be placed exceptionally high as a novelist, he must be admired for his undoubted gifts. His sense of reality, his plausibility, and his suave treatment of his subject combine to fashion him into a novelist who is "easily" read. There is not much to say about Mrs. Wharton's new novel except that she has written one. "Twilight Sleep" (Appleton) exhibits her distinguished and carefully coordinated qualities at their best. The faint Jamesian aroma lingers in her work, and this new story of modern social life offers her ample opportunity for those pertinent and revealing character portraits that are so much a part of her art. She is always to be relied upon to enhance the season wherein she publishes. "Decadence" by Maxim Gorky (McBride) is a strongly conceived and powerful story of the rise, decline, and degeneration of a Russian peasant family that turns merchant. As usual with Gorky, the prime virtue of the book is in the superb characterizations, those moving pictures of actual people who simply walk out of the pages of the book into the mind of the reader. "I'll Have a Fine Funeral" by Pierre La Mazière (Brentano) is as good as its title. There is irony here, such irony as only a skeptically minded French sophisticate could circumscribe, and behind the irony is a passionate bitterness. It is, in essence, a story of the price of success. "The Return of Don Quixote" by Gilbert K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead) contains irony, also, but irony of a different type. Here it is fantastic. Whoso reads this tale of the modern Don Quixote who sets forth in his dilapidated hansom cab to fight windmills will find himself translated back into that topsyturvy Chestertonian world that was revealed in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" and "The Man Who Was Thursday". This new book is not so good as its predecessors, but it is Chesterton, and that after all is what lovers of Chesterton desire. And so, with your permission, we leave the novels, permitting the fifteen titles specified to represent a season that contains at least fifteen more of unusual quality and delectation.

Five biographies picked from an army of them face us for consideration. Ponder the subjects: Wilhelm of Germany, Anthony Trollope, Eleonora Duse, George Cram Cook, and Benjamin Disraeli! Emil Ludwig's "Wilhelm Hohenzollern: The Last of the Kaisers" (Putnam) is an amazing performance, not so scholarly, perhaps, as his "Napoleon", yet vibrating with glittering facets. It is a book to which we may quite properly attach the word "thrilling". Here, where we follow Wilhelm from

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his birth to his exile, we have a story crammed with astonishing facts and sustained by an unfaltering prose that is as picturesque as the prose of an adventure novel. Michael Sadleir's "Anthony Trollope" (Houghton Mifflin) is biography of a different type but quite as absorbing in its material. He has orientated the amusing mid-Victorian novelist in his milieu and furnished forth a critical picture of the times as well as a full length portrait of the subject. The resultant book is one that is compact with amusing detail, keen social history, and penetrating literary analysis. Arthur Symons's "The Life of Eleonora Duse" (Duffield) is more valuable for its revelation of the attitude of the biographer to his subject than for any new light on Duse. Although the story is scantily told, though there are digressions, though there is the inclusion of matter that has appeared before, and though the book is incoherent, yet there is on it the impress of an actual and vivid personality. Duse seized upon the imagination of Symons, so to speak, and this idolization of his subject may be sensed in every paragraph. As for Susan Glaspell's "The Road to the Temple" (Stokes), the reader will find here another idolization but one done with a rich documentation and with an appealing tact. This biography of George Cram Cook is an important study in that he represented a curious urge which, starting in the midwest, went by way of Provincetown and Greenwich Village to Greece. D. L. Murray's "Disraeli" (Little, Brown) must be included here for its vivid and succinct picture of one of the phenomena in English political and literary history. It is a carefully integrated whole and as such deserves its modicum of praise. Allied to the biographies is Constance Mayfield Rourke's "Trumpets of Jubilee" (Harcourt, Brace), a volume of analytic biographical portraits which include Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, Lyman Beecher, Horace Greeley, and Phineas T. Barnum. These portraits, done almost in the Stracheyan manner although lacking the quiet ironic bite of the Englishman, are beautifully composed and offer, in ensemble, a penetrating picture of a curious era in the history of the American mind.

The American mind, it may be said, is a subject of great study now. As witness of this engrossment we have "Main Currents in American Thought" by Vernon Louis Parrington (Harcourt, Brace) and "The Rise of American Civilization" by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard (Macmillan). These two sets (each one of them is in two volumes) are indispensable to any student of America. Parrington's work is unfinished, for he has yet a third volume, "The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America", to add to the two already available, "The Colonial Mind" and "The Romantic Revolution in America". It will be deduced from the titles that this work is concerned with a history of American culture; it makes plain that cultural tidal wave through a clarified and synthesized exposition of American literature from its beginnings. Written straightforwardly and bulwarked by the broad yet intensive culture of its author, it takes its place as one of the most important works on American thought that have been produced. "The Rise of American Civilization" gives the other side of the picture through an interpretation of American history and American life, merging the two into a beautifully coherent whole. Here we have a first volume

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From "The Rise of American Civilization"

concerned with "The Agricultural Era" while the second treats "The Industrial Era". All of America is in this book, all of the historical, economic, and physical fluctuations of a great nation in the making. It is difficult not to be dithyrambic about a work so finely knit, so excellently synthesized, and so engagingly told. These two studies by Messrs. Parrington and Beard afford ample evidence of the mounting curiosity in this country about ourselves, our springs of being, our development as a nation, and the progressing color of our thought. This is the era in which America is discovering herself. While Mr. Parrington and Mr. Beard may not be latter day Columbuses, they are certainly important and distinguished explorers in whose tracks, let us hope, many future analysts of our life and culture will travel. It is with the heartiest emphasis that their two works are recommended.

No mention of important spring books can possibly be complete without ample reference to T. E. Lawrence's astonishing "Revolt in the Desert" (Doran). This story of a single man's odyssey in the desert is without rival in English literature (and it is a part of literature now) until we go back to Charles Doughty's "Arabia Deserta". The story of Colonel Lawrence has been told so many times that it need not be reiterated here, yet it is difficult to refrain from expatiating on the sus-

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tained excitement, the beautiful and atmospheric description, and the keen characterization that lift "Revolt in the Desert" so far above its few rivals. On a lower plane but still compact with colorful description of the East is John Dos Passos's "Orient Express" (Harper), a book that while manifestly the work of a young man is filled with pertinent values. Dos Passos has the eye of a poet and he sees life in vividly conceived pictures. His book, in a last analysis, is an ode to travel for the sake of travel, a pæan to the railroad tracks that go shining around the world. It is sensitive and full of the heat and sound and smell of the East. While volumes wherein adventure is implicit are being noted, one must not fail to mention "First Crossing of the Polar Sea" by Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth (Doran). Here in the simplest language is narrated one of the great adventures of the century, the crossing of the North Pole by the airship "Norge". Though the men were but forty eight hours in the air, they experienced all the thrills and excitements possible to conceive. The story they tell grips the reader through its simplicity of utterance, its lack of frills. Adventure for its own sake, it may be noted, is not so emphatically in evidence as it has been in past seasons. Perhaps the adventures of the future lie in the unexplored plains of the mind and not on an earth that has now yielded up practically all its mysteries. Yet it is possible that any moment may see another "Revolt in the Desert", another reminder that the earth is still a housing place for high and gallant endeavors.

It is adventures of the mind that interest Van Wyck Brooks. In "Emerson and Others" (Dutton) he offers the result of his explorations in the mind and times of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The six episodes out of the Concord sage's life that open this admirable book of literary essays form in toto perhaps the best modern portrait of the subject that may be found. Brooks is an honest and suggestive critic; though we may not always agree with his somewhat doleful observation of the state of contemporary American letters, he is to be taken with due seriousness. Another critic (not American, it is needless to point out) is Jean Cocteau, in whose "Call to Order" (Holt) the reader ambitious to understand certain modern trends in French letters will find rich and titillating fare. Cocteau is more than a critic. He is poet, novelist, æsthete, as well. He is representative of young France and his sparkling sophisticated attitude toward life and letters is both amusing and instructive. The various essays and paragraphs that make up "A Call to Order" deserve their audience. Cocteau, also, is an adventurer into the labyrinth of the mind.

One book remains that does not fit into any classification, yet is so amusing in its revelations, so out-of-the-way in the information it has to give, that it must be accounted among the few curiosities of the season. This is "Hawkers and Walkers in Early America" by Richardson Wright (Lippincott). Mr. Wright, after what must have been a monstrous deal of research, sets forth an account of strolling peddlers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, circuses, players, artists, dancers, rivermen, venders, and others who lived on the highways and byways of the early Republic. His book, therefore, is a study in itinerancy, and as such is an excellent addition to the long rows of Americana that crowd our contemporary shelves.

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JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART VIII

DAIME, "the Camel", or in other words Crale's Headmaster, stood on a small piece of rising ground under a gaunt and writhen tree, like God surveying what he had made.

Only he was not like God, being dreamy, shy, and inconsequent. Yet he was like God because he was determined, ruthless, and gifted with humor.

He had not made Crale — he knew that well — but as he stood on that lovely October day of blue and amber near his House he could see, as though into a beehive, every nook and cranny and he knew that if he hadn't made that hive he had at least colored it a little with his own pet paints.

And he loved it: he loved it for its beauty, standing with its old cream colored ivory stone so strong and ancient above the sea; he loved it for the life in it because, without idealizing them, he cared deeply for his fellow men; he loved it for the youth in it because he was himself young and would always be young; he loved it for the strength and optimism of it, a strength that he was forever hindering from arrogance, an optimism that must never become self conceit; but most of all he loved it because it was for him England and, without any greedy imperialism (and that was an imperialistic time) or any pharisaic patriotism he adored England, her hills and fields, rivers and little ports, her poetry, humor, and common sense, her past, her present, and her strange intriguing future, as he adored nothing and nobody on the face of this globe.

So he looked down upon Crale and found her good. He knew her faults better than any other could possibly know them. He was forever engaged in a battle with all the baser elements of ugliness, arrogance, impurity, convention, that must always attack any institution that is made from tradition and selection but he loved the battle, he scented it from afar like an old war horse, and he fought, never resting, untiring, but only escaping once and again as every dreamer does into the safe quiet land of his own fancy.

Standing there under a cumulus of ivory white cloud, looking over the russet colored land, he saw all the business and rhythm of the place, the little boxlike rooms, the networks of passages, the large open places, the Chapel cool and dark, the high gymnasium light and shining, smelling of ropes and leather and beeswax, the long dining rooms now bare and empty, the dormitories more bare and more empty, the classrooms just now humming with a restless, stirring, quivering life — ideas, thoughts, beauties, old sterilities, new thrusting discoveries, being dropped like bright winged flies into the waters to catch the gliding darting trout; all the thoughts of all the brains of the past circling and hovering there, but the fish for the most part reluctant,

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scornful, impertinent. Only, at a rare while, when something just to their taste comes glittering down, they jump, they bite, they are caught, landed . . . yes, and then off the hook, slipping down the bank into the water again not to be caught next time so easily and yet with a taste, a savor in their gullets that will never again quite forsake them.

Oh, a great sport! Worthy of a man's lifetime energy and self discipline and courage. A work in the world that *is* a work and not a mere selfish lazy fantasy. He turned eagerly in the fresh sunshiny nipping air and saw Leeson approaching.

He liked Leeson increasingly. Of all the staff Leeson was the man who was in process of becoming his friend — making friends with Daime was a slow cautious business. He did not surrender himself easily but when at last he did his surrender was complete.

Leeson joined him, under the silver cloud, on the shiny knoll.

"Well," said the Camel, "and what of the runaway?"

Leeson sighed. "Oh, he's all right. Stuffing himself with grub and holding on tight to his code of honor — not to give anyone away. No one's been pressing him very hard. All the same he's a plucky kid. I'm afraid he's had a nasty time before he ran off and I'm to blame."

"No", said Daime. "Not if you leave things to the House Prefects. That's the best way even if they do occasionally let you down."

"They're not going to be a strong lot this year, I'm afraid. The worst of it is that the boys under them have got the personalities that they ought to have. Young Cole and Staire are the trouble. I'm not sure that one of them shouldn't be moved into another House."

"Won't that be rather admitting defeat?" said Daime. "And those are two remarkable boys who'll do credit to the House next year."

"Who knows", said Leeson despondently, "how they'll develop in the meantime? They are just at the 'awkward year', both of them. Last term I would have sworn to Cole anywhere — exactly the type of boy we want. But this term — whether having a Study has gone to his head or whether his hostility to Staire is twisting him —" Leeson broke off. "I don't trust him as I did."

Daime nodded his head.

"I've noticed it again and again. That move up from the Lower School is the ticklish time. But I would bet on young Cole. There's not a boy in the school I'm more sure of."

"How do you keep track of them all?" Leeson burst out admiringly. "It's all I can do to know the boys of my House. But *you* . . ."

Daime watched the silver cloud threading now into wisps of crystal thread.

"My job . . . my passion . . . my curiosity. And it grows with every year more absorbing, more intriguing, more touching. Leeson, to have the job you love to do, to have the physical strength to do it, to feel the beauty in it and the drama . . . Yes, I'm a lucky man. More than my deserts."

The two men, brought close together by a common vision, stood there for a while in silence. Then they turned to walk together toward the house.

"What I want to have", said Leeson at last, "is your advice in this. These two, Staire and Cole, am I to let them go for one another, because it's coming to that, or shall I put my foot down and separate them?"

"Let them fight it out", Daime answered. "There's less bad blood

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that way. Keep your eye on them but if it comes to a fight don't interfere. And watch the Lower School ragging. Unless I'm very far out young Morgan is going to find himself a bit of a hero — and it will go to his head. If it doesn't he'll be a child worth watching." He put his hand on Leeson's shoulder. They stood there listening to the hurtling rumble of the sea.

"Beautiful place", Daime murmured. "It's good to be alive."

Young Jeremy Cole was unfortunately not finding life, at this moment, as beautiful as his Headmaster did. He was very unhappy indeed, more unhappy perhaps than he had ever been before.

The chief reason of this unhappiness was that it was, in its essence, unsubstantial. When in earlier days there had been troubles they had been easily defined. If he thought, he could bring them up from the very earliest days — the time when he had been forbidden to go to the Pantomime because he had lied about brushing his teeth, the day when he had fought the Dean's Ernest, the awful hour when his mother had nearly died, the night when the Sea Captain had entered their house and robbed it, the terrible occasion when he had been accused of stealing money to buy Christmas presents, the night when Hamlet had died. . . . Yes, these had been definite enough. And at school too, always before, rows, anxieties, pains and penalties — you had been able to see all round them, you got what you deserved or you didn't get what you deserved; the fact was definite enough.

But now for weeks trouble had been piling up around him; now it had reached its climax. Everyone knew that he was in trouble. Everyone behaved to him as though he *were* in trouble; but what had he done? Why should he be in disgrace? It was almost as though he had committed some crime.

He had been from his very tenderest years a boy who liked jollity and friendliness and a fine open relationship with his fellows. And until this term that was what he had always had. He had taken such a relationship in truth for granted.

He was feeling now for the first time in his life what it was to be unpopular. He had behaved, in some way or another, badly over this affair of the Dormouse. Jumbo, with all the frankness of one whose best friend is in a mess, told him just what everyone was saying. Everyone was saying in the main three things:

1. That he was stuck up.
2. That he had bullied the Dormouse.
3. That he wasn't as good a football player as he thought he was.

Now the second of these accusations was quite obviously unfair. Far from bullying the Dormouse, he had scarcely ever spoken to him, and when he had spoken to him it had been, save on one hasty occasion, in kindness.

As to being stuck up, he could only say that he didn't *feel* stuck up. The crowd is fond of this accusation and makes it often on the slightest grounds. I knew a boy once who was for years charged with conceit, and this because his pince nez would tilt forward onto his nose and so force him to lift his chin into the air.

But with Jeremy it was always the last thing to be said. He had never thought very much of himself because he had never thought of himself at all. He had had, of course, his proper pride; he could stand up for himself when need be; but his bump of admiration for others was a large one. He had always a catalogue of heroes and

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would always have, his life through.

Bewildered, he inquired of Jumbo whether *he* thought he was stuck up.

"No", said Jumbo, but added, "You don't rag around as you used to." No, he didn't. That was true. He thought about that. Mere rags with no reason about them were not so amusing as they used to be. For one thing, there seemed to be less time for them. What with football and reading books like "Dracula" and trying to "swot" up things for Parlow and listening to chaps like Marlowe, there wasn't so much time.

And with whom were you now to rag? He didn't want to return to the rough and scrabble of the Lower School. When you had a Study you had a Study. It was different. He knew, moreover, as Jumbo talked to him that the entry of Ridley into his life (quite unknown to Ridley) had made a difference. When he thought of Ridley, which was now very often, he didn't want to rag just about nothing. He wanted to talk to Ridley, he wanted it more than anything else in the world, save only of course his First Fifteen colors. There were so many things that he would like to ask Ridley. Things that somehow he wouldn't dream of asking Jumbo. And yet he had never exchanged one word with Ridley and, in all probability, never would.

Nevertheless, the main trouble was of course this affair of the Dormouse, and about that he must do something. But what?

The Dormouse no longer needed his defense. Since his return the Dormouse had become popular. In the first place he had run away, been brought back and not punished. That showed great cleverness on his part. In the second place he had refused to sneak. He hadn't mentioned a single name. He had laid no charge.

Fabulous stories were now told of him. His father was a millionaire, his mother the most beautiful woman in England, and himself, if only given the opportunity, would astonish the whole school with his athletic prowess. He did indeed develop amazingly in these new conditions. He was no longer frightened at every step, his brains (which were good ones) returned to him, he made friends on every side. Only he hated Baldock and Cresson. Baldock twisted his arm and pinched his legs no longer, but he shivered still at his approach, and the slimy, filthy minded Cresson he shuddered away from. No harm was to come to him any more from either of them — but at least he gave them no opportunity.

His worship of Jeremy was stronger than ever. When anyone abused his hero he reddened with anger. But he was shy. He was not going to risk another rebuff. Even in the dormitory he never spoke to Jeremy.

Meanwhile Crumb and Baldock, bullying being out of favor, busied themselves with the blacking of Jeremy's character. There was no crime of which they did not accuse him, and they found plenty of listeners. Everyone likes to see someone who has been popular degraded. It gives a pleasant savor to everyday monotony; it means promotion for the world in general; it just shows us all that we are not to be taken in by anyone; we can see as clearly as another, heaven be praised. And so Jeremy suffered, as many another has done, for the faults of others, his own obstinacy, and the careless progress of events.

But himself he attributed this suffering to one, and to one alone. Staire was his enemy and he was Staire's, and one day Staire should know it. . . .

And so he came to one of the darkest hours he was ever to know. For years

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afterward this was to be the standard of unhappiness with him. "Is it as bad as that time Parlow was sick with me? Did I mind as much as that day when Parlow rated me?"

With this experience came so many other revelations that it may be said really to have meant the passing away forever from him of his babyhood. In the hurt and pain of it he discovered that for life a terrific stiffening and tightening of the reserve forces would be necessary. When a blow like this could descend on your head, without warning as it were from an empty and preoccupied heaven, you *could* make no preparation against it — so then you must be armed against everything, yes, *everything* and everybody; let no sentiment, warmth of feeling, loose emotion, betray you. You walk forward through jungle, the enemy lying in ambush.

With this received and accepted knowledge, childhood ends.

The shock that it was to him proves also the kind of boy that he was, because to many of his companions it would have been no sort of shock at all; Parlow would have been called a beast and there's an end. To some self seeking boys it would have been a shock of social ambition disappointed, to some sentimental ones a shock of wounded personal esteem, but Jeremy was neither self seeking nor sentimental.

He was a hero worshiper, staunch and utterly loyal; certain acts seemed to him base and mean beyond credit, and to be accused of these acts in public the most terrible affront; he was just at this moment lonely and sensitive without knowing why. He could not quite catch what the world was saying around him; to believe for a moment that it was saying what Parlow said would make life impossible. . . . Even at the direst moment he did not believe that Parlow really meant it.

The hour began in mild and unambitious fashion. It was the English hour and the form had had for preparation the first twenty lines of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey". Parlow, in an earlier lesson, had read the whole poem through to them and read it well. Then he had given them his own picture of Wordsworth, escaping the "idiotic old dodderer", forgetting the egotism, self satisfaction, and complacent old age, saying nothing of the "controller of stamps" but creating for them the nobility and sincerity and humility before nature, describing Dove Cottage with the little hilly garden and the Grasmere Lake and the high rough clouds above Dunmial and the purple shadows of Helvellyn.

For Jeremy that had been the first slender vision of a man and a country afterward to be worshiped by him. And then when Parlow had read "Tintern Abbey", himself so deeply moved by it that, when he came to

> Therefore let the moon
> Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
> And let the misty mountain winds be free
> To blow against thee;

his voice trembled, taking a deeper note, Jeremy seemed to be moving with him, to be in unison with him and to feel what he was feeling.

He took then especial trouble with his lines, learning them very quickly, as he found to his surprise, because there was no story in them — they were, in a way, all about nothing. The last of them delighted him; he knew just what they meant him to know:

> . . . these orchard tufts,
> Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
> Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
> Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
> The wild green landscape. Once again I see

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These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door: and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!

"In silence." Yes, that was exactly it. He would tell Uncle Samuel about that. The little old man with his little old sister and the crooked garden and the Lake under his window, he knew how things were!

So he went into the hour, excited with anticipatory pleasure.

He very quickly discovered that Parlow was in no good humor. You could tell by the way that Parlow sat hunched up behind his desk, his bulk overflowing it, his face set and resolved as though it had been cast in clay.

The excitement of the earlier lesson was not there today and the form at once knew it; a little wind of apprehension blew through them all.

"You're a lazy idle lot", Parlow began, "and want jumping on. If I find anyone here who hasn't learned this I'll jump!"

He had a preliminary skirmish or two with poor Standing, who was very swiftly reduced to tears and condemned to write out the whole of "Tintern Abbey" four times, which little incident gave Standing a healthy loathing for the works and personality of William Wordsworth until the day of his death. Then came Staire's turn and Staire, without hesitation or falter and also without feeling or intelligence, yielded up the first four lines gracefully and with a fine air of being kind to the poor old poet. He kept with admirable precision his social distance.

Parlow may have perceived this and been irritated by it but he said only, "Right. Cole, go on."

Jeremy stood up and at once, facing Parlow, was staggered. He had been accustomed now for many weeks to look across the room at a friendly smiling Parlow, ready to help him over every stile, to excuse blunders, to joke and make merry.

Here was another Parlow, hostile, scornful, impatient. There was something in Parlow's anger that frightened older and wiser heads than Jeremy's, but its worst aspect now was that Jeremy had suddenly, in a moment of time, lost a friend, and that without cause or reason.

As a result of his thinking of this, the lines that he had known so perfectly only a moment before deserted him. He began:

Once again
Do I behold . . .

then stopped. He listened to his own voice stopping. Parlow listened. The class listened. He started once more:

Once again
Do I behold these steep. . . .

There were no words in his head, only cobwebs, spiders, twisted skeins of wool.

"Well", said Parlow.

He could think of nothing.

". . . these steep and lofty cliffs", said Parlow.

". . . these steep and lofty cliffs", said Jeremy.

"That on a wild . . ."

"That on a wild . . ." said Jeremy.

"Yes", said Parlow. "Write out the poem four times." Then, raising his voice a little, he said:

"You have been too preoccupied knocking about boys smaller than yourself, I suppose. Takes up too much time to leave you any for work. Any other small boy run away because he's frightened of you, Cole? Fine way to spend your time. I congratulate you."

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The class was delighted. One for Cole! Favorite no longer.

"Carry on, Bunning", said Parlow.

Jeremy sat there staring in front of him and seeing nothing.

He sat on there until the end of the hour. No one paid him any attention. Parlow did not ask him questions. His ill temper seemed to leave him as though, having jetted that little spurt of anger at Jeremy, he was satisfied; and during the last twenty minutes he lost himself eagerly in a comparison of great English poems, "Tintern Abbey", "The Ancient Mariner", "The Grecian Urn", "The Lotus Eaters". But Jeremy heard nothing. He sat there, staring before him, then when the bell rang got up and went quietly out.

The sun was shining, everyone was shouting around him. Someone came dancing up to him crying: "I say, Stocky, you are down for the Second on Saturday!" He did not know; if he had known he would not have cared.

He wanted to be by himself, to think this beastly thing out. Where should he go? The Study? There would be Gauntlet or Marlowe. He must walk away somewhere.

"Any other small boy run away . . . ?" And everyone had heard. Everyone. A fool like Standing. Staire.

He looked up and there, walking straight toward him, was Ridley. Ridley with that faraway preoccupied look, slim and straight, *decent* looking, different, somehow, from everyone else.

Why shouldn't Jeremy speak to him, say something like: "Can I speak to you a minute? There's a rotten thing happened. . . ." But Ridley didn't know him, didn't know his name probably. Ridley would stare, mutter something, pass on confused.

Jeremy's heart was hammering, his face was crimson. Ridley came straight toward him as though he would run into him, saw him, for a moment their eyes met, then Ridley swerved, turning to the right, and vanished round a corner.

Ridley of course didn't know him. But suppose he did know him, suppose he had heard about him and thought: "Oh that's the fellow in Leeson's who bullies small kids", suppose that Jeremy had spoken to him and had seen Ridley's dislike of him jump into his face! Everyone in the School would know now — now that Parlow had spoken to him like that, and before them all!

He was walking furiously, he neither knew nor cared whither. His feet, obeying habit and custom, led him to the field beyond the School where you could see the sea. But he had no eyes for the trembling shadowy blue nor any ear for its murmur.

He came abruptly to a stop. Like a shot out of a gun he felt it strike him: "Everyone in the School thinks I did that. What Parlow said everyone is thinking!"

The injustice of it was like a madness. Before, in his babyhood, it had been the same when they had accused him of stealing money that had not belonged to him. The injustice of that had seared him like a burn. So did this now.

Why, he had never been near the Dormouse! He had not this term touched a single Lower School boy! Anyone who knew him at all must realize that he had never bullied anybody! Ragging, just for the fun of it — but bullying, doing the things that Crumb and Baldock did!

His spirit grew black and bitter. Well, if that was the way people thought of him they could jolly well think! He wasn't going to bother.

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He wouldn't care. He'd show them that if they thought he was like that he *was* like that! He'd go his way, his hand against every man's! He didn't want friends. He'd rather have enemies. Enemies! Yes, Staire, Staire was his enemy. It was Staire who had made people think these things. He'd get back at Staire though, Staire would be sorry he'd ever made an enemy of him. If everyone thought him a cad he'd *be* a cad and Staire should feel the might of his caddishness.

But his thoughts, leaping and tossing now like the crest of an angry sea, swept on to Parlow. Parlow hated him. Parlow would never like him again. He would never see any more those books and those pictures, never hear Parlow talk about all the things that he liked, never feel again that warm friendliness that Parlow had given him so bountifully. He had liked Parlow awfully — oh awfully! Parlow had been of Uncle Samuel's world, knowing all those things that Uncle Samuel knew.

Jeremy had not known until now how deeply he had counted on Parlow's friendship for the future, seeing it grow and grow so that, as he, Jeremy, became older, he could understand better and better the things that Parlow wanted him to understand.

And now that was all finished, and finished in the unfairest way, so that the picture of Parlow was itself dimmed and spoiled. Parlow had been unfair, not asking about the truth or trying to discover it, not speaking to Jeremy first in private but charging him falsely with dirty actions in public before all the world. Yes, Parlow would never be the same again.

He turned back to the School, kicking the turf with his feet as he went. Everything was over and forever. All his life he would be known as the bully, the coward. Always for years and years it would be told at Crale how a small boy had run away because he, Jeremy Cole, had bullied him. There was to be no more happiness anywhere, no fun, no football, no anything. Everything was over. . . .

Reaching the School, he felt what he had never in his life felt before, that he wanted to hide. Everyone was looking at him and talking about him. (Of course no one was either looking at or talking about him.) Leeson's was blazing with sunlight and life. It was quarter of an hour before dinner. The passages were filled with scurrying, shouting, hurrying tumult. He brushed like a ghost through that world. "Hullo Stocky!" "I say, Stocky!" . . . He might have known from the sound of those voices that he was not cast out, that they still needed him, that nothing was changed. But he did not hear the voices. He went on, his head up, glaring about him.

He went, some subconscious instinct driving him, up to his dormitory. It was forbidden to go into the dormitories during the day but no one saw him. The upstairs passages were deserted, his dormitory, when he entered it, flooded with sun and empty.

He went to his bed and sat down upon it. The white beds and the white washing basins smiled at him but he did not see them. The sea crept in and rumbled, rumbled at his feet.

He sat there, kicking his short legs. He had been publicly disgraced. The whole world thought him to be something that he was not.

Injustice. Injustice. Injustice. His spirit broke and, burying his face in his hands, he cried and cried like a small child lost.

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He awoke next morning earlier than usual, before the clanging bell had broken his dreams and with a dim sense that something awful had occurred. Then gradually it came to him and, as he lay there thinking, his face set obstinately. He was an outlaw and everyone hated him. Well, then, he'd be an outlaw. If they didn't want him they needn't have him. As for Parlow — but he didn't want to think about Parlow.

Then at breakfast time there was a letter from Uncle Samuel with very surprising news in it:

For which reason [it began unexpectedly as his letters always did] I shall pay a call on you afternoon of Wednesday 16th. The *Reason* is that an old boy with a knobbly nose and two chins has decided that he would like me to make a picture of him. He saw "Cows" of mine in London and thinks that my pastoral style will exactly suit him.

Moreover he has the good sense to live not far from your place of education so that I can see you at three and leave you at five (as much as I can stand of you on end). Ask those in authority to free you for those hours. On Wednesday I believe you have a half holiday so all should be well. If you don't want to see me you've only got to say so. I know what it is to be stricken with relations in public.

Moreover I shall have green paint on both cheeks and be wearing my dirtiest overall so you'll be ashamed of me I warn you. It will be a good lesson for you however on how not to be a snob and I shall be very happy to watch you learn it. All here are well except that your sister Mary has spots which don't add to her beauty. Barbara is developing intelligence and a sloping chin. One will make up for the other. Now make ready for me — I'm no easy guest to entertain. I demand the best of everything and can be most unpleasant when I don't get it.

Your loving Uncle
SAMUEL.

Jeremy's emotions when he read this letter were of a curiously mixed kind.

Once again Uncle Samuel had stepped in at the very moment when he was needed. The very thought of his funny screwed up face and common sense was a comfort. On the other hand, did Jeremy want him to appear just now at the School? Hadn't Uncle Samuel put his stubby finger as usual on the point when he hinted at Jeremy's snobbery?

What *was* snobbery? Staire was a snob because it mattered to him where people were born and whether they dropped their h's or no. Jeremy wasn't like that, but what he *was* like was to be made uncomfortable when he was in the company of someone who looked funny or did funny things. Was *that* snobbery? Because if so then practically every fellow in the School was a snob. And naturally too. Because a fellow's relations could say or do or look something that other fellows would never forget. There was Cheepstow's mother, for instance, who came down last year wearing a hat like all the flowers of Paradise pressed together onto one small foundation of straw. Would Cheepstow ever be allowed to forget his mother's hat? Never! And hadn't it in some mysterious way led to Cheepstow himself being considered a bit of an ass? Awfully unfair of course, but then, as Jumbo had very sapiently remarked: "A chap ought to warn his mother . . ."

And then there had been Faithfull's father who was an archdeacon. Of course an archdeacon has to wear an apron and gaiters — it's in the church law — but when a man is as fat and as short as Faithfull's father it's a little unfortunate that *he* should be an archdeacon! And then Faithfull himself being so long and skinny — they made the oddest pair walking along Coulter's, especially from behind. . . .

These experiences and others like them were all in Jeremy's mind when he considered Uncle Samuel, as of course Uncle Samuel had known that they would be. Now if Uncle Samuel

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arrived at the School in full view of everyone *in* his oldest clothes and with paint on his face (this was quite possible), *then* Jeremy would never hear the last of it. Did Jeremy love Uncle Samuel enough not to mind never hearing the last of it?

Yes, most surprisingly he did! The discovery was so unexpected and yet so certain that on making it he was amazed. He hadn't known that he loved Uncle Samuel so much. Perhaps his special circumstances just at this moment made him cling to his uncle more tightly than was normal. Perhaps not. It seemed improbable that his feelings about Uncle Samuel went up and down. They had always been so exactly the same.

So he wrote his uncle a letter:

DEAR UNCLE SAMUEL

It will be ripping your coming. I'll tell Leeson about it and when you arrive you have to go to the Camel's house it's got red creeper like mange all over it and ask for me and they'll put you in the study and I'll be sent for. I've been playing footer for the second which is sickening and I'll be jolly glad to see you give my love to father and mother and Helen and Mary and Barbara

from your loving nephew
JEREMY.

When Wednesday 16th arrived it was a fine day, which was a good thing. What wasn't a good thing was that Jeremy was down for a House practice game and he had to go to Llewellyn the House Captain and ask to be excused.

This he hated to do.

Llewellyn was a little as Jeremy might be three years from now, broad in the back, thick and short in the leg. He'd had his nose broken boxing. He was known to be amiable except when roused; then he was a perfect devil. He had no influence in the House at all because he cared for nothing but football, boxing, his dogs at home, and his friend Corner who shared a Study with him. Corner was the exact opposite of Llewellyn, being slender, wistful, and musical. Rather like a girl and known as Alice by his enemies. Llewellyn adored him and thought everything that he did wonderful.

When Jeremy went into his Study, Llewellyn was having his chest rubbed by a small and perspiring fag. He grunted at Jeremy. Jeremy made his request.

"Getting rather slack at footer, aren't you?" Llewellyn snorted.

"Just the opposite", said Jeremy.

Llewellyn brushed the fag aside like a fly and stood up, puffing out his chest and smacking it. "If you weren't so slack you'd be playing for the First."

Jeremy, very sensitive just now, saw an insult in everything. So he said nothing but stood and glared.

Llewellyn appeared to like this, because he suddenly laughed.

"All right", he said. "It ain't my fault. You're a darned good Scrum Half, as I'm always telling them. If I let you off today you've got to be there on Saturday. The House matches aren't so far off."

"Thanks", Jeremy said in an offhanded way. Then in spite of himself he laughed too. He didn't know why. Llewellyn looked so funny rubbing his chest with such care and preoccupation. He looked nicer with a broken nose somehow. That laugh was the beginning of rather an important friendship.

And of course he had to see Leeson. Leeson also had something to say. "Cole, Parlow tells me you're not working as well as you did. You're slacking off."

Jeremy, looking like a mule with his legs planted wide, answered nothing.

"Well?" asked Leeson, irritated.

"I'm not slacking", he said at last.

"Having this Study seems to do you no good", Leeson went on. "I can't

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think what happens to you boys when you get a Study. It goes to your heads or something. You've got to pull up during the rest of the term, Cole, or steps will have to be taken."

Jeremy stood there scowling.

"I don't know whether I'm right to let you go out with your uncle. I'm not at all sure that you deserve it."

Jeremy's expression was: "Please yourself. I don't care."

"However, as your uncle is coming all this way and it's only for an hour or two —"

Jeremy went.

Yes, the world was his enemy and through no fault of his own. He hated everybody and everything. However, when he saw Uncle Samuel standing there on the middle of the Camel's purple carpet he was delighted. He couldn't help himself. That curious bond that there was between himself and his uncle was simply too much for him. He wouldn't have minded if his uncle had kissed him, which of course Uncle Samuel would never think of doing.

The Camel too was very decent. Jeremy encountered him so seldom that a meeting with him was rather like a meeting with God. But, Godlike or no, he knew all about boys. He unwound his strange serpentine legs and talked about football, sea bathing, skiing in Switzerland, and a ridiculous time he'd once had when he lost his way in the Underground — and all this as though he were himself deeply interested and was not merely making conversation. Moreover, he made you feel that it was you that he liked talking to, you, Jeremy Cole, and that he hadn't had such fun for weeks. It didn't last for very long, but Jeremy went away with his uncle ready to die for his Headmaster.

Moreover, the fates be praised, Uncle Samuel didn't look in the least bit odd. He hadn't paint on his face and his old grey suit was a perfectly sensible one. Of course he *was* a funny shape and his voice was different from any other voice, husky with a crack in it, but there was nothing in his outward appearance that any boy need mind.

They went away together.

(To be continued)

ECLIPSE

By H. C. Barrowes-Donald

FROM seven hills to seven stars
Went seven prayers against the bars
That curved the world away from light
As Earth swung down into the night.

The Magi spoke with words of fire
That wreathed about the great Denier.
He smiled and took his hand away
And Earth spun clear into the day.

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THE NEW YORKER

Sophocles's "Electra" — "Mr. Pim Passes By" Again — Lo, the Poor Negro! — Miss Brady's Latest Venture — Tripe from the Central Powers — A New Film — Shows for Spring and Summer

EACH year a pleasant clamor breaks out on the skill, value, and vitality of this playwright and that; their wares are examined and the virtues of them extolled. The drama, it seems, has always just produced a prodigy whose works are so nearly a permanent contribution that if they do not take their places beside the immortals they will at least be sure of many revivals. We do indeed have revivals, but those successes of ten, thirty, or fifty years ago are discovered to be so based on the passing manners, the waistcoats and stays of their period, as it were, that when presented today they are hardly intelligible as a gauge of human emotions and passions. The playwright who thought he was writing truly of elementals was concerned only with the trappings which concealed them. Doubtless he too was hailed as immortal on his opening nights. The theatre does not progress through the ages. We can think of no other art which has gained so much in technical facility and so little in true expressionism. Productions have been enormously aided by lighting, color, and scene, but the playwright has not grown in stature with his mechanical devices. Indeed he has frequently regressed in that he has forgotten to study those extant models of an earlier and greater art.

The test for this is simple. Take your favorite play of the winter, whatever it may be, and strive to consider it in an age where bootleggers and night clubs are nonexistent, where possibly "divorce" has become merely a word for the delving of savants, where all reference to short dresses, bobbed heads, cigarettes, and rolled stockings is meaningless since those things no longer exist in just those forms — consider it thus and see what happens to your favorite play. It has become as incomprehensible as an attempt to portray the Eleusinian Rites in the Martin Beck Theatre. No, there is nothing new in the drama and much that is old has been forgotten.

We were acutely conscious of this recently after seeing "Electra" given in the Metropolitan Opera House. Sophocles was born in 495 B. C. and he may have written "Electra" in middle age, which places it when the cultural world was young. Yet in spite of its antiquity the drama is as absorbing as on the day it was written. An audience which filled the Metropolitan to the doors testified by intense silence and vociferous applause to its eternal qualities. At that the play has little to depend on but the brilliant acting of Margaret Anglin who as Electra was plotting the murder of her guilty mother. The rest of the cast were so occupied in chanting their lines in the proper cadences that they forgot that a show of emotion, the qualities of pity or derision in swelling tones, was probably not unknown in ancient Greece. For all Miss Anglin's splendid interpretation Sophocles still remains the star. The epic significance of his theme of

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vengeance may be adapted by all, but the manner of its upbuilding, the skilful rising from one inconsiderable climax to another until the final moment is reached, is his alone. There is one moment which we believe was interpolated — when Ægisthus orders his stepdaughter Electra to call her mother Clytemnestra in order that she may gloat with him over the corpse of Orestes. Electra slinks up the palace steps, never taking her eyes from him until suddenly she stoops beside the body on its bier and squalls into deaf ears, "Clytemnestra!" whereupon Ægisthus discovers that it is his wife who has been murdered. But this neither makes nor mars the play, dramatic as it may be; it is simply another well proportioned incident in a perfect sequence.

There was not of course any other opening which could bear comparison with "Electra" either as drama or as an interesting example from the historic past. We were treated to a number of revivals — slightly more recent to be sure — but these only confirmed our foreboding that plays now are intended to live only for a three months' run. With "Mr. Pim Passes By", however, the Theatre Guild offered at least one play which seems to have stood the test of years rather well. It was at any rate not too obviously dated, which may reflect not so much credit on A. A. Milne's skill as on his sagacity in selecting for his locale rural England, which, as a dozen English authors are constantly pointing out, never changes. We do not visit in England, but it may be that life in a country house has not changed much since Trollope. So we are willing to believe that Mr. Pim could drop in on the Marden family for a few minutes and in that space, by his idle words, so confuse them that the lady does not know whether she has one husband or two, and the man she is living with is unable to decide between divorce and connivance. For comedy purposes such bewilderment is permissible; and the cast read Mr. Milne's gentle satire with relish. We particularly liked Dudley Digges as George Marden, and Gavin Muir played a healthy, rather vacant minded English boy to perfection.

This, by the way, is the Theatre Guild's last production at the Garrick. In 1919, before they had grown powerful enough to build their own handsome theatre, they took it over, and have held it ever since. But with the passing of the Theatre Guild from the Garrick the Garrick passes too, since a skyscraper is destined to replace it. Built by Harrigan of Harrigan and Hart in 1890, it is old indeed as theatres or in fact any buildings go in New York. Such successes have been housed there as "Captain Jinks", "Zaza", and "The Little Minister". Richard Mansfield played there, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore — almost all the great names of the last three decades. It is sad perhaps to have the shabby little theatre go; it will remain in legend only, with the Park Theatre and Tony Pastor's, for New York is not a city of landmarks.

Another revival which was not so successful as "Mr. Pim" was "Goat Alley", played by an all Negro cast. "Goat Alley" sets out to prove that all colored men are thieves and seducers with a propensity for falling into the hands of the police, and that all colored women are worthy, hard working, and too busy supporting the illegitimate children which have been wished on them to have time for any real wickedness. At least so it seemed to us. Every time Lucy Belle Dorsey's husband went to jail or got a job in an-

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THE DRAMA SHELF

The deluge of printed plays has these last weeks been so great that we can do no more than list them here under their several classifications.

SEEN OR TO BE SEEN ON BROADWAY

"The Road to Rome" by Robert Emmet Sherwood (Scribner).

"Chicago" by Maurine Watkins (Knopf).

"White Wings" by Philip Barry (Boni, Liveright).

"The Constant Wife" by W. Somerset Maugham (Doran).

"Pinwheel" by Francis Edwards Faragoh (Day).

"The Silver Cord" by Sidney Howard (Scribner).

"The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom" by Paul Green (McBride).

"Marco Millions" by Eugene O'Neill (Boni, Liveright).

OTHER FULL LENGTH PLAYS

"Saints in Sussex: Poems and Plays" by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton).

"Out of the Sea" by Don Marquis (Doubleday, Page).

"Wat Tyler and Other Plays" by Halcott Glover (Viking).

"The Class War in Heaven" by Luke (Badger).

NEW EDITIONS

"The Ring and the Book" by Robert Browning (Crowell).

"The Would-be Gentleman" by Molière, adapted by F. Anstey (Doran).

PAPER EDITIONS

"Courting" by A. Kenward Matthews (French).

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" by Frederic Justin Adams (French).

"Pomeroy's Past" by Clare Kummer (French).

"Easy Come, Easy Go" by Owen Davis (French).

"The Rosary" by Edward E. Rose (French).

ONE ACT PLAYS

"More One-Act Plays by Modern Authors" by Helen Louise Cohen (Harcourt, Brace).

"The Merry Merry Cuckoo and Other Welsh Plays" by Jeannette Marks (Appleton).

"Two Crooks and a Lady" by Eugene Pillot (French).

"The Wandering Child" by Mary Richmond Davidson (French).

"The Flying Prince" by Peggy Wood and Eugene Wood (Appleton).

"Sparkling Lucia" by Irene Jean Crandall (French).

"The Purple Dream" by Donald L. Breed (French).

"The Love Cure" by Mollie Moore Godbold (French).

"Drums of Oude" by Austin Strong (French).

"Wedding Presents" by John W. Rogers, Jr. (French).

"The Cajun" by Ada Jack Carver (French).

"Mimi Lights the Candle" by Edith Isham Coulter (French).

"El Cristo" by Margaret Larkin (French).

FOR CHILDREN

"Lad and Other Story-Plays" by Bertha Palmer Lane (Womans Press).

"Dickon Goes to the Fair and Other Plays" with an introduction by Mrs. A. Starr Best (Doran).

THE MOVIES

"Let's Go to the Movies" by Iris Barry (Payson, Clarke).

"The Motion-Picture Cameraman" by E. G. Lutz (Scribner).

other state the poor girl was sinned against, and when her husband came home there was yet another baby in the well worn cradle. After the third it might be supposed that he would know what to expect; but no, his astonishment and rage finally broke the bonds of restraint and he strangled Lucy

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Belle to death quite as Lulu Belle was strangled in another and more luxurious room. The author is eager to make it clear that all this is not Lucy's fault, even when she throws the last baby into a convenient millrace offstage. She was born to work and work she did in a laundry all day, eking out that pittance by taking boarders, always young, amorous, and male. Under the circumstances it was a temptation for the boarders, but Lucy Belle might well have lessened it if she had invested some of her laundry money in a stout lock and key. With the exception of Evelyn Ellis who played the distressed heroine with some conviction, the others of the cast did not stand out. There was the inevitable crooning of spirituals whenever the drama paused for breath, but silence would have been more acceptable. It is a fallacy that the Negro race is composed entirely of Paul Robesons and Roland Hayeses. There are others, and less gifted.

This appears to be a month of revivals, for Henri Bernstein's play "The Thief" was again presented, with Alice Brady and Lionel Atwill in the leading rôles. It made, you will remember, a considerable success on its first presentation, theatregoers being shocked at a wife who would steal money to buy clothes in order to look well for her husband. But while the offense may be no less heinous now, still the dramatics of it are less than when it was first presented. We were unable to raise even one shudder of horror when Richard Voysin faced his wife in the bedroom and wrung from her the horrid truth that she had stolen so many thousand francs from his best friend. The explicit stories of family relations in even our best newspapers seem to have blunted us for all but the spiciest. Instead of taking it casually Richard made a frightful fuss, and finally put his Marie Louise in such a position that she had to confess in order to save the son of the house, who had taken the blame for her sake, from death or worse. At least we suppose it was for worse, since the youth was to be exiled to some Godforsaken French possession. Miss Brady did marvelously well as the dress loving wife, Lionel Atwill was also excellent, and on the whole the revival should be considered a success. But for some reason the sharp tang of it has departed.

Free tickets are always a lure even for the wary critic, and so we were enticed into seeing two very terrible plays — the first called "One Glorious Hour", from the German, and the second, called "The Comic", written by Lajos Luria, a Hungarian. Neither reflected the least credit on these nations. In fact they convinced us that perhaps the war might not have been fought in vain. It is pleasant to think that one has fired a shot at these playwrights or their proxies, even though they did survive. "One Glorious Hour" is all about a painter, a poet, and a musician who flee to some sylvan spot where their arts can find the highest expression away from the blighting influence of women. But the arts don't seem to do very well until a beautiful girl appears, led by a sulky dog. She has been wrecked on the shore of their camp, and soon thereafter she wrecks their desire for solitude. They all fall in love with her and at her behest produce masterpieces. We did not see her portrait, which was turned from the audience, but the poem and the music which she inspired were pretty horrific. She drove them to utter such sonorous, grandiloquent words as we have never before heard on the stage. But she refused to love — either one or all.

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Along about this time the young man in front of us explained that she was the Queen of Roumania. Since her name was Maria this sounded reasonable, although we thought it a thin disguise. So the mystery having been pierced, we left without the least reluctance. Later we learned that she was not the queen but a mere baroness. Nevertheless we are glad we didn't stay.

"The Comic" did not provide so many pleasing moments. It was all about an actor who tried to trap his wife into admitting she had a lover; meanwhile the wife was trying to convince her husband either that she did or didn't. It was not very clear. After floods of trivial talk which led nowhere the playwright lover and the suspicious husband got together and decided to use the situation in their new play. And if they did it is our guess that that play wasn't any more of a success in Budapest than this one was in New York.

We go to motion pictures approximately twice a year, and then only for cause. But the opening of "The King of Kings" was a temptation we could not resist; we were curious to see what Cecil de Mille would do with the story of Christ on the screen. We found on examination that he had done something truly extraordinary. Here is the last three years of Christ's life portrayed with reverence, considerable fidelity, and a great eye for beauty. Mr. de Mille has chosen, and with discretion, to copy his scenes in general from Renaissance pictures of the same subjects, and since most of them are familiar ones we are not startled by anything unusual. The Last Supper, the scene in the Temple, the Crucifixion, are those with which most of us have grown up from childhood. Pity, tenderness, and emotion are skilfully blended, and H. B. Warner as the Christ plays his rôle with as much sympathetic understanding as is possible for mortal man. Only one moment was in bad taste and only one or two features depressed us. Mary Magdalene is portrayed as a courtezan of wealth who rides about in a chariot drawn by zebras, of all animals, and whose banquets look strangely like the de Mille orgies of earlier pictures. Beautiful as it is, we disliked the Easter card effect of the Garden of the Resurrection banked with lilies like a wedding at St. Thomas's Church, and we wondered somewhat at the beauty of all the women in the cast irrespective of rank or occupation. Were there no homely women in Palestine? But aside from these queries, "The King of Kings" is a magnificent picture which should be seen by all those who have doubts as to the power of the screen.

Two excellent musical shows came to town, both sponsored by the Messrs. Shubert. Of these the first, "The Circus Princess", offers more novelty than "A Night in Spain", which is built along strictly conventional revue lines; but its novelty is somewhat marred by a lack of acting and dancing talent which is overwhelming in the latter. "The Circus Princess" is all about a discredited Russian prince who is obliged to enter the circus as a masked marvel in order to gain a living. Since his marvel was performed offstage we cannot pass judgment on it, but we do not blame the Shuberts too much for that. This particular trick was leaping through space on horseback while playing a violin, or something of the sort, and while the producers have tried about everything else they may be pardoned for avoiding this stunt. Guy Robertson, the prince, might object. But he sang well, danced acceptably, and wore the very tight clothes of a Russian Hussar

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with grace. The circus provided by Poodles Hanneford and his family performed everywhere from officers' clubs to royal palaces, gorgeous show girls looking not in the least Russian circulated around, and a good time was had by all, this critic especially.

"A Night in Spain" is at once more colorful, which it might be considering the locale, and shines with an array of stars including Phil Baker, Brennan and Rogers, our famous Norma Terris who does some good impersonations, and a very strange looking dancer named Helba Huara who is making her début in America. She is a distinct novelty here, although we have seen her like in the music halls of Paris. A young man whose name we suspect is Tito Coral, although we could not identify it on the program, looks enough like the late lamented Valentino to be his brother. He, we imagine, has only stopped off on his way to Hollywood. There is some pretty music, and in particular a song called "With Love and Kisses" which will soon be mutilated by the street organs. Finally, neither of the programs for these shows states in bold type that they are Under the Personal Direction of Mr. J. J. Shubert, but in spite of that we consider them quite as good as any Shubert revues which have received this attention in the past.

LARRY BARRETTO

THE LONE CORNER OF YESTERDAY

By Charles Norman

REMEMBER me who overlooked the world
To reach the meadow of enchanted clovers,
Fourleafed, lucky clovers of idleness
Whose roots are heavy with unfertile hours.

Remember me who looked on loneliness,—
A train of freight cars pulling out at night —
And all the pretty symbols of distress
That poets write about and you have read.

But do not fail to learn that I still stand
By the lone corner of yesterday
Thinking, I will arrive in that Perhaps-land
Tomorrow, whose gates far down the street are glittering;

And standing there, my thoughts like moving pictures flash
Upon the frantic screen within my brain,
While my eyes stare at the high
Windowless houses of forgetfulness.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

REVELRY — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* Crumbs from around the table of a former President's fiesta in the White House.

ARIANE — Claude Anet — *Knopf.* Charming fantasy of youth and "pure" love with a fascinating girl as heroine.

THE UNKNOWN PATH — Bertram Atkey — *Appleton.* Prizewinners all — man, maid, and horses.

DAWN — Irving Bacheller — *Macmillan.* An exceedingly good follow up of a famous New Testament adulteress.

PRESSURE — Margaret Culkin Banning — *Harper.* Dull dominance of the man of wealth in the would-be-big-city small town.

UHARNA — Gervez Baronti — *Dorrance.* There is a taint of decadent eroticism in this unabashed chronicle of a fake health healer's life in China.

THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE — George A. Birmingham — *Bobbs-Merrill.* This clever farce-comedy hits off many well known types in amusing fashion.

* MARCHING ON — James Boyd — *Scribner.* More appealing than "Drums" and as well written is this story of a Civil War hero. (*See pages 556, 583*).

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT — Kenneth Phillips Britton — *Mitchell.* Labored proof that all is not gold that glitters.

DEAR OLD TEMPLETON — Alice Brown — *Macmillan.* Fate had frustrated his ambitions and given him a platform speaker for a wife, yet he attained a modest happiness.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* An altogether healthful and invigorating book; an encomium to the west and what is left of nature in this sordid urban land.

BROTHER SAUL — Donn Byrne — *Century.* Engrossing narrative humanizing a hitherto stilted ecclesiastic. (*See page 557.*)

THE DRUMS OF AULONE — Robert W. Chambers — *Appleton.* A tale that skips blithely from Versailles at the time of the Pompadour to the court of St. James, thence to Quebec.

WHEN *Is* ALWAYS? — Coningsby Dawson — *Cosmopolitan.* A modern Huck Finn attends his own funeral and gets inspiration to keep on living.

DOOMSDAY — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* Credible story of a country girl who sickened of London and returned to a life of slopping the hogs.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* More than a trade name, Sorrell and Son designates a fine relationship, sentimentally but ably unfolded.

* AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* Society thwarts a timorous boy, then electrocutes him.

CHAINS — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* A group of lesser novels and stories by an artist appreciated at last.

* GALAHAD — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Elaine in a short skirt and rhinestone garters to attract the eye of moderns.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A book for virtuous women with liberal minds when their husbands are not involved.

IDLE HANDS — Janet Fairbank — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Sufficiently competent but not original short stories by the author of "The Smiths".

* SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Sport and romance on the old Mississippi while it was yet safe for democracy.

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HARANGUE — Garet Garrett — *Dutton.* Wobblies and real Reds sit in with some parlor Socialists and spoil the whole game.

* YOUNG ANARCHY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* The bootless insurrection of youth as seen by a middle aged mind.

THE LOST ADVENTURER — Walter Gilkyson — *Scribner.* Tilting at windmills in modern Spain was as fatal to this attractive young American as to his famous forerunner.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM — Zane Grey — *Harper.* A welfare worker on an uplift tour of the southwest, and the aggressive bee hunter who finally wins her.

ALLAN AND THE ICE-GODS — H. Rider Haggard — *Doubleday, Page.* In this posthumous story of a tribe living in the glacial era, the great imaginative and descriptive powers of H. Rider Haggard's early novels are still in evidence.

CASTE — Cosmo Hamilton — *Putnam.* With deft, trenchant pen the author describes the tragic end of a brilliant and accomplished young couple confronted by anti-Semitism.

LEAD ME INTO TEMPTATION — Frank Heller — *Crowell.* Another Simple Simon and some knaves dance through a whimsical farce.

* THE SUN ALSO RISES — Ernest Hemingway — *Scribner.* One continuous round of drunken pleasure covers tragedy like a sheen.

JOB'S NIECE — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* Julia feels a deep kinship to the tormented Job of the Scriptures and has about the same kind of comforters.

THE HURCOTTS — Muriel Hine — *Dodd, Mead.* The inevitable deterioration that attends unbridled self indulgence is relentlessly sketched.

STREET OF THE MALCONTENTS — Cyril Hume — *Doran.* This brilliant young author at his best in short stories of wide range and some power.

THE MAGIC FORMULA — L. P. Jacks — *Harper.* The dignified editor of "The Hibbert Journal" unbends in a lighter vein of quiet humor.

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE — Owen Johnson — *Little, Brown.* A problem in sociology done in a style and manner suitable to motion picture production.

A MAN OF LITTLE FAITH — Reginald Wright Kauffman — *Penn.* In which it is shown that pulpits face empty pews when the preacher's faith falters.

ANN DECIDES — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* The priest-hero renounces holy orders, seeks a tangible god, and finds lovely Ann.

BRACKIE THE FOOL — Klabund — *Putnam.* A queer mixture of philosophy and folklore with flashes of satirical wit.

THE THREE TAPS — Ronald A. Knox — *Simon, Schuster.* Aside from the cleverly hidden mystery of the three gas jets there is much humor and some good character drawing.

ELMER GANTRY — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* An unprecedented rogue in holy orders, as seen by one of the Whoops brothers. (*See page 555.*)

GRIST — Edwin Carlile Litsey — *Dorrance.* Lawless love and accusing conscience have a terrific struggle to the death in the heart of a brilliant young artist.

QUEEN'S MATE — Philip MacDonald — *Dial.* A modern, farce-comedy version of the Three Calenders.

* PILGRIMS — Ethel Mannin — *Doran.* Present day youth in his search for beauty and love. Unusually well done.

THAT ISLAND — Archibald Marshall — *Dodd, Mead.* Frequently amusing and as frequently tedious account of the shipwreck and casting up on a tropical island of a middle middle-class family.

UNRESTING YEAR — Alice Massie — *Holt.* A modern flapper expresses disdainful pity for her comatose grandmother, never guessing the old lady's wildly romantic past.

KIT O'BRIEN — Edgar Lee Masters — *Boni, Liveright.* A deeper meaning than appears on the surface can be found in this story of a boy, told by himself in convincing words.

BERNARD QUESNAY — André Maurois — *Appleton.* A good translation of a good story told against a background of modern French industrialism.

LIONS IN THE WAY — Hughes Mearns — *Simon, Schuster.* Common predicament of a charming professional woman who finds men in her way at every turn. Presented with understanding.

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CALL OF THE HOUSE — Ruth Comfort Mitchell — *Appleton.* A sympathetic portrayal of California's first woman Senator and her gallant fight against the corruption of Big Business.

BURNING WITCHES — Marie de Montalvo — *Sears.* How society nowadays eliminates the sort of charmer who used to be haled to the stake.

EAST INDIA AND COMPANY — Paul Morand — *A. and C. Boni.* The foreign compound fringed with natives is the setting for these smart tales of China.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU; THE ARROW — Christopher Morley — *Doubleday, Page.* Delightful reading for a train or boat trip is afforded by these two charmingly fantastic little books.

*FOREVER FREE — Honoré Willsie Morrow — *Morrow.* Old Abe in fiction, and in a delightful tangle with a good looking southern spy.

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN — Frances Newman — *Boni, Liveright.* Despite its dreadful monotone, more truth is told herein than this world dreams of.

THE SEA GULL — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* One of those invariably fascinating books where the girl has never seen a man *until* —

THE INTERLOPER — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* A gloriously involved account of the natural son of an English duke and his rampage in English society.

TOMORROW MORNING — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* Wherein the silver cord between mother and son is never cut, but made the object of adoration and the theme of the story.

BLACK APRIL — Julia Peterkin — *Bobbs-Merrill.* All black and a yard wide is this fine piece of satin spun in the South Carolina lowlands. (*See page 556.*)

TOMEK THE SCULPTOR — Adelaide Eden Phillpotts — *Little, Brown.* The dogged persistence and grim hard work that make a noted sculptor are described with photographic accuracy.

THE MAGIC GARDEN — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday, Page.* A pure little rich girl grows in this garden, nurtured by the affection of a clandestine courtship.

WORKING BULLOCKS — Katharine Susannah Prichard — *Viking.* Moments of dramatic intensity break the quiet of bucolic existence in Australia.

SAINT IN IVORY — Lorine Pruette — *Appleton.* Glamourous Genevieve of Paris finely chiseled, then given life by Miss Pruette's skilful divinations.

JEREMY TAKES A HAND — Cornelia Kane Rathbone — *Appleton.* Sympathy for the culprit is admirably worked up in this clever mystery.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE — Felix Riesenberg — *Harcourt, Brace.* More of New York than Grant's Tomb and no more than it is possible to put in a single book.

OVERTAKEN — Lawrence Rising — *Cosmopolitan.* Morocco's garish pigments lend their brightest colors to the heroine's tragic fate.

THE SORROWS OF ELSIE — André Savignon — *Payson, Clarke.* Why anyone bothered to translate this vacuous realism, we fail to see.

CLOUDS OF WITNESSES — Dorothy L. Sayers — *Dial.* Many false clues tangle an already intricate mystery that has an unusual amount of humor.

THE OLD COUNTESS — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* A splendid tragedy in few acts; inexorable fate moves swiftly through it. (*See page 556.*)

SACK AND SUGAR — Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick — *Doubleday, Page.* An adult European Pollyanna and her peregrinations through Europe.

OIL! — Upton Sinclair — *A. and C. Boni.* A remarkably clear, though strongly biased, account of the ramifications of a great industry.

THE MAN THEY COULDN'T ARREST — Austin J. Small — *Doran.* A galloping mystery story in which radio is the hero.

A VIRGIN OF YESTERDAY — Dorothy Speare — *Doran.* A girl's pilgrimage from Main Street to Broadway is taken not too seriously.

NOCTURNE MILITAIRE — Elliott White Springs — *Doran.* Amusing stories of wartime aviators in their moments of dalliance.

MATTOCK — James Stevens — *Knopf.* A Kansas Methodist in the rear ranks of the A. E. F. Solid and humorous.

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THE CROOKED STICK — Pauline Stiles — *Doran.* Readable romance of a girl who had too great beauty.

UNQUENCHABLE FLAME — Joan Sutherland — *Harper.* A moral tale about stage folk, involving the love of a good woman.

THE PLUTOCRAT — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* Peck's bad boy on a Mediterranean cruise.

GRAY DAWN — Albert Payson Terhune — *Harper.* Each new collie he describes presents new and fascinating traits.

ECHO ANSWERS — Elswyth Thane — *Stokes.* Monumental selfishness cleverly contrasted with real altruism.

RED PANTS — John W. Thomason — *Scribner.* Captain Thomason's joyous illustrations are so much velvet for swift stories which need no pictures to point their drama.

WILD MONEY — Freeman Tilden — *Doubleday, Page.* Revenge too complete palls on the shrewd old magnate, and wedding bells follow a reconciliation all round.

ONE OF THESE DAYS — Michael Trappes-Lomax — *Doran.* A slightly Huxleyish little book about continental smart people, with wistfulness substituted for Huxley's customary bitterness.

THE HOUSE OF SIN — Allen Upward — *Lippincott.* Scotland Yard works hard to clear up two murders in the home of an almost royal duke, and harder still to hush them up.

* BREAD AND FIRE — Charles Rumford Walker — *Houghton Mifflin.* A radical young man steps out into conservatism. (*See page 584.*)

THE BLACK ABBOT — Edgar Wallace — *Doubleday, Page.* This prolific author has concocted another clever mystery with some gruesome scenes.

ALL AT SEA — Carolyn Wells — *Lippincott.* Even the famous detective only just escaped defeat in this bizarre mystery.

TWILIGHT SLEEP — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Not a book on obstetrics, this is a splendid photogravure of moneyed New Yorkers who pass their lives in the limbo of reality. (*See page 557.*)

THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA — Stewart Edward White — *Doubleday, Page.* All the romance and tragedy of the days of '49 are recorded in "Gold", "The Gray Dawn", and "The Rose Dawn", now reprinted in one volume.

SWEETWATER RANGE — William Patterson White — *Little, Brown.* Cowboys, soldiers, and Indians fight and freeze on the prairies because of a practical joke that backfired.

THE PAINTED CITY — Mary Badger Wilson — *Stokes.* Viewed from behind the scenes, life in Washington seems to lose most of its glamour.

*TO THE LIGHTHOUSE — Virginia Woolf — *Harcourt, Brace.* The inside of some vastly interesting minds made fruitful in a fine work of fiction. (*See page 582.*)

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* From stuffed sofas to sterner stuff, with action and splendor all the while.

THE YOUNG STAGERS — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Both parents and children will like these amusing episodes in the lives of some Anglo-Indian youngsters.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ASHES — Anthony Wynne — *Lippincott.* Dr. Hailey, "the analytical physician" with a bent for detection, solves a gruesome series of mysterious murders.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll (Appleton). Here is a chance to replace the copy you've worn out with a facsimile of the 1866 Tenniel edition.

2. "Early Autumn" by Louis Bromfield (Stokes). Not because it won the Pulitzer Prize but because it ranks high both as a piece of writing and a transcription of life.

3. "The Story of American Literature" by Algernon Tassin and Arthur Bartlett Maurice (Macmillan). Read it to the children as an excuse to enjoy it yourself.

4. "Irene Iddesleigh" by Mrs. Amanda M'Kittrick Ros (Boni, Liveright). Thomas Beer writes an introduction to this product of 1897 which has been dubbed the worst novel ever written in English.

5. "The New American Credo" by George Jean Nathan (Knopf). An enlarged edition of Mr. Nathan's observations anent the "national mind".

A Method and a Marvel

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES'S "The Road to Xanadu" (Houghton Mifflin) and Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse" (Harcourt, Brace) may seem curiously dissimilar books to review under the same heading, yet Professor Lowes's method in criticism and Mrs. Woolf's in fiction are so similar that I do not beg pardon for a seeming paradox. Lowes seeks to interpret poetry by a reconstruction of mental processes. Mrs. Woolf seeks to interpret life by the same means. Both are amazingly successful.

It was horrifying to read in one of the reviews of literature a letter from M. R. Werner, in which he criticizes the Lowes book bitterly. Mr. Werner is an excellent biographer and a good journalist; but when he attempts to belittle what probably is the most important piece of critical writing ever produced in America, it is nothing short of tragic. If you want to read an extended and a well informed review of "The Road to Xanadu", Professor Tinker's in "The Saturday Review of Literature" is by far the best. Never before, so far as I know, not even in Amy Lowell's "John Keats", has the progress of the poetical mind been so well analyzed, or the very stuff of genius been so interpreted and proved. Starting with the mind of Coleridge was no easy task, but it presented fascinating problems. Professor Lowes has not shirked them. Bit by bit he reconstructs the building of two of the world's greatest poems. He does it, to be sure, with the analytical care and power of the academician; but in such glowing prose, with such beauty of phrase, that parts of this huge work read, themselves, like poems. Any student of literature who does not taste these pages has missed not only an intellectual but an emotional experience.

Of Virginia Woolf much has been written, and rightly too. When the chaff of this century's writing blows away, we shall probably find that her contribution to the development of the novel is far greater than we at present realize.

"To the Lighthouse" is in some ways a simpler and a more beautiful book than "Mrs. Dalloway"; its flights of imaginative writing strike me as

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more vivid. I didn't enjoy it so well, and I'm blessed if I know why. Perhaps I shall discover a year from now on a rereading, and it doesn't matter much, anyhow, since it is a fine and a readable book. I should like to quote a paragraph as an example of this exquisite and distinguished style:

> But what after all is one night? A short space, especially when the darkness dims so soon, and so soon a bird sings, a cock crows, or a faint green quickens, like a turning leaf, in the hollow of the wave. Night, however, succeeds to night. The winter holds a pack of them in store and deals them equally, evenly, with indefatigable fingers. They lengthen; they darken. Some of them hold aloft clear planets, plates of brightness. The autumn trees, ravaged as they are, take on the flash of tattered flags kindling in the gloom of cool cathedral caves where gold letters on marble pages describe death in battle and how bones bleach and burn far away in Indian sands. The autumn trees gleam in the yellow moonlight, in the light of harvest moons, the light which mellows the energy of labour, and smooths the stubble, and brings the wave lapping blue to the shore.

The Frasers March On

AS in the case of "Drums", the first thing to be noted in James Boyd's second novel, "Marching On" (Scribner), is the flowing, atmospheric, highly intelligent style, a style which may be read with great pleasure and no danger of disillusion. Like Louis Bromfield, following in the steps of Galsworthy, Mr. Boyd has apparently decided to write the saga of a family, with a broader historical canvas, however. His James Fraser of "Marching On" is a Civil War Fraser, and a most delightful person he is. If "Marching On" lacks some of the majesty that characterized the progression of "Drums", it gains by being a better and a more appealing story. The hero is still a dreamy, slowly developing boy; but in this case the love story lives splendidly, and Stewart Prevost, the lady of the tale, is a flesh and blood woman. I should think that this second novel would have a far greater success than "Drums". It is easier to read, for one thing, and it has a more direct emotional appeal. Moreover, it proves that Mr. Boyd can go on writing fine novels, whether they be about Frasers or gentlemen with other names as good.

Two things mark James Boyd as the fine novelist, apart from his unquestioned ability to organize a plot and to carry it through without stumbling. In the first place, he possesses to an unusual degree the ability to use atmospheric description for carrying on the mood of his story. In the second place, he characterizes swiftly, but does not drop his characterization like a hot cake once he has established it. It is proper orchestration of both prose and story, in other words. This is a relief after most modern novels one reads. It is an ability which Louis Bromfield and Elinor Wylie also possess in good measure.

He wastes no time in making his hero at once likable.

"You look nice", James Fraser's mother tells him.

"Well", he mutters bashfully, "I aim to."

And there, on page five, is the whole of James Fraser. Boyd's effects are not accidental. This is no novel written between morn and midnight and a dozen invitations to tea and supper. It is the handiwork of a man who knows that writing is a task worthy of strenuous and continuous effort. Like "Drums", it ranks high in the roster of American novels, but whereas some women found "Drums" a difficult book to read, men and women alike must fall under the spell of "Marching On". So far as the atti-

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tude toward the Civil War is concerned, it seems to me unimportant, since with James Boyd the atmosphere of the period, perfectly done, for that very reason becomes subordinated to his people and their goings and comings.

The Poet's Day

THE popularity of the poet is upon us again. I remember Edward Davison's saying last summer that some poet was sure to arise soon who would enjoy the popularity of Tennyson. This has happened in England, where Humbert Wolfe's new poem is, for the moment, selling better than any book of fiction, biography, or history, or anything else for that matter. The publication here of "Kensington Gardens" and of "Lampoons" (Doran) reveals this extraordinary young man as graceful, bitter, fascinating, and thoroughly to be enjoyed. Some years ago in these pages I reviewed Mr. Wolfe's "The Unknown Goddess", and recommended an immediate acquaintance. I reiterate this recommendation.

With the success of "Tristram", we are giving the accolade to one of our own great poets. Mr. Robinson deserves it all and in even larger measure. Another poet you should watch, whose new volume "Dew and Bronze" (A. and C. Boni) is just from the presses, is Robert P. Tristram Coffin. His poetry has a combination of mysticism and lyric beauty that is most appealing. What marvelous things he has done with a subject woefully sentimental if handled softly. Let me quote a part of "My Babies Asleep":

JANUARY FIRE yearns
Like clean, clear youths on Grecian urns;
  Heat and cold and mystery
Deeper than the midmost sea.
  He is the flame of icicles
  More splendid than the sunlight is,
  Softer than dewdrops,
  Should he melt to running laughter.
He is the promise mornings are
And the dewy, breathless morning star.

A Conservatively Chaotic Young Man

THOSE who read Charles Rumford Walker's "Steel", that diary of a furnace worker which, couched in fine prose, was really a novel in itself, knew that some day, soon or late, he would write a good novel. "Bread and Fire" (Houghton Mifflin) is constantly interesting, and its flashing and contrasting characters are ably and vividly drawn. Walker writes with something of the reportorial fidelity that characterizes the writing of Ernest Hemingway; but, occasionally, with a more rhythmical design. His tale of a young man from Massachusetts drawn into the physical and mental aspects of industrial struggle might have been mawkish and silly propaganda. Instead, it is remarkably adroit, poised, informed, and entertaining. To be able to review in one month two books from young Americans so fine as "Marching On" and "Bread and Fire" is an encouraging task for any reviewer. Mr. Walker draws a faintly ironical picture of American radicalism, yet, as in "Steel", always with a strong sympathy and understanding of the actual problems of the workers themselves. He is not contented with things as they are. He is the questioner and the seeker. He, I say, since it seems to me the style of his writing fixes him indubitably as his own hero. I hasten to add, for the sake of my own skin, that I should judge much of the detail of the novel is not autobiographical. At any rate, Charles Walker has written a sturdy, successful novel, one to which the press has already proved more than cordial, and which should have many readers.

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

SHAKESPEARE AND SOME NOT SO GOOD

By Will Cuppy

LONG before my recent appearance in "Hamlet" I was already an admiring student of Professor E. E. Stoll's articles and monographs on Shakespeare and the Elizabethan drama. I boldly used several of his suggestions when I made my début in the great tragedy in the character of Rosencrantz or Guildenstern — I forget which, as one will in the matter of these amateur performances.

If this confession seem disorderly or worse in a learned review, it is only the reviewer's oafish and not very funny way of expressing his gratitude for a volume which has pleased and profited him more than any other critical work in quite some time. "Shakespeare Studies" proved to his taste the most attractive of an armload of current books on the drama, meaning no disrespect to the rest of the authors, some of whom have done wonders with material which — once more begging everybody's pardon all round — just isn't so wonderful as Professor Stoll's.

Historical and comparative in method, as one learns on the title page, the eight studies are also lively, well reasoned, and of such wide appeal that at least one harried hack took two whole days out of his life to peruse them. The essay "On the Anniversary of the Folio" and those on literature and life, the ghosts, Shylock, the criminals, and Falstaff have been rescued from the files of fairly inaccessible magazines of erudition and entirely recast, while "The Characterization" and "The Comic Method" are new.

The author's statement that he had hoped "with these as a nucleus, to develop a rounded and reasoned whole" instead of this mere collection, may be taken without tears. There probably is no such thing as a rounded and reasoned whole. Complete and watertight Shakespeare systems, like the hallowed programs of the major philosophers themselves, are after all but the spinning out of the innards of the inventors, and some of us prefer to roll our own. As it is, this volume provides data in generous amounts, with the wisest of guidance and vast cerebral stimulation by the way.

Not that the humble reviewer approves of every word, since he prefers the psychoanalytical — one fears that Professor Stoll might call it the "nutty" — method of going after the poets. Failing that, I like the Frank Harris technique or something equally intimate and biographical, whereas here we have Professor Stoll asserting of Shakespeare, "His is the most real, solid and variously colored world in all drama, but he himself is out of it." Again, "Only once, for a moment, does Shakespeare grow personal" — about the dozen white luces, as you may have guessed. For, "In his work we find a personality — diffused, all-embracing, well-nigh invisible — not a person."

Here is no quibble over "person" and "personality", either. Professor Stoll writes of Shakespeare as "the supremely objective dramatist", as one "whose imagination was not fettered to the emotion of the moment", whose "songs seem all to have been written

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for the occasion in the play, and not to have been the utterance of a personal or private joy or woe". He does not and will not play at either the biographical or the psychoanalytical critical game, caring not a fig whether Hamlet or Shakespeare had an Œdipus complex. For that matter, he cares not whether Lady Macbeth was a blonde or a brunette, let alone whether she had a hand washing mania from whatever obscure cause.

The absence of the "New Psychology", however, need not spoil the volume even for rabid Freudians, who may sharpen their weapons and at the same time sit in on much that is not affected by changes in fashion. The author deals interestingly, wisely, and wittily with a host of matters that may still be capable of thrilling new interpretations come this time next century. The new "Literature and Life" chapter is notable for a brilliant defense of the theory that "literature reflects the taste of the time rather than the time itself". It should have salutary effect upon the critics and writers who fancy that the business of letters is to copy life. It cannot but surprise those lesser beings who, having imbibed such a theory, may imagine that the Elizabethan populace one and all went about talking blank verse and taking curtain calls.

For a bird's eye view of the same subject one can look into G. B. Harrison's first rate booklet, "The Genius of Shakespeare", a contribution to Harper's Things-to-Know Series, which discusses for a general audience many aspects of Shakespeare's life and stagecraft, together with the broader issues of the greater comedies, histories, and tragedies. On the same shelf, or on that reserved for Eastern literature, might go "Masterpieces of Chikamatsu", a bulky and beautifully illustrated work consisting for the most part of translations by Asataro Miyamori of the best *joruri* (puppet plays) of Chikamatsu Monzaémon (1652–1724), called "the Japanese Shakespeare", and including a comprehensive history by Mr. Miyamori of the Japanese drama.

"Modern English Playwrights" by John W. Cunliffe, a short history of English drama from 1825, proves that the world do move by finding room for such postwar playwrights as A. A. Milne, C. K. Munro, Noel Coward, and Sean O'Casey, while Thomas H. Dickinson's "An Outline of Contemporary Drama" provides a widely inclusive and rigorously condensed survey of the movements of the last hundred years in the European and American theatre. Both books, with their lists, references, and complete working paraphernalia, are necessities for the up and doing student.

There are two other volumes of special interest to the stagestruck. In "The Theatre in Life" Nicolas Evreinoff, an experienced Russian, holds forth theoretically and pragmatically and with an abundance of keen argument upon "the instinct of theatricalization" as a more primitive urge than the æsthetic; upon "the will to the theatre", "theatrotherapy", and numerous practical problems of the stage. He is in entertaining revolt against dramatic realism. Ashley Dukes isn't revolting against anything in particular, except bad plays, but his little book "Drama" is no less enjoyable for that. Read it, gentle playgoer, whether or not you are struggling with your second act.

Shakespeare Studies. By Elmer Edgar Stoll. The Macmillan Company.
The Genius of Shakespeare. By G. B. Harrison. Harper and Brothers.
Masterpieces of Chikamatsu. Translated by Asataro Miyamori. Revised by

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Robert Nichols. E. P. Dutton and Company.
Modern English Playwrights. By John W. Cunliffe. Harper and Brothers.
An Outline of Contemporary Drama. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Theatre in Life. By Nicolas Evreinoff. Edited and translated by Alexander I. Nazaroff. With introduction by Oliver M. Sayler. Brentano's.
Drama. By Ashley Dukes. Henry Holt and Company.

PLATONISM, THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND COMMON SENSE

By Gorham B. Munson

THE conclusions of a recent book by Dean Inge have stirred Santayana to make certain reflections and speculations now contained in a small volume, "Platonism and the Spiritual Life". That the style is suave as velvet and courtly as becomes a wearer of velvet should be taken for granted. Whether it is a good style for philosophical conversation is another matter. . . .

"One of the great things past is Platonism", says Santayana on his first page, "and one of the great things always possible is spiritual life." But the Platonic system, as seen in retrospect by Santayana, does not in the end rest on a sufficiently radical renunciation: in it "there is no true catharsis, no liberation, but a sort of substitution and subterfuge, often hypocritical." This interpretation is of course speculative, for unfortunately we lack the necromancy to make ourselves antedate Plato and to approach his philosophy on the full current of the Pythagorean oral tradition. Were we in possession of that and relieved of the honeyed mass of neo-Platonism on which we have by now sweetly overfed, we might find Plato to be less "domestic" than Santayana decides. That supposition, based though it is on a vain regret, is likewise a caution against being certain that we have caught Plato's own meaning.

In any case, Santayana diverges from Plato in the direction of a less rigid spiritual life. He assumes that there is a spirit in us living creatures, and this spirit already actual is "the gift of intuition, feeling, or apprehension: an overtone of animal life, a realization, on a hypostatic plane, of certain moving unities in matter". On this emotional assumption he dreams of a spiritual life which on the one hand is majestic because it is founded on "disintoxication" from the influence of "'values', whether found in things or hypostatized into supernatural powers", and on the other hand is child-like in its irresponsible playfulness. Spirituality is "perfect candour and impartial vision", but it is "so deeply engaged and distracted by current events that it cannot realize its proper function".

The last admission should cause us to consult our common sense. Behaviorist psychology, wielding the mace of exact science, appears likely to clear the field and to convince our minds that we are automatic creatures with only three modes of functioning: thought, feeling, and action. This will eliminate spirit, but not intuition (a compound arising from the simultaneous cooperation of two of our modes of experience): and it will not eliminate common sense, which is a community of our intellectual, emotional, and practical judgments.

This is the dilemma. In his head man will doubtless accept the determinism of behaviorism, and he will find that determinism works out in those people he knows as well as in his own experience so far as he can view it. But in his heart (or more behavioristically, in his solar plexus) he will be

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recalcitrant. There will be hopes and overtones of feeling that tell him a mechanical portion is not his birthright, and he will respond with a thrill to such insinuations of a spiritual destiny as Santayana carefully utters. He heeds them, but only to find that the spirit cannot realize its proper function because of the distraction of current events, and he is kept reminded that psychological thought runs contrary to his aspirations.

Under those circumstances, he will say: Neither Dr. John B. Watson nor Santayana is totally satisfactory to common sense. Dr. Watson describes the actual and I accept his description as far as it goes. But the psychologist admits his failure thus far to establish a norm for human psychology. Santayana enters the realm of the inactual when he affirms the spiritual life, and since Dr. Watson has not found a norm there is space for such a possibility. But what is not supplied by either modern philosophy or modern psychology is the thing common sense tells me to look for, namely, the technique of the spiritual life. Until that is presented, the poet in me and the psychologist in me will dispute and not cooperate.

Platonism and the Spiritual Life. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons.

BOOKS AND WINE

By Stephen Graham

NEW YORK, like other great cities of the world, multiplies books about itself. London and Paris and Rome have whole libraries devoted to each, and if the literature on New York is less than theirs it is only because it has been standing a shorter time. Books on the grandeurs and antiquities of New York will yet come, though it does not seem to be a city which will reveal anything to the archæologist who digs there in a thousand years — unless perchance he come upon some forgotten speakeasy padlocked and abandoned.

"That's New York!", with a dedicatory letter to the editor of "The New Yorker", is a diverting volume exemplifying the humors and eccentricities of modern life in Manhattan. Its best chapter is the account of the bathing of Joyce Hawley in the tub of champagne and the subsequent trial in court — a fit subject for a cabaret fresco if some Greenwich Village artist will give thought to the requirements of the antiquarian in the year 2500 A. D. and do a strip on a good cellar wall.

Another subject in this book is Gertrude Ederle, her arrival, triumph, and immortalization in New York — a magnificent subject for a relief. Newspapers and books are insufficiently Olympian. The newspapers bark like dogs baying at the moon; the books sneer too much. It seems to me sometimes that there has been nothing adequate written about New York since O. Henry's "The Voice of the City" and "The Four Million". Unfortunately the fashion of writing just now is a bad one and there is no new O. Henry on the horizon.

These are frankly odd books on the shelf which is crowded with the "read 'em and weep" variety. "The Girl from Rector's", written by George Rector, tells of no girl.

> Do you forget my fair soubrette
> That supper at the café Rector . . .

The soubrettes who supped there are rather sedate now. Fifteen years makes a difference. The war and prohibition

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are in between New York of today and New York of Rector's time. The city was not so brilliant in those days; the White Way was more dim. But the rollicking spirit of Broadway has some quality of the eternal.

George Rector's book is full of stories and head waiters' lore. He tells of a Highlander in kilts who was refused admittance to the restaurant one night because he had not got an escort. Is this an old tale? I have always thought the kilt an inadequate disguise. But if you see a Highlander in costume on Broadway he is probably a Jewish comedian. Those who are interested in the origins of such things as cover charges and the check system of registering customers' bills will find many details in Rector's book, which is one of general gustatory gossip.

The next odd book. "Does Prohibition Work?" asks Martha Bruère, and the answer should be that in New York at least it does not. This is a volume of collected testimony written by people whose pens run easily to words. They dream of prohibition and sweat bad prose. Dr. Johnson was once discovered reading the Birmingham street directory. "Do you find it interesting?" Boswell inquired. "Dull, sir, damned dull." But there, America requires sociologists to be dull.

The urbane Frank Hedges Butler in his "Wine and the Wine Lands of the World" makes one surprising omission. He does not include America. He completely overlooks New York and in his comparison of vintages has nothing to say about Hoboken 1927. There is no chapter on sacramental wine nor on the great wine industry which the Italians are developing in Greenwich Village. There is nothing on the Californian grape, nor on synthetic gin, nor ersatz cocktails. He has reviewed the wine industry of every other country in the world and done it extremely well and interestingly, but he has omitted America. Well, America will forgive him. This is a book to encourage travel. Few things flatter one more than to have a reputation of knowing a good wine, and the volume must prove a great help in knowledge of vintage. But one cannot be a connoisseur of wines without having tasted them. Here is one department of human knowledge where one can take off one's horn rimmed spectacles. What is Château Yquem in print compared with Château Yquem in a glass? What word measures up to a thought — what book to life?

That's New York! By Morris Markey and Johan Bull. Macy-Masius.
The Girl from Rector's. By George Rector. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Does Prohibition Work? By Martha Bensley Bruère. Harper and Brothers.
Wine and the Wine Lands of the World. By Frank Hedges Butler. Brentano's.

GEORGE ELIOT REVIVIFIED

By Henry A. Lappin

MISS HALDANE has written an interesting and serviceable monograph which fills satisfactorily several of the surprising lacunæ in the Life by George Eliot's husband, J. W. Cross. The book is valuable and, in truth, indispensable, because of the detailed account, now for the first time supplied, of the troubled years between 1849, in which Marian Evans's father died, and 1854, in the summer of which, publicly accepting George Lewes as her unlegalized husband, she embarked upon that unofficial honeymoon which was also a series of little journeys to the homes of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. A subtler pen than Miss Haldane's, however, is needed to do

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justice to that most sentimental of minor odysseys and to portray adequately the subsequent life together, in London and on the Continent, of this amazing couple.

How has André Maurois overlooked this perfect subject for his gleaming scalpel? What luminous and revealing pages Moore — Pater's "dear, audacious George" — might have consecrated to this incredible ménage! But, perhaps, it is the prince of contemporary portraitists who has most felicitously indicated how it should be told. Who that has read it can ever forget the paragraph in which Sir Edmund Gosse has etched for us the figure of Lewes, "hirsute, rugged, satyr-like, gazing vivaciously to left or right", seated in a slow moving victoria beside "a large, thick-set sybil, dreamy and immobile, whose massive features, somewhat grim when seen in profile, were incongruously bordered by a hat, always in the height of the Paris fashion, which, in those days, commonly included an immense ostrich feather. . . ."

Still Miss Haldane is by no means without an eye for the more picturesque and telling aspects of her theme. With a deft stroke of her brush, for example, she paints in Lewes as "shaggy, small, and lightly built, padding along like a Skye terrier". Her best chapters, by far, are the fourth and fifth, in which she chronicles Miss Evans's experiences as a journalist on the staff of John Chapman's "Westminster Review"; illuminates the topic of the assistant editor's relations with her amative employer; traces Herbert Spencer's deepening interest in the alert young woman who drafted resolutions with such *brio;* and presents vividly the ecstatic earlier years of the union of Marian and George Henry.

Spencer, at first enthusiastic about her, came to think his passionate young acquaintance "morbidly intellectual", and observed, not without growing alarm, the intensity of what he chose to call her "domestic affections". "The activity of these last", the philosopher rather savagely records, "largely conduced to the leading interests of her subsequent life."

In her laborious and uninspiring discussion of the writings of George Eliot, in the order of their appearance, Miss Haldane unfortunately demonstrates that such skill as she has is that of the biographer rather than of the literary critic. Her book, nevertheless, must be regarded as an important and significant document in that rehabilitation of George Eliot's reputation which has been far too long delayed.

George Eliot and Her Times. By Elizabeth S. Haldane. D. Appleton and Company.

BEHAVIORISM AND DARWIN

By Woodbridge Riley

THE author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" now shows us how a certain great human being behaved. His pictures of Darwin as "The Understanding Father of His Children", as "The Friend of All the World", and as one who "Lived the Christ-like Life", are enough to disarm a Fundamentalist. But in explaining why Darwin behaved as he did the author is less successful. Practically he regards his career as due to chance and not to heredity, to a series of fortuitous circumstances and not to family strains. Genius, he implies, is a gamble, success a lucky throw of nature's dice. There are, he declares, no known laws of heredity to enable us

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to understand the astonishingly different growths of two different chips from the same old family block. Human personalities are not so simple; otherwise we should not be eternally encountering such divergences in culture in general and such dissimilarities in families as could produce Charles, the colossus, and Erasmus, the nonentity. It was because Darwin happened to inherit wealth, happened to walk with Henslow, the naturalist, happened to be taken on an exploring voyage on the "Beagle", that "The Origin of Species" was written. Here the principle of plutocracy bulks large. Fortune favors the brave, it also favors those with private fortunes; in short, if Darwin had not inherited money, he would never have been Darwin.

This is the theory of behaviorism with a vengence, and as such it impairs the first part of the book. Dorsey is a sort of biographical Henry George, not as regards the single tax but as regards the single chance. Witness the voyage on the "Beagle": "Darwin nearly lost the opportunity that knocks but once in a lifetime because Captain Fitz-Roy thought the shape of his nose indicated a weak character." In short, the history of Darwin is a history of "ifs": "If Darwin, the medical student, had not so and so, and if the lectures had not been so and so, and if Darwin had not learned that he would be rich, the chances are ten to one that he would have followed in the path worn smooth by his father, brother, and uncle. And his insight into human nature might even have surpassed his father's, and he might have been the outstanding physician of the Victorian Era — and it would all have been set down to heredity: he inherited an instinct for medicine!"

A biography written after the formula "if not" and its correlative "without" is somewhat dubious, and the author seems aware of this when he states that "possibly without Lyell's 'Principles of Geology' Darwin would not have written 'The Origin of Species'." But the real reason for writing this kind of hypothetical history is not far to seek. Dorsey as a behaviorist is obsessed with the principle of the conditioned reflex; he has been bitten by Pavloff's dog, the experimental hound which came to react at the sound of a bell just as well as at the sight of a bone. In other words certain chance occurrences in Darwin's life conditioned him to react as he did. He "was prepared to like the tropics" because he had read Humboldt's "Personal Narrative"; he was a lifelong invalid "because he suffered from a chronic anxiety neurosis induced by his relations with his father — or, to put it another way, that the behavior of his father was enough to drive the young man crazy. Darwin never did go crazy. By word and action he was able to readjust himself and live a life as sane and sound as was ever lived. But his viscera never became adjusted. In his eternal anxiety to be right, to be straight, to give his life to the only work he loved, he suffered exactly the same sort of anxiety an athlete does in anticipating an impending conflict. But the victory of the spirit over the flesh was so great that Darwin's life must forever remain a pattern of human behavior."

We claim that this is a false simplification. A man's life looks like a single track when one gazes backward, provided one employs the fallacious principle of exclusion. Thus the author states that Cambridge University, without the reading of Humboldt, might have led Darwin into holy orders; but he should have added that other factors might have had the same

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effect. And if Dorsey overrates the conditioned reflex he underrates heredity. He derides eugenics and those who have made up their "stud-books" of the Darwin and Wedgwood families in order "to bolster up the claim of the transmission of talent". Of course, as he says, it is too simple an explanation to assume that Darwin had an "inborn and constant instinct and habit of observing"; but where did he get "such fine eye-hand-coordination" as to make him an expert with his dissecting instruments "in spite of his germ-plasm"? Also, why did he and his brother Erasmus have such different careers, with the same environment?

It is a pity that Dr. Dorsey attempts to fit the figure of Darwin into his Procrustes bed of prejudices, for otherwise his book is of commanding interest. He sneers at Cambridge with its clerical traditions, yet it was at Cambridge that Darwin walked with Henslow the clerical naturalist. Dorsey has curious dislikes of colleges with classical traditions, of picture galleries with "dingy" colors on the canvases, and of the arts in general because Darwin happened to lose his enjoyment of poetry. All these things are a drag and hindrance to the narrative; they are negative and do not help us to understand Darwin. But the positive points do. Such are the brilliant word pictures of Darwin's life at Down House, of how he became "The Friend of All the World" in his generosity to worthy causes and in his letters of encouragement to the younger naturalists. The most interesting sections concern the birth of "The Origin of Species". In these sections are brought together three salient but forgotten points: the preparation of the public for the doctrine of evolution; the reception of the book and the bitter fight made against it; and "the crowd of difficulties" connected with natural selection, as Darwin himself phrased it. As for the preparation, the world of intelligence in England, in the United States, in Germany, and to a lesser degree in France, was groping in the dark but was ready for light. As for the reception of the doctrine, Dorsey draws a full and lively picture of the battle royal between the Bishop of Oxford and Thomas Huxley, "Darwin's bull-dog". He also gives due credit to Asa Gray as Darwin's American protagonist, but is somewhat sketchy on the reception of Darwinism in America. He refers to the president of Yale as opposed to it, tells how the pages of Silliman's "Journal" were offered to Darwin to reply to the anti-evolutionist Agassiz; but he does not tell how slow was the conversion of the geologist Dana to transformism, nor how Professor Marsh furnished certain "missing chapters in the book of geology". Indeed, the early battles over Darwinism in America were fought in a fairer way than in England with its "long and cruel controversy". As Dorsey puts it in the language of commerce, Darwin himself was "sold" on his story because it was a good story and because it was well told; but since then, the doctrine has suffered from a kind of bland over-confidence. Practically all the naturalists employ it as a true hypothesis because it works, but the public is ignorant of its workability. Hence the value of this book, which shows how Darwin was a real benefactor of mankind. In the sixty eight years since the publication of "The Origin of Species", every science has been revolutionized and man has changed his attitude toward himself and the world in which he lives.

The Evolution of Charles Darwin. By George A. Dorsey. Doubleday, Page and Company.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Nowhere is the American tendency toward standardization more apparent than in these reports from public libraries. It frequently happens that out of hundreds of reports in any given month not more than twenty titles in each classification will be listed by all of the libraries together! Fully a quarter of the reports from which the current score has been compiled listed the first half dozen in each classification in precisely the same order. This is a recent development. When this monthly chronicle was begun, not yet nine years ago, book distribution was slow and inefficient. A new book would begin its career in the northeastern states, gradually work its way westward and southward, and still be current reading in the outlying regions months after it had been superseded in the more populous sections. Now bookstores and libraries alike offer the new books simultaneously everywhere; which at least gives east and west, north and south, a common topic of conversation when they meet, whatever may be the deeper sociological significances of this phenomenon. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Elmer Gantry	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
3.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
4.	Galahad	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
5.	Doomsday	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
6.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
7.	The Plutocrat	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	Revelry	*Samuel Hopkins Adams*	LIVERIGHT
9.	Tomorrow Morning	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
10.	Beau Geste	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
11.	The Sea Gull *	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
12.	Show Boat	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY

GENERAL

1.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
2.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
3.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS
4.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
5.	This Believing World	*Lewis Browne*	MACMILLAN
6.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
7.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
8.	Napoleon *	*Emil Ludwig*	LIVERIGHT
9.	Revolt in the Desert *	*T. E. Lawrence*	DORAN
10.	War Birds *	*Anonymous*	DORAN
11.	The Book of Marriage	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT
12.	The Christ of the Indian Road *	*E. Stanley Jones*	ABINGDON

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

The Adventurous Life of a Great Polish Writer—American Authors in Paris—Julien Green and His Work—"Adrienne Mesurat"—Modernism in "transition"—The Memoirs of Prince Max of Baden

THE P. E. N. Club recently entertained in Warsaw that remarkable Polish writer, Waclaw Sieroszewski. His life has been as eventful and interesting as his books. As a boy, fifty years ago, he began work in a blacksmith's shop. At this time the fortunes of Poland were at a very low ebb. The shadow of the unsuccessful revolt of 1863, which had cost the lives of half a million Poles, in battle or in Siberian prisons, still darkened the unhappy country. The young Sieroszewski, aflame with the spirit of rebellion against Russian tyranny, was well to the fore in the movement which, after many years of submission, dared to oppose the omnipotent Tsar. The youth of the laboring classes were secretly organized and Socialist propaganda spread abroad. For his part in this activity Sieroszewski was arrested and courtmartialed.

He was then nineteen. Had he been of age, death would have been the penalty. As it was, he was sentenced to hard labor in the mines for life. This sentence was, however, rescinded and he was ordered to be deported to a small town in Siberia called Verhoyansk, which had the reputation of being the coldest spot in the Russian Empire. To this place Sieroszewski and his fellow prisoners journeyed on foot, reaching it in 1879.

It was while he was confined, as a dangerous political offender, in the notorious Tenth Pavilion of the Citadel at Warsaw, that Sieroszewski wrote his first poem, "What do they want?", an expression of his urgent spirit of revolt. He thus became a writer before he made the long journey on foot to Siberia. There, in spite of almost insuperable difficulties and incredible hardships, his literary inclinations developed. Twice, in his attempts to escape from Verhoyansk, he reached the shores of the Arctic Ocean. For his repeated efforts to regain his freedom he was punished by deportation to the "Taygi", the most terrible penal area in Siberia.

There, in the bleak Tundra region, hundreds of miles from the nearest civilized habitation, Sieroszewski's earliest novels came into existence. I quote the words of the critic Horzyka: "He wrote them under conditions that bordered on the fantastic; on the white margins of stray old newspapers that miraculously reached this outlying region about twice a year; with ink which he had made himself out of the sap of willow-bark and rust, and by the flickering light of a small fire which burnt in his room. Such was the origin of 'Haylah' and of the other stories that make up the volume entitled 'The Bottom of Misery'. If he thought of sending his writings to Polish publishers, it was impossible to do so; the means did not exist. Added to the absence of contact with the outside world was the menace of punishment; literary pursuits being barred by law to deported political offenders."

While in exile in the Kolymsk dis-

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trict, Sieroszewski came in contact with some of the wild tribes of the North — Yakouts, Chukchs, and Tungus — "people so ignorant as to believe that flour was dug from the mountains like chalk". Here he encountered the people of his novels, "creatures forgotten by God and man, whose poet he became and whose epic he wrote. Brave, primitive, half-blind natures they were, yet Sieroszewski did not treat them as if he was a 'higher' European who had strayed amongst them. As human beings he considered them to be his equals; he found that the passions, yearnings, and pains of their souls were essentially the same as his own. . . ."

In these primitive surroundings of the North Sieroszewski conceived the idea of his "On the Outskirts of the Forests". Of his early productions barely a fragment remains. Postal services did not exist, and he took advantage of any stray opportunity to send his writings to Poland. In consequence most of his "manuscript" was lost in transit. His novel "On the Outskirts of the Forests" was, as he himself says, "secretly delivered by a liberated exile who carried it sewn up in the lining of his sheepskin coat". Sieroszewski had then been in exile eight years. The novel "Haylah", written in 1881, was three years on its way to Warsaw and was printed in 1884.

Surrounded in the Arctic country by natives who, with the exception of a few exiled countrymen, constituted his entire society, Sieroszewski made a careful study of their customs, manners, legends, and folklore. The result of this study is the only scientific monograph of the Yakout tribe extant. Completed in Irkutsk, this work was first published by the Petersburg Geographical Society under the title of "The Yakouts" and eventually appeared in Polish as "Twelve Years in the Yakout Country". Sieroszewski was rewarded for this monograph by a gold medal and permission to return to Poland.

His liberty secured, he was offered the attractive post of Archæological Inspector General of Turkestan, but he declined to enter the Russian service. After an absence of twenty years he returned to Poland with a certain literary reputation. For a time he settled down to active writing and produced several novels and many shorter pieces. One of his best novels, "Rishtau", the scene of which is laid in the Caucasus, appeared during this period. But a few years later Sieroszewski was again involved in a protest against Russian authority and was in danger of having to retrace his steps to the country of the Yakouts. Luckily, the Russian Academy of Science unknowingly came to his rescue by appointing him leader of an expedition to the Far East. Thus Sieroszewski left Poland to undertake a journey which led him through Mongolia, Manchuria, central and northern China, Korea, and Japan. The outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War interrupted his scientific work. He returned to Poland, to take part in the insurrection of 1905. Two books of travel, "To the Far East" and "Korea", and a few novels are the literary fruits of his sojourn in Asia.

At the time he returned to Warsaw from his Eastern travels, the revolution was in progress, and Joseph Pilsudski's armed detachments had already been in action against the Tsarist troops. Sieroszewski plunged himself into the movement for national freedom. He was twice arrested and eventually thrown into the Citadel, from which he was released by a threatened mob attack on the prison.

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This time, however, he was obliged to take refuge abroad, at first in that part of Poland then under Austrian dominion, and later in France.

In Paris Sieroszewski continued his literary work and produced two of his best collections of short stories, "Marriage" and "From Wave to Wave". At the same time he devoted much of his time in Paris to military studies in connection with the association founded by Joseph Pilsudski which was to form the nucleus of the future Polish army in the event of war.

On the outbreak of the World War, Sieroszewski immediately enlisted in the army led by Pilsudski, first serving as an infantryman and later as a corporal in the First Uhlan Regiment, in which rank he went through all the hardships of the war until the internment of Pilsudski in Magdeburg. In recognition of his services, Free Poland conferred upon him her highest military distinction, the Cross of *Virtuti Militari*. With the disbanding of the Polish legions, Sieroszewski settled in Warsaw and finished three novels begun years before in Paris, "Beniowski", the story of an eighteenth century adventurer, "Ocean", and "Chains". He is now working on a series of stories which will appear under the title "Dalai Lama".

The greater part of his twenty volumes have appeared in a collected edition entitled "Writings" issued by the Warsaw Polish Library. Sieroszewski's works have met with appreciation abroad, especially in Russia where all his writings enjoy popularity and have appeared in several editions. Some of his books have been translated into English, French, German, Italian, Bohemian, Spanish, and even Esperanto. "The Flight from Siberia", which describes his earlier experiences in northern Siberia and particularly his two attempts to escape from Verhoyansk, has been published in English; and two of his short stories, "In the Autumn" and "The Sacrifice to the Gods", are included in a recent Oxford Press anthology, "Tales from Polish Authors".

* * * *

When the first echoes of Walt Whitman rumbled through French literature more than a generation ago and touched the symbolists among many others, those American authors who lived in Paris usually wrote in the language of their adopted country, either from *snobisme* or a real sense of affection for a clear, terse idiom. In those days Stuart Merrill and Francis Vielé-Griffin were leaders, not only in the narrow circle of transplanted Americans, but also through the length and breadth of the French advance guard. Today their fame still lingers, and when "Monsieur" Vielé-Griffin enters Sylvia Beach's bookshop on the rue de l'Odéon there is always an appreciative stir among the habitués and dévotés of the Shakespeare and Company shrine. After Vielé-Griffin and Stuart Merrill, however, a whole literary cycle has revolved. The American writers who live in Paris are much more apt to be noted individualists writing emancipated prose or poetry in their native idiom than to be *transfuges* (to employ the word made popular by the numerous retirements from the Comédie Française by actors seeking to play on another stage) who have come to France to write in French. Gertrude Stein heads the list of American expatriates in Paris, having lived abroad for twenty five years, and having had her "Making of Americans" brought out by the American Contact Editions established in Paris. Nevertheless, she has no use for the French tongue as a literary medium.

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Her fellows in the American colony, Ludwig Lewisohn, Louis Bromfield, Ernest Hemingway, Robert McAlmon, Archibald MacLeish, and Elliot Paul, are discreetly interested in the writing done all round them in a foreign tongue, but take none other than a critical rôle in its development.

Then suddenly there leaps into the limelight the young Julien Green, an American born in France, preferring to read French rather than English, and naturally, when it comes to composition, turning toward the language he hears and reads most often. Last year appeared "Mont Cinère" (Plon), and now, in Plon's series known as the "Roseau d'Or", a second novel is published under the title "Adrienne Mesurat". In the meantime this young writer — he is twenty six — has seen other work appear in the "Nouvelles Littéraires" and in the second number of the "Chroniques du Roseau d'Or". That ubiquitous interviewer, Frédéric Lefèvre, has enlisted the young Franco-American among those other sturdy soldiers of literature who can be counted by tens and scores in his rapidly augmenting series of volumes known as "Une Heure avec . . ." For all of this, the young man is still unspoiled and, although infinitely serious, not in the least pedantic. His work, however, is sad, deeply laden, darkly pessimistic. For youth to confront the world so strangely is the anomaly which leads good French *femmes de lettres* to admit that there must indeed be something most American or Anglo-Saxon in this person who nevertheless handles French phrases with such Gallic grace. Recently Edmond Jaloux went further, and found in the characters of Green's novels, whether they be American as in the first or French as in the second, a certain amount of foreign psychology which banned them forever from the truest French characterization. M. Jaloux discovered in Green's work not only pessimism, but a Freudian interest in repressions, hesitations, spontaneous sublimations, in which the action corresponds only to an unconscious volition. This, in spite of Lenormand and certain others of the "Younger School", M. Jaloux damned as foreign, as Anglo-Saxon, as typical, not of Flaubert and Stendhal, but of Sherwood Anderson, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, or D. H. Lawrence. While a method valuable in itself, this complexity of motivation seems to the French critic so far from characteristic of his race that those personages to whom Mr. Green applies it cannot hope to flourish in French soil, be they called Adrienne or Germaine throughout two hundred pages, and be they set in a village within the *banlieue* of Paris.

This stricture having been made, the story of "Adrienne Mesurat" wins an instant recognition because of its power and because of its restraint. It is a study in domestic tyranny and routine leading one of its victims — Adrienne — to madness, while other members of the family come to untimely ends in a convent or in homicide. Here the theme is capable of more dramatic development than that allowed by the sombre study in avarice round which "Mont Cinère" centres. Indeed, the events in "Adrienne Mesurat" move with that inevitability which characterizes Greek tragedy. The dominated, scolded, suppressed heroine, held from love by the almost cloistered existence she is forced to lead by a narrow minded father, meets romance by accident in exchanging glances with the local physician. She is suspected of a liaison while as yet she is simply all aglow at the wonder of some lyric element in a world so drab. Gradually

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she is swamped by all the sullen forces of the family's banal provincial life. One by one her supports fail. At one moment she tumbles her irate father down the stairs and kills him, yet nothing happens except that in her grows up slowly an almost physical sense of persecution. When the doctor to whom she tells her love cannot accept her advances, she has nothing to do but wander off, to be discovered mad as poor Ophelia.

It is a sombre story, but told with exquisite restraint. At the same time the Russian novel, that great influence wherein psychology of a not far distant sort has been exploited by Dostoyevsky, is being denied by certain French writers who might be the first to praise Julien Green. Henri Massis, whose "Jugements" have been so successful in reflecting the critical tone of that large public which follows the Plon series, "La Critique", has published a "Défense de l'Occident" in which he speaks pretty plainly. Concentrating on the novel, he further elucidates by bringing out "Réflexions sur l'Art du Roman", which, published *en marge de* "Jugements", calls to mind certain fundamental factors in the novel form, certain difficulties to which the popular autobiographic form is heir, and certain transcendental considerations which, in his mind as in that of the advanced Catholic group to which Maritan and Jean Cocteau belong, impose themselves upon the novelist as inevitably as Paul Bourget's faith is imposed upon one or all of his many characters before the end of the last volume. Gonzague Truc, the critic who published a Racine through the Garnier *frères* last season, reproaches Massis for not including among his novelists the name of René Boylesve, the "*type du romancier pur*".

The *roman pur* is a fast fading phenomenon. What with advance guard movements and international exchanges in all literary forms, hard and fast lines are being broken down and all sorts of experiments are flourishing. The Seven Seas meet in "transition" (*sic*), where modernists of every clime and tongue present their talents in English, selected and translated by Elliot Paul and Eugene Jolas, two American novelists and poets living in Paris and publishing the new monthly review with its uncapitalized title at 40, rue Fabert, just across from the Invalides. Already the first number of "transition" is a collector's item, the more so since an ingenious printer tried to improve upon a text of Gertrude Stein and so mingled two pages of proof that a separate, supplementary brochure had to be published just after the first monthly issue in order that the faithful might have in all its pristine vigor "Elucidations", the text wherein the author of "Three Lives" continues her "Composition as Explanation" by a series of examples in her latest manner. "Transition" (at last the capital is permissible) appeals to Americans who interest themselves in the young French litterateurs, because it contains some excellent translations from the work of the best of them, Léon-Paul Fargue, Paul Eluear, and André Gide, for example. Philippe Soupault, who has been a growing figure for several years and who is now augmenting his reputation by "Le Cœur d'Or" which Bernard Grasset is publishing, represents his modern fellows loyally in the following lines:

I can see nothing more in the sky
but a star of a cloud
according to my sadness or my joy
I can no longer bow my head
it is too heavy
Nor do I know if in my hands
I hold soap bubbles or cannon balls
I am walking
I am growing old
but my red blood my dear red blood

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races through my veins
chasing before it the memories of the present. . . .

* * * *

Under the title of "Memoirs and Documents", Prince Max of Baden has published in Germany a notable and dramatic account of the final phase of the war, the beginning of the revolution and the birth of the Republic in Germany. In this apologia the last Chancellor of the German Empire deals with the attacks made on him by the Nationalists for his weakness in the crisis. The book reveals afresh the violent conflict of opinion between Germany's military leaders and the government when from G. H. Q. came the peremptory demand that the offer of an armistice should be forthwith sent to President Wilson, accepting his fourteen points. Prince Max and his colleagues made vehement protests, dreading the effect on Germany's future of such unconditional surrender. Ludendorff, it was urged at their discussions, was thinking only of his men, and believed the Allies would grant them a fortnight's respite, which would give them new strength to fight again.

The Kaiser, however, supported Ludendorff. Arriving at a meeting of the Privy Council with the rallying words, "What's all this nervousness I find in Berlin?", he promptly snubbed Prince Max for venturing to express the opinion of the politicians:

"I am opposed to the offer", I said. His Majesty turned upon me and said, "The head of the army thinks it is necessary, and you are not here to make trouble for the head of the army."

The offer was made and events developed with dramatic swiftness. At first the Kaiser refused to abdicate, saying with a regal dignity the situation did not justify, "A descendant of Frederick the Great does not abdicate." The abdication followed without any warning, leaving the Social Democratic leaders floundering. Then Ebert comes on to the scene. In the words of Prince Max:

I asked Ebert whether he would accept the office of Chancellor. He replied: "It is a difficult office, but I will accept it."

The Foreign Secretary asked him: "Are you prepared to govern within the limits of the Constitution?"

Ebert affirmed this. Then Solf asked: "But within the limits of the Monarchist Constitution?"

Ebert's reply was: "Yesterday I should have said 'yes' unconditionally, to this question. To-day I must first consult my friends."

Then I said: "Let us first decide the question of the Regency."

Ebert replied: "It is too late."

From behind him there echoed a chorus of his party colleagues: "Too late! Too late!"

Ludendorff, whom Prince Max always distrusted and eventually hated — "he thought only of his men" — is the evil genius of the falling German Empire. But for Ebert, the reluctant admiration of the departing Royalist Chancellor is plainly revealed:

I went between 5 and 6 to say good-bye to him.

Ebert said: "I beg you earnestly to remain."

I asked: "For what purpose?"

Ebert said: "I want you to remain as regent."

I had been urged to do this by my own former colleagues during the past few hours. But I replied to Ebert: "Mr. Ebert, I know that you're on the point of concluding an agreement with the Independent Socialists, and I cannot work together with Independent Socialists."

At the door I turned back. "Mr. Ebert, I beg you to have the interests of the Reich at heart."

He replied: "I have lost two sons for the sake of this Reich."

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

FOR an author who admittedly hates shop talk, Arthur Somers Roche was more revealing about his profession than most successful writers. He has running today four serials which certainly attest his diligence and creative faculties. His favorite sport is loafing, and he confesses that inventing excuses to keep from writing is his greatest vice. But he definitely sets aside four or five hours of the day — when he is in Florida he seldom works after noon — to dictating his stories. This he accomplishes by looking over his typist's shoulder and revising as he goes. "I couldn't revise afterward. I'd be too bored." The concentration required for an almost perfect first draft leaves him pretty limp at the end of his day's stint. He sat relaxed in a big chair at the Plaza, a humorous, rather medium sized man, with an eyeshade over his glasses. We had good Scotch scones and tea while he told me that, although he has been called a wizard at plot, he never knows what is going to happen to his characters when he starts a novel. This ought to be encouraging to those of you to whom plot is anathema. "I make my people do something, of course, and I think I know when to linger, when to accelerate; but aside from that I really cannot tell you anything about writing. I do not avoid literary people, but I do not seek them out. I think literature should be practised and not discussed. There are few writers in Palm Beach, and Mrs. Roche and the two boys are there to swim with me, so I am protected from literary powwows." Mrs. Roche in beige satin, crowned with black chrysanthemum hair, and smiling at us from dark mischievous eyes, came in after a Saturday matineé. They were in New York for three weeks before they moved on. This time they did not know where they would vacation — perhaps Honolulu, perhaps not. The boys had decided for themselves — it would be Mr. Hearst's ranch for them, with the Hearst twins. For Mr. Roche, anywhere that isn't New York. He liked it in his reportorial days, but now a few weeks a year, in which to make new writing contracts and close old ones, are sufficient.

I put "Gossip Shop" at the top of my sheet and, whether or not I have been in the mood while approaching Jenny Remington, those two words have a psychological effect. Today, however, seems harder than usual, for the travel editor has placed a sheaf of lilacs on my desk. There is nothing which so reminds me of the freedom of childhood as the fragrance of lilacs. I should really like to be — but it is no use being bitter about the city. Inez Haynes Irwin has gone to New England, leaving Will Irwin behind to finish his New York book. Also his huge book of the motion picture industry. When I last saw them he had just done with a piece of fiction, a fantasia about a mythical kingdom and a flapper princess, and Mrs. Irwin was correcting the manuscript of her younger generation novel. They both claim the distinction of writing books about youth and never once mentioning the y. g. Bravo! I asked Mrs. Irwin where she got her material — a stupid question but fair enough from one who never comes in contact with anyone

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under twenty and does not know where to turn for a new angle on adolescence. "Partly divination, partly my nieces and nephews", she answered. "I know I must be careful of their slang, no matter how much I know instinctively of their emotional experiences. I keep my ears open in the theatre when I hear young people talking at matinées and I always think anyone who bares his life's secret in a theatre deserves to be used as copy." While Mrs. Irwin is in awe of the new girl — and she admits there is a new girl — she loves her for her frankness and her self sufficiency. She herself was a shy person in her teens, hence she is filled only with admiration for the sixteen-year-old who knows how to lay out a policeman and where the very best food is to be found when she comes in from school for a weekend in the city. Like Mr. Roche, Mrs. Irwin dictates, but unlike him, she makes many revisions. She has found that dictating corrects errors in dialogue. She hears one of her flappers saying, "I admonished him against being so intoxicated again", and once the sentence is on the air she realizes her blunder. "If I could afford it I'd engage two or three stenographers. Think of all the work I could accomplish in a day." Mr. Irwin displayed with pride his latest inheritance — oil paintings of his grandmother and his grandfather. He is like this grandfather — the same unruly hair and kindly contours of face appear in the portrait of his ruddy ancestor. Some day when I get statistical I'll compile a book on authors who have been newspaper men or lawyers. Mr. Irwin, of course, was a reporter and so we talked of journalism. The newspaper story of today cannot be compared with the newspaper story of his day, when rhetoric was recognized and reporters were encouraged to write. Criticism,

Virginia Woolf, whose new novel is reviewed in this issue

however, is on a higher plane. There are few newspapers now that make up book columns from book jackets and publishers' blurbs. Reporters' and editors' salaries remain as they were years ago, in spite of the new scale of living; there seems to be a convention about starving newspaper men. Will Irwin has, of course, a new novel brewing but he would not reveal the plot because "talking a thing over too much makes it stale before you even get it on paper. I, of course, love to talk, but I sometimes wish I were like Arnold Bennett. He is a very poor conversationalist. Never says anything. Everything seems to pour into him and pour out again through his pen." It was so gay to sit in the cool tall rooms of the Irwins' house and listen to them, I hope they never decide to seal their lips.

James Warner Bellah on his way to Tucson, Hollywood, Shanghai, and points west graciously stepped into the Shop for a chat. He is off to investigate commercial aviation throughout the world, after a year in which he published fifteen short stories in the magazines — "The Saturday Evening

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Post", "Collier's", and "College Humor" among them — and his first novel, "These Frantic Years". One novel has been destroyed — his very first — and his next published one will concern London before and after the Armistice. That's pretty general, but it's all he would say about his writing. He used to live next door to Cyril Hume in New Rochelle, and he belonged to those protégés of Professors John Erskine and Raymond Weaver — Henry Morton Robinson, Corey Ford, Cornell Woolrich, David Cort. Those weren't literary days or literary associations — they were bumming days and nights with a favorite restaurant run by a Russian admiral as the mise en scène. Bellah used to be an aviator, and he and Elliott Springs swap stories of their war experiences. Elliott Springs has a warm champion, in fact a fiery one, in Mr. Bellah, who will fight anyone who suggests that "War Birds" is not authentic. This is the aviator's diary in which Captain Springs figured and which he is supposed to have sponsored for publication. Mr. Bellah says you can go out on the streets of New York at any time and find thirty men to corroborate every word of it. He is somewhere in the vicinity of six feet, with light hair, eyes, and mustache. He smiles attractively, like a Pebeco advertisement, when stories of Columbia days four years ago come to his mind. Whenever during their last semester a serious discussion of the careers of these embryo writers arose, a cynical friend of mine and his used to yell from a nearby table: "Applesauce! You'll all be selling bonds in two months."

At this time of year, when the air is filled with talk of vacations, the travel editor feels a kinship with the famous chameleon who found himself on a plaid. Inspired by the sight of Frank Schoonmaker's "Through Europe on Two Dollars a Day", she began brushing up her French, aided and abetted by Professor Grosjean's "L'Europe en Zigzag". In the midst of her struggles, however, she went native, so to speak, as the result of hearing a lecture by Chinquilla, a member of the Cheyenne tribe of Indians of Montana and national head of the Daughters of Sacajawea. This most captivating person, who has a delightful sense of humor, caused a group of staid Phi Beta Kappas to hang their heads in shame when she asked those members who had heard of Sacajawea to raise their hands. Sacajawea, it appears, was the Indian woman who acted as guide to the Lewis and Clark expedition. Chinquilla is bending her energies toward obtaining for this pioneer heroine proper recognition in American history textbooks. She is also working toward the creation of a national holiday to be known as "Indian Day". Our travel editor is all for more and better holidays, whatever the cause. A letter from Grant Overton describing the little adobe house which he and his wife will occupy in Santa Fe for the coming year has increased her desire to go west. What to do? To add to her dilemma Ben J. Lubschez, fellow of the American Institute of Architects, sends along his handsome book of photographs of "Manhattan, the Magical Island". After looking at these extraordinarily beautiful reproductions, with their clever use of light and shade and column shafts, our restless member has come to the conclusion that New York, after all, offers rare opportunities for the sightseer. The subject of travel reminds me that no book since "The Peach's Progress" — coming, as it did, in the midst of the Browning farce — has created such a stir in this office, by

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its mere title, as "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars". This novel of Maurice Dekobra which has enjoyed great popularity in Europe has now been frowned on by Boston. Such action should help to boost its already large sales hereabouts.

A friend of mine in a more or less literary business was looking for a literary secretary. "John Erskine comes in here and announces himself and is asked who he is, what he wants, if he has an appointment; while the other day when Woods Morrison appeared there was pandemonium in the office and he was bowed in without a moment's hesitation." That's what comes of being an author-cinema actor. The author of "Road's End" submitted his novel under the name of "Woods Morrison" so that it might ride on its own merits, which it did by being accepted at once. He wrote it between parts in Hollywood, and like Topsy it "just growed". We lunched at the Crillon and talked about his next novel. It will be a motion picture story; its title originally was "Black April", until Julia Peterkin's novel made its début. That lady, by the way, writes that we must have confused her farm with the area covered by the Mississippi flood. Seventy five thousand acres, while really nothing for a ranch, apparently is quite a spacious plantation. I think I was quoting Tim Coward, and of course everyone knows that purveyors of publicity are not always veracious. Eyebrowpencil danced one evening at Paul Whiteman's with Mrs. Peterkin's son and almost dropped over from sheer joy at hearing him, when asked if he were still in the university, answer in a quiet southern drawl: "Ah'm a fahmah." James Woods Morrison is a motion picture actor, early Vitagraph. Whereas Harriette Underhill's favorite star for this week is William Boyd, the travel editor has admired Mr. Morrison for twenty years. He doesn't, however, look much past twenty even now. He is still enthusiastic, amused, unspoiled. He has promised his publishers to visit bookshops where, they assure him, he will be recognized and welcomed. This he can scarcely believe. He says that the most terrifying publicity, and the most useless, is appearing "in person" at a theatre. He was still doubtful, even after my persuasions, of the value of inflicting himself on booksellers.

Woods Morrison

The Booksellers' Convention in New York has been most heigh-ho. At least their luncheon on the twelfth of May is reported to have been a successful and amusing affair of flying celery and olives, flowers tossed from the speakers' table to the lady booksellers who were gracing the convention for the first time, and scandalous remarks broadcast over the radio by Stephen Graham, the giant elf, who takes such pleasure in compromising authors in

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public addresses. Dr. Finley, the toastmaster, decorated the novelist-tramper with the bronze medal *A la Sainte Terre*. Don Marquis read the whole of "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith", which our own Stanley Rinehart has parodied so amusingly for the BOOKMAN staff in his poem which begins: "A. F. and J. F. and S. M. R.". Carl Sandburg's *cendré* head was the envy of the lady booksellers. He has apparently given up reciting his poetry, though his hair is still long. Dwight Franklin, who collects engineer songs and western cowboy pieces, in addition to pirate lore, has the only record Sandburg ever made, "The Boll-weevil" and three Negro spirituals. Sandburg's voice reproduces full and rich and thrilling. Lawrence Rising of "Overtaken" read a beautifully prepared paper on the Orient and need not have been abashed that he was not a born speaker. Margaret Widdemer said that the literature of escape is passing away and the time has come when we may look for novels describing marriage as a possible means of happiness. It was a poetic luncheon, ending with a final poem by Dr. Finley "On a Bookworm". My scouts have not reported on the subsequent banquet, but authors and readers should be cheered that the people who have "covered the United States selling books" are lively enough to make things fly at their conventions.

A first novel by a nineteen year old girl from Brookline, Massachusetts, is announced for the summer months. "Children of the Wind" by Doris Peel is supposed to reveal a maturity which eclipses that of the famed Sylvia Thompson. Miss Peel drifted over from England via Canada. Cleone Knox stays in her Irish castle and pokes fun at Ireland in her latest book of burlesque biographies. She is, from her pictures, rangy and full of fun, and still writes as one of her age usually does. Cornell Woolrich — age twenty one — who has won the First National Pictures-College Humor prize of $10,000 for "Children of the Ritz", speaks up like Willie Baxter: "The following spring while I was recovering from an illness that kept me out of school six months I did 'Cover Charge' and that novel came out a full year after that, when I was twenty. There's absolutely nothing else, except that writing is the most important and wonderful thing in the world." It seems to me that authors are going serious, to an alarming degree. Louis Golding writes of his next novel "The Miracle Boy": "I have lived it, slept it, dreamed it, done nothing else at all during the last month or two and I feel like a captive princess rescued from the devouring dragon." To Mr. Golding's current book Gene Tunney refuses to lend his name. "Frankly, my reaction to the book is not propitious", says the prizefighter. And that's that!

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant lives in one of the nicest parts of New York that there exists to live in; way over in the East Fifties, whence is obtained an excellent prospect of the East River. What is more, she lives in an apartment which used to belong to Stark Young, and he had a lovely Italianate tan spread over the walls. Miss Sergeant had every reason in the world to be curt with me, for she was leaving the next day for Bermuda and had a million things to do; besides, she was just recovering from a particularly nasty taxi accident in which one of the advance copies of her new book "Fire under the Andes" had been involved. But for all that she was very kind indeed, and gave me an especially grand

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sort of tea, and muffins with lots of butter. And she talked to me about Pauline Lord and Amy Lowell and Robert Frost, and all the people she had put into her book. The nicest bits of gossip cannot be repeated, but if this paragraph manages to convey the impression it is meant to, you will consider yourself blessed far beyond your deserts if you are ever so fortunate as to meet Miss Sergeant.

There have been several tragic deaths this month in the families of literary friends — tragic because so much of youth has been given to the spring. Let me quote, in memory of Michael Kilmer, his mother's "Tribute". Aline Kilmer has written many poems to Michael, but this one from "Vigils" stands out strangely prophetic:

Deborah and Christopher brought me dandelions,
Kenton brought me buttercups with summer on their breath,
But Michael brought an autumn leaf, like lacy filigree,
A wan leaf, a ghost leaf, beautiful as death.

Death in all loveliness, fragile and exquisite,
Who but he would choose it from all the blossoming land?
Who but he would find it where it hid among the flowers?
Death in all loveliness, he laid it in my hand.

A picture comes to my mind of Sabatini in the snowy Alps with his children — children who shared his adventures, were vigorous, sturdy, and fresh. Now word comes that his son has been killed in an automobile accident in Wales. And Emily Price Post has lost one of her sons, a young doctor.

Seeing "Chang" reminds me that James Oliver Curwood has been on a snake hunt. He has just returned from the Florida Everglades, where he had a glorious hunting trip, including alligators. He came back with a snake bite which wasn't serious and didn't dampen his enthusiasm a bit. Anice Page Cooper wants to know if I shouldn't like to hunt snakes — she would. And the answer is "No!" I'd rather hunt monkeys. My favorite screen actor of 1927 is Bimbo, the comedian in "Chang", but the honors are divided between Bimbo, the white monkey, and the bear cub whose mother treated him so roughly. "Chang" is an epic of the screen, one which you do not begrudge any amount of money in the making. The incredible beauty of an enraged tiger — never encountered in the zoo — has been brought from the jungle to the motion picture theatre, transforming life into a breathless excitement of awe and terror. The author of "Glitter" was seen at Mr. deMille's first night with Ann Watkins. Katharine Brush is young and vivid, and has joined those ranks of youth whose work is sought after by the pictures. Not long ago, the editor of "College Humor" took me to lunch and poured out his troubles, the troubles of a fiction magazine editor. There was another instalment of a Katharine Brush serial due. That lady was in a hospital somewhere having her appendix removed. Her agent was in Hollywood disposing of her novel. Mr. Swanson was in a panic. . . . At the aforementioned opening of "The King of Kings" Charles Beahan was busy speaking to authors and critics. I could not corral him long enough to introduce THE BOOKMAN'S critic, Larry Barretto. We agreed that the picture was fine with the exception of the "sequins sequence", in which Mary Magdalene looked just like an oldtime movie vamp. You don't run across them often, and it certainly was a shock to find one in the Passion Play. The visualization of "The King of

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Kings" proved to be the familiar pictures to be found in all Sunday School Bibles. This was effective and beautiful, and not without its emotional subtlety.

At last the Whoops sisters, dear to readers of "The New Yorker", make their bow in a book written and illustrated by their father, Peter Arno. I am charmed to learn, as a result of perusing "Whoops, Dearie!", that their names are Mrs. Flusser and Pansy Smiff. Also, that beneath their strange exteriors beat hearts of gold. Will Rogers furnishes a perfect guidebook in "There's Not a Bathing Suit in Russia, and Other Bare Facts". For those who haven't time to read the entire study we quote the masterly postscript which sums up the Russian situation in politics, art, and what not:

P. S. Now I have told you all about Russia, but the best way I can describe Russia to you is, Russian men wear their shirts hanging outside their pants. WELL, ANY NATION THAT DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO STICK THEIR SHIRT TAIL IN WILL NEVER GET ANYWHERE.

Perhaps you are now discouraged from visiting Russia and prefer France. H. McCarty-Lee furnishes first aid with his "France on Ten Words a Day". It can be read either for information or for hilarious entertainment. For instance:

So-so — *Ça marche* (*sah marsh* — with a slight shrug). Don't bother to learn complicated ways of committing your health to the indifferent inquirer. *Ça marche* will always satisfy him and is very colloquial.

You speak English very well — *Vous parlez anglais très bien*. . . . It doesn't really matter how badly you say this so long as you add corresponding layers of admiration. It at once releases you of all obligations to stumble on in French. The correct retort of a French gentleman (and it is a good test whether he is one!) is: "Oh! Oh no!" — and a flash of pleased white — "I speek vair leetle word 'Mureecain!" And then you sort of push each other away with "But really!" (in any language) until you are quite safe again!

Grandpa Benchley, as pictured by Gluyas Williams in "The Early Worm"

Robert Benchley greets the summer season, appropriately enough, with "The Early Worm". He begins with "A Talk to Young Men: Graduation Address on 'The Decline of Sex'", and plays about such diverse matters as Paul Revere, Mussolini, the old fashioned Christmas, life in the Ritz Tenement, Louis Dot Dope, Weber and Fields, and "The World of Grandpa Benchley". After a learned disquisition on the invention of the Christmas card by one Ferderber in a moment of embarrassing impoverishment at Yuletide, Mr. Benchley proceeds to relate how the thing began to grow out of all logical proportion:

It became impossible to read all these cards, and finally even to open them. Great stacks of unopened envelopes covered desks and hall tables throughout the country. Some of the wealthier citizens had chutes built on the outside of their houses into which the post men dumped the cards and by means of which they were conveyed direct to the furnace. The poorer people,

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unable to convert their mail matter into fuel in this manner, unable sometimes to clear away a path from their front door to the street, often starved to death before their provisions could be got to them. . . .

They say that beneath gay humor runs a vein of bitter reality. Can this be a prophetic vision?

Henry Beston is at work on his nature epic. I have seen several chapters and am looking forward to this volume of great beauty. His latest letter tells of spending an afternoon watching the herring run up Weymouth Brook into Whitmans Pond. They were actually so thick in the brook, he could stand on the edge and, reaching down, pick out enough fish for supper. Mr. Beston leads an extraordinary and idyllic life on the coast of Massachusetts. His correspondence is a thrilling account of the drama of the elements — storms, shipwrecks, the tide, birds, the first light breathing of a spring dawn. From Boston comes news of a sea story which has won a $2,000 prize. The great granddaughter of Commodore John Rodgers, Cornelia Meigs, has written the book considered most suitable for inclusion in "The Beacon Hill Bookshelf for Boys and Girls". The author of "Master Simon's Garden", "Rain on the Roof", "The Pool of Stars", and now "The Trade Wind" is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, has taught school, and lives in Keokuk, Iowa. She keeps her papers and manuscripts in John Rodgers's little green sea chest that went with him to the wars and back again, and says that whenever she takes up her pen to write the old Commodore seems to whisper in her ear: "Let it be about ships." Harper's Bookshop for Boys and Girls opened the middle of May on Park Avenue and Fifty Seventh Street. A printing press which had seen service in producing Harper books was found and installed in the shop. They plan to put it to use in printing original work of boys and girls. There is also a Grandmothers' Section, devoted to books that have been favorites for many years. Anne Parrish, Claude G. Leland, and of course Anne Carroll Moore, who must know more of children's books than anyone in the world, were guests of honor.

As a project, I believe "The Conning Tower Book", which apparently has come to be an annual event, just like Doran's "Minister's Manual", is not altogether adequate. I concede that F. P. A. is a singular judge of verse and perhaps the most assiduous scout in this broad land. But why should "The Second Conning Tower Book" include nothing but verse? Verse, I maintain, does not represent the Tower in all its glory. Personally, I am a bit disappointed when I beat an old lady to a seat, unfold the "World" to its column page, and find that Adams has filled his space with poems. I like them, and I will read them, even if he himself is on the air, but the poems are not the bits that have endeared F. P. A. to the hearts of easterners and gained for him a reputation as America's most reliable columnist. It would be much to my liking if the "Conning Tower" books would include, for example, his assortment of typographical errors, or his puns and parodies. These would not detract from the poetry but they would certainly add to the savor of the book. As for the poetry which comprises "The Second Conning Tower Book", nothing need be said. It is original, witty, ranging in quality from the profoundly good to representative American verse. F. P. A. has taught his young contributors to write of the day, of its incidents, its machines, its

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fatuities. His collection of verse is an eloquent revolt against roses, and much to my taste. Take this titbit, "A Tabloid Reporter to His City Editor":

> Lord of assignments, where today
> Do I turn my steps in search of prey
> For the presses, slumbering now,
> Below?

Yet the anthology is catholic, and it includes also stuff of the mellifluous sort. With the verse, I say, there is no quarrel, but "The Conning Tower Book" should give us also the whims and wheezes of the man who produces it.

I am pleased to record that my taste in poetry is not appreciably different from that of some of our younger poets with whom I have had the joy of talking. We are agreed, it seems, that only a meagre portion of what is being written will live or, indeed, was ever born. It may be that these fellows have reference to the works of others and never include their own in these conversations; it may be that they are jealous of those who are making verse no better than their own. I know only that there is an amiable market for verse, that a book of poems is like any other *biblica:* one likes to have it around the house and use it on guests or turn to it for occasional solace and encouragement. I heard last evening of a young family who enjoy the poetry of Clement Wood; the wife lines off the stuff while the husband and guest bounce a rubber ball to each other. Poetry is friendly and serves varied ends, as this instance attests. As long as there are pleasing passages in any one book, it rates the library table.

A great many of those who sally forth to confute Mr. Mencken make the sad mistake of quoting him in their own pieces. Even the late Mr. Sherman fell into this error — an error as fatal as it is inept, for Mencken is first and foremost a craftsman of words, and when he has said a thing it is craftily and impressively said. Statements selected from his writings stand out with shapely strength when they are clothed in quotation marks and they generally make a better showing than the writing of the man who quotes them. Hence, I find a much more agreeable medium of handling Mencken in the hands of Joseph B. Harrison, who has just written "A Short View of Menckenism in Menckenese". Here the professor is on safe ground, for he shows a curious mastery of style and the result of his own critique is quite as glorious as though Mencken had written an essay on Harrison. After surveying Mencken's view of the pedagogues, Harrison goes on to say of himself:

> It little behooves a mere private in the rear rank of these academic goosesteppers to challenge this pronunciamento with either a pooh or a bah.

Referring to Prof. Dr. Phelps, Prof. Dr. Babbitt, Prof. Dr. More, Harrison asks:

> Is it necessary to dispose of these upstarts again? Who are these birchmen, with their efforts to apply the Espionage Act to the Arts, and their insistence that the artist is not a reporter but a Great Teacher? Who are these fantods who seek to bring Theodore Dreiser and James Branch Cabell under the campus pump? Are they critics? Then what is a critic, in God's name?

Harrison shows himself and the reader a royal good time — all the whigmaleeries of showy writing with a certain change of viewpoint. His pamphlet (one of the University of Washington Chapbooks) is slight, but it is loud, and I believe that many and many a reader will find it as funny as the advertisements of "Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book".

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

R. F. ALFRED HOERNLÉ sent us his manuscript from the S. S." Majestic", on his way to Johannesburg, South Africa, where he is located at the University of Witwatersrand. In addition to being a distinguished philosopher, he is particularly interested in race problems and is an authority on relationships between the black and white races. BEN LUCIEN BURMAN has just returned from a long and, he informs us, exceptionally pleasant sojourn in Italy. His verses have been published here and there, and in addition you may have seen them encircling pottery bowls and vases. This last circumstance raised a perplexing question of copyright. ALEXANDER KAUN is a professor of Slavic languages and literatures at the University of California, and is the author of many books. He recently returned from a trip to Europe, where he spent a summer with Maxim Gorky at Sorrento, and several months in Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Jugoslavia. He is an authority on Gorky, and is preparing a book on that dynamic personality. VALERIE KAUN, his wife, who illustrates his article, is a sculptor and painter.

GERTRUDE MATHEWS SHELBY organized her own expedition by boat into the tropical jungle to observe the native women. Leaving Paramaribo on the Surinam River, she went down the Saramacca to the sea, around the Bank, and up the Copename River, a region it was said no white woman had ever penetrated. For a fortnight she lived in a palm thatched hut on the edge of a Carib Indian village, studying the women at their varied and difficult daily tasks. At present she is working on a novel dealing with the Mississippi. KATHERINE BURTON, wife of the editor of "McCall's", writes verse in such time as she can take from the care of her Long Island home and her three charming children. J. FRAZIER VANCE, since his graduation from Princeton, has been associated in and about publishing houses or newspapers or magazines. In collaboration with his wife, he has been doing a series of very popular short stories for children which have been appearing in "John Martin's Book". He is also at work on what it is rumored will be a successful novel. He lives in a house in Greenwich Village which is 140 years old. What is more, he maintains that he is always in bed by midnight.

HECTOR BOLITHO is a talented young Englishman of twenty seven who has edited newspapers in Africa, Australia, England, and New Zealand. He has written three travel books, and his first novel, "Solemn Boy", is to be published early this autumn. He is now living at Windsor Castle, and collaborating with the Dean of Windsor in a variety of works. STEWART H. HOLBROOK lives in Portland, Oregon, and is the editor of "The Lumber News". He has worked in logging camps and on river drives both in the northeast and in the Pacific northwest, and has contributed articles, usually on loggers or logging, to "The Century", "The American Mercury", and "Sunset". KATHARINE HOPKINS CHAPMAN hails from Selma, Alabama. She is known for the talks on authors and on the technique of writing which she has delivered before colleges, chautauquas, and literary clubs.

HOMER DYE, JR., is so reticent about himself that we are hard put to it to tell only the truth about him. All we do know for fact is that he is from Missouri and that, after a varied newspaper career, he is dividing his time between advertising work and writing. DOROTHY DOW is well known as a charming person and as a poet with the true lyric gift. She is married to Dr. Fitzgerald, lives in Chicago, is very fond of football, and dislikes the works of Mr. Harold Bell Wright. GRANT OVERTON has gone to Santa Fe for a year, and Manhattan is the sadder for his leaving. While he is out there he is going to revise "The Women Who Make Our Novels" for Dodd, Mead, and it is whispered

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that he is to do a novel for Doran's. JOSEPHINE E. ROBERTS is a teacher of English. She is a graduate of Oberlin and has studied at Harvard.

HERBERT GORMAN is finishing a novel with the provocative title of "The Place Called Dagon". H. C. BARROWES-DONALD lives in New Jersey, where he writes a number of very good poems and whence he sends them out to the magazines. He has had verses published in many periodicals. LARRY BARRETTO has retired to the country. He comes into town, rather reluctantly we feel, to see a play or two every now and then in order to gather together data for "The New Yorker". CHARLES NORMAN also has been rusticating up in New York State, where he has finished what is rumored to be an excellent novel. WILL CUPPY, inspired by the approach of summer and the clean-up-week slogans, recently employed some of the husky coast guards among whom he lives to clear up the rubbish which had accumulated round about his rustic cabin. They did a good job of it; but what was his surprise, on stepping out to enjoy the immaculate neatness of his front steps, to discover that they had effected this revolution by carefully depositing the débris at the back of the house. Mr Cuppy does not divulge his remarks on the subject.

GORHAM B. MUNSON has been giving a course on American literature at the New School for Social Research, and will continue next fall with lectures on American prose writing. He is now working on a biography of Robert Frost for the Murray Hill Biography Series. STEPHEN GRAHAM has finished "New York Nights", on which he is now an authority. It will be published this autumn as a companion volume to his well known "London Nights". HENRY A. LAPPIN writes us: "Now that summer vacation is at hand, and the last of the examination papers, duly evaluated, is projected toward the wastebasket, I am looking forward to a summer without teaching, the first in years, fifteen miles from the nearest classroom or lecture platform."

Another contributor who doubtless is preparing to enjoy his summer vacation is WOODBRIDGE RILEY, of the department of philosophy at Vassar.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

HENSHAW WARD, whose "Evolution for John Doe" was an event of a recent season, seems to have clicked again with the needs of the layman in his "Exploring the Universe" (Bobbs-Merrill), a fascinating opus about the next to incredible discoveries of recent science. If you don't care for Mr. Ward's game of "exploring molecules (in a drop of water) on a magic carpet" on the ground that it sounds too much like charades, you may sit in simple dignity and gape at the swarm of universes in the astronomy chapter, read how your right arm leads its life, ponder the strange doings of the Mendelian pea, go in for relativity or a dozen other important branches of learning, including the radio, all of which are lucidly explained in language suitable for all but the most backward of us. More exciting still, if your bent be at all philosophical, you should be able to figure out the answer to the author's startling question, "Is the egg matter or spirit?" The best of it is that Mr. Ward is a first rate guide who knows whereof he speaks.

In "Ballads of the Singing Bowl" Marjorie Allen Seiffert (Scribner) writes with moderate skill of topics both imaginative and commonplace; she can bear us with equal ease to the world of the ancient Nile and to that of a modern housekeeper; she displays no ecstatic burst of lyric passion, but has a simplicity that at times is effective and at times approaches the simplicity of bald prose. On the whole, her book is a very readable one, and reveals the author earnestly trying to express experiences and imaginings of an engaging but unpretentious type.

P. T. Barnum's autobiography preceded by many years the "confessions" which form so large a part of the popular literature of today. The reported sales of half a million copies of the showman's life would indicate that colorful revelations were just as popular then as now. The various editions of the circus man's book have been assembled and condensed as "Barnum's Own Story" by Waldo R. Browne (Viking). The earlier chapters, taken from an edition printed when Barnum was unregenerately proud of his humbugs, are amusing and picturesque. As Barnum grew more prosperous, he toned down his misdeeds and let his press agents write new editions. The latter chapters show the result.

Even Frederick the Great wrote letters, and his favored correspondent seems to have been Voltaire. The correspondence is now brought together in "Letters of Voltaire and Frederick the Great" (Brentano) with an introduction by Edmund Gosse. The letters do not read like those penned by the illustrious Zelide, yet the reader of historical background finds them to throw interesting light on the thought and action of the eighteenth century. The period covered is, roughly, from 1736 to 1778, years lacking in neither color nor event. Is it a moral obligation to one's times to write letters and preserve them? The reader lays down the book with an emphatic affirmative.

There is a parlor game known as "truth" in which the participants dispense with polite social lies for the duration of the sport. Since, however, the verities have a way of being unpleasant, this is an almost infallible way to spoil a party. M. André Tardieu, conscious that hard feelings already exist, has played "truth" in "France and America" (Houghton Mifflin). Published simultaneously in France and America, it was designed to inform his compatriots that Americans are neither philanthropic crusaders redeeming the debt of Lafayette nor yet barbarous vulgarians playing Shylock. Americans may learn that the French are neither a gay people fond of light wine nor wholly a tight

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fisted peasantry who believe that a death in the family wipes out all debts. King Canute probably had a better chance of achieving his object than has Captain Tardieu of repelling the waves of misunderstanding, but the attempt in this case is interesting.

Stuart Sherman never became lost in eddies and backwaters, and "The Main Stream" (Scribner), his posthumously published collection of essays on books and writers, is appropriately titled. Mr. Sherman was convinced that "the full rush of living waters comes from the past" and in the present volume shows himself a critic based on precedent rather than conjecture. He perceived, however, the "vital congruity" of many of the so called moderns, and in these essays and reviews points his convictions as to the permanent value of the various component parts of the contemporary spectacle. The individual chapters, which cover such writers as Thomas Jefferson, Sandburg, Mark Twain, Beebe, Ring Lardner, Dean Briggs, Dreiser, Beer, Llewelyn Powys, Anatole France, and Edith Wharton, appeared originally in "Books", the literary supplement which he edited to such advantage for the New York "Herald-Tribune".

Dr. Morris Fishbein is still convinced that the establishment of a medical Utopia is a remote possibility at best, and has followed his earlier book, built on a similar premise, with "The New Medical Follies" (Boni, Liveright). Dr. Fishbein turns the spotlight of his semi-critical, semi-amused observation on such seeming absurdities as the beauty parlor, rejuvenation, dietary fads, psychoanalysis, and physical therapy, and concludes that "of all the nations of the world the United States is the most afflicted by its healers". Beneath a layer of mild satire, he marshals a host of staunch facts and the reader, after a few preliminary shocks, decides in the future to apply the common sense test to all matters pertaining to health, beauty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Lord Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India, lends himself well to the uses of a biographer. A man of parts, including wit and humanness, his career which has been going on for only fifty three years in all shines with such titles as Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Rector of Glasgow University, High Steward of Oxford University, the youngest Lord High Chancellor of modern times, and his present office. A man well worth writing about and reading about, too, in the volume "Lord Birkenhead" (Doran) by Ephesian, though the most interested readers will probably be Englishmen. One thing about Lord Birkenhead is sure to appeal to Americans, however, and that is the fact that he was born F. E. Smith and is selfmade. When he became an Earl and it was fitting that he assume a crest, he chose for its inscription, "Faber Meæ Fortunæ (The Smith of My Own Fortune).

Happily free from its author's customary alarmist tendencies, "Re-Forging America: The Story of Our Nationhood" by Lothrop Stoddard (Scribner) is a profoundly lucid and exhaustive study of our country's growth from colonial times to the present day. The work lays stress upon such calamities, and their retarding effects upon national progress, as the Civil War, Reconstruction, undesirable immigration, factors in large measure responsible for the complexities of the contemporary Negro problem, the unassimilable foreign elements in our population, and the strife sowing alien. Dr. Stoddard sees no imminent menace to our security in radicalism, nor any likelihood of our disruption through internal racial conflict. That these dangers exist, though but remotely, he recognizes, and offers practical remedies for reducing their influences to the minimum.

In "The Outline of Sanity" (Dodd, Mead) Mr. Chesterton presents his traditional point of view with his well known cleverness, humor, and charm. The book is as interesting to follow as any of his because of the excitement in discovering the relevancy of apparently irrelevant relationships and examples. But while Mr. Chesterton, as usual, can make his reader believe anything that he chooses to tell him, the reader leaves with a basic disbelief and suspicion. What are we told? That man has become a machine, because the state is taking away his individuality which

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is grounded in property and the pride of possession. Mr. Chesterton argues that those who are content to see the instinct for private ownership of property atrophied will in time be ready to see legs and arms amputated. Perhaps the next stage, he suggests, will be for man to stand on one leg instead of two. "And this will be of very great value to the capitalist or bureaucratic powers that are now to take charge of him. It will mean, for one thing, that only half the number of boots need be supplied to the working classes. It will mean that all wages will be of the one-legged sort."

The novelist and poet, Lee Wilson Dodd, in his study of psychoanalytical theory, "The Golden Complex: A Defense of Inferiority" (Day), expounds the view that Freudian and Adlerian doctrines have been of inestimable aid to humanity in the quest for deeper self understanding. He points conspicuous instances of great men who harbored a "feeling of inferiority" — St. Francis of Assisi, Byron, Poe, Hawthorne, Whitman — and thrived upon it, but does not exclude the average of us from deriving benefit through that same spiritual quality. Mr. Dodd advances his heartening speculations brilliantly and persuasively, but with the occasional use of reasoning contrary to fundamental truths of psychology.

Scarcely anyone else, save the great gods of literature, has such a power of continually reappearing upon the horizon and creating renewed enthusiasm as has Jane Austen. Every attempt to recreate her arouses curiosity among all to whom she is not simply a name. Owen Johnson could ridicule her "Emma book", and authors of our wild western tales may marvel that anyone now living can possibly be interested in the gentle old spinster who wrote about the dead and gone events of rural English life. But "the tender grace of a day that is dead" still moves to strange yearnings minds not wholly materialized; and so long as this continues such a book as the "Memoir of Jane Austen" (Oxford), written by her nephew, James Edward Austen-Leigh, will be welcomed and carefully put upon the bookshelf to be read again.

Not everybody who deals with the Victorian theme can or would be a Strachey, least of all Arthur A. Baumann who, in his volume of biographical portraits, "The Last Victorians" (Lippincott), cries, "I am a Victorian Tory, naked and unashamed." As he describes them, "Queen Victoria's Middle Years" are seen through glasses filmed with a reverence Strachey never knew. Yet the author's political bias does not alter the fact that his studies, ranging from Disraeli and Parnell to Asquith and Lord Grey, are essentially qualitative reactions written with frankness and engaging intimacy. Among the literary portraits, pen pictures of Anthony Trollope and Benjamin Jowett are especially good. The atmosphere and tradition of the period covered, in fact, are established with a warm, personal touch.

Clemence Dane always has something interesting to say, and usually says it wittily, with decision and plenty of emphasis. In this new volume of essays, which is avowedly a challenge to "The Women's Side" (Doran), she expresses her opinions on divorce and coeducation, on the folly of our easy going submission to "Petty Tyrannies", the especial contribution to religion made by this twentieth century, the business woman, the woman voter, and a few other matters — opinions which are all worth, not merely a hearing, but a good deal of consideration. Vividly written, the volume is one to stimulate discussion, the problems with which it deals being quite as perplexing to our United States as to Clemence Dane's own England.

Presenting the great principles of evolution in the smallest compressible space, and offering appropriate demonstration, is not an easy task. In a little book of the "Things-to-Know" series (Harper) Julian S. Huxley has done all that may be effected in his limited field of suggestion. "The Stream of Life" is clear and concise and — readable. Some of the other books in the series are "The Nature of Man" by George A. Dorsey; "The Age of the Earth" by Arthur Holmes, professor of geology at the University, Durham; and "Science of To-day" by Sir Oliver Lodge.

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In "Penelope and Other Poems" (Appleton), as in her previous works, Sister M. Madeleva shows herself to be the possessor of a genuine lyric talent. It is not a talent that is sweeping in range or that seems ever likely to strike a major note; but, within the bounds she has set for herself, the author can write with feeling and poignancy and sound an appealing chord of emotion and beauty. Certain of the poems touch upon religious themes, others deal with more personal topics that show no obvious relationship to religion; but in every case Sister Madeleva shows herself to be earnest in mood and sincere in expression as well as mistress of a technique that is adequate for her subject matter.

Cutting Lord Ernle's 1,200 "Letters and Journals" of Byron down to 116, and six volumes down to one of 300 pages, is the latest professorial child's play of the moment. V. H. Collins's "Lord Byron in His Letters" (Scribner), however, is an admirable book to possess; for, all in all, an admirable job has been done in invoking the shade of the world's most enviable egotist to deign to walk again in our unenviable midst. School and college, love to mother, assistance to Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, etc., pleasantest "damns" for "My Murray", many women, much calumny to go with fame and fickleness, Swiss, Venetian, Pisan, Genoan, and Grecian scenes, literary history, lovableness as well as mere love lore, social insight — great prose (careless, alive, biting) is here. As Macaulay thought, one of the very greatest letter writers in the language! For the average poetry lover, a necessary book.

Before John Erskine ever heard of Galahad or Helen he could tell an opera hat from a stovepipe. The same power of discrimination has set him apart as an essayist of more than usual force, and in "Prohibition and Christianity" (Bobbs-Merrill) he has succeeded in "defining some of the problems and aspects of American character today". The title of the book is badly chosen, for the essays cover subjects as widely differentiated as "Pagan Marriage" and "Going to High School". Yet Essayist Erskine need never bow before Novelist Erskine, and we should not be surprised if, when all the ladies of history and fable have been reclothed in their rightful minds, the critic should emerge triumphant.

Belonging frankly to the literature of information, "Spanish Alta California" (Macmillan) by Alberta Johnston Denis possesses something of inspiration as well, thanks to the author's obvious love for the materials with which she has worked. The volume is an unpretentious chronological account from the point of view of the Spaniards of the period, extending from the coming of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo in 1542 to the Mexican independence of 1822, when Alta California ceased to be a dependency of Spain. Scholarly use has been made of the standard books on California and of the old Spanish manuscripts available. For the general reader who craves many facts within a reasonably small compass.

One vainly protests against the doctrine of resurrection. While partizans of writers dead and gone survive, still will eager memorials be put out by an obliging press. "The Way of All Flesh" was being studied by moving picture directors a few years back, and many a weary reader in those corporations necessarily found it wonderful. But why bring its author into forcible notice now, in order to prove something which is not vitally essential to the progress of society— namely, that Samuel Butler did *not* mean all the ugly things he said about his own family in his books? "Samuel Butler and His Family Relations" (Dutton) is the vindication of an author whom nobody assails to such a degree that a fierce defense is called for. But it must be a satisfaction to Mrs. R. S. Garnett to feel that she has done everything possible to raise higher in the public estimation a writer who after all stands upon his work, not upon any reasons that lie back of it.

The more heavily the shadow of internationalism falls athwart the future, the more the races explain themselves to each other in the present. Vladimir Nosek's "The Spirit of Bohemia" (Brentano) is a competent what-was-and-is-what, and who-was-and-is-

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who in Czechoslovak history, music, and literature. All in all, though the national note may seem overstressed at times, it is probably the best Bohemia in a nutshell (cultural and historic) that the present day affords.

Writing to deny that geniuses are geniuses because they are insane, as often has been contended by alienists, Arthur C. Jacobson has brought forth "Genius" (Greenberg). Therein he has set down little more than long lists of geniuses who either were ravaged by at least one terrible disease or were addicted to alcohol. He declares geniuses are more apt to become insane than average people, but only because they are of a more nervous temperament. On the whole, this is a rather negligible volume unless one wishes to learn just which disease contributed to the art of one's favorite genius.

Edward L. Bernays has done a real service to the young American in search of practical advice anent choosing the profession or avocation best adapted to his own individual nature and qualifications. In "An Outline of Careers" (Doran) thirty eight individuals whose success in as many chosen fields is beyond question have outlined for these fields the essentials of demand and character which compel achievement, and pointed out the difficulties which prevent it. The careers considered range from "Accountancy" to "Transportation" and "Women in Careers". To mention only a few names which speak for themselves, "Agriculture" is considered by N. A. Crawford, Director of Information, U. S. D. A.; "Civil Service" by Professor David P. Barrows; "Engineering" by John Hays Hammond; "Literature" by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Motion Pictures" by Jesse F. Lasky; and "The Stage" by David Belasco.

Enter — with a big baton — London's Metropolitan Police, 1829–1927, in George Dilnot's "The Story of Scotland Yard" (Houghton Mifflin). If you are even a writer of Scotland Yard tales, a lawyer, banker, bootlegger, or "thief-taker", ferret out the book. This social history is timely,

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as well as slyly bumped off its typewriter; many a vivid anecdote of it betrays a Shakespearean — or at least Dickensian — fitness of colloquy and smoothness of writing.

"Nelson the Man" (Little, Brown), by A. Corbett-Smith, is an informal biography in the taste of our day. There is no needless jacket cry of "It reads like a novel"; it so obviously does. Essentially a romantic portrait study, its angle of consideration is neither that of Southey's class biography nor Captain Mahan's more modernly technical Life; yet it gives the general reader a dashing, colorful picture of the time as well as the man. Though the hero's pajama life is revealed with Georgian sentimentality, Lady Hamilton is not idealized, and Nelson's rôle as the cuckoo in Sir William Hamilton's Sicilian nest is properly subordinated to that of the hero, dominating the man-of-war's quarterdeck amid the battle smoke of English naval glory. Underlying the picturesque novelistic style is good historical documentation, and that quality which makes a great historical figure humanly outstanding.

The "Collected Poems of John G. Neihardt" (Macmillan) will go far toward confirming the author as one of the most accomplished of living American poets. The long narrative poems are among the most distinguished of recent years; the lyrics, while never departing from the traditional rhymes and rhythms, strike a firm and individual note; at the same time, they have a singing quality that will appeal to a wide audience. A lengthy review would be necessary if one were to comment upon all the qualities of Mr. Neihardt's poetry; all that one can say in a limited space is that the book is one that every lover of poetry will want to possess.

"The Life of Gotama the Buddha" (Dutton), rather than what the Western mind thinks of as biography, turns out to be mainly catechism. It is "compiled exclusively from the Pali Canon", and its author, E. H. Brewster, appears to have had very little to do with the making of it. His friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys-Davids and others, Englished it and wrote its introductory note. Such of its excellent parables, as "Reprimanding Cruelty" and "The Teacher as Way-shower", a part of universal wisdom, say no very great deal to the rank and file occidental mind.

Unpretentious, a pleasant book for an idle hour, Earl H. Reed's "The Silver Arrow and Other Indian Romances of the Dune Country" (Reilly, Lee) retells old legends of the aborigines of northwest Indiana and southwest Michigan in clear, graphic prose, with precedent lyrics by J. U. Nicolson. What gives the simple tales special flavor is a group of really beautiful drypoint etchings instinct with the spirit of the land and people described.

It would not be modest for THE BOOKMAN to speak too highly of "The Bookman Anthology of Verse", second series, edited by John Farrar (Doran). To praise this volume might be too much in the nature of self congratulation; accordingly, refraining from expressing our opinion of this collection, we confine ourselves to stating that it contains verse by poets so distinguished as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, David Morton, Richard Le Gallienne, George Sterling, Lizette Woodworth Reese, and others. The work of each poet is preceded by a chatty introduction by John Farrar, which in some cases reaches the generous length of a page or over.

"A Wiltshire Parson and His Friends" edited by Garland Greever (Houghton Mifflin) is a collection of letters which passed between William Lisle Bowles, a somewhat obscure clergyman poet of the early nineteenth century, and several well known men of that period including Southey, Moore, Sheridan, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others. Bowles's chief claim to present day fame is the influence he exerted on these men. Coleridge especially acknowledges his indebtedness to him through an early liking of his poems. With the exception of two, all the letters are here published for the first time, and at the end are four newly identified book reviews by Coleridge.

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by a loving hand in Arthur Symons's "Baudelaire: Prose and Poetry" (A. and C. Boni). There can be no doubt of the excellence of the familiar English renderings of the "Petite Poèmes en Prose", those *bagatelles laborieuses* which will remain fresh and alive in any language so long as men think and feel. Mr. Symons has not always avoided the fatal step from the sublime in his versions of "Les Fleurs du Mal", where the rhymes are sometimes horridly strained in spite of the workman's confessed freedom from stark literality. "Les Paradis Artificiels" remains its scented self in subtle prose with certain omissions explained in the preface, where as well are wise words — alas, too few — on the great French master. For many reasons a cherishable volume, this bible of the Decadence appears in handsome print with a binding appropriately tenebrous.

In his history of "Europe Since 1870" (Doubleday, Page) Edward Raymond Turner necessarily includes the United States since 1914. In the main he presents in a straightforward way the dominant ideas and trends which have swayed European political development since the Franco-Prussian War. There are numerous maps, bibliographies, and appendices. But the most sincere study of original documents does not lead to identical conclusions on the part of historians. Professor Turner, for instance, clings to the theory that, as regards the World War, "the factor most to be blamed was the German Empire". British historians of authority, not "sentimental reactionists", do not agree with him.

Literary mirrors of late years have reflected France, from one or another angle, more than well nigh any other land. "France" (Scribner) by Sisley Huddleston, in "The Modern World" series, like its companion volumes is a study of "the historical forces" which have made that country what she is today. It is a fair, thorough, sympathetic presentation of the political, economic, and intellectual factors involved. Book I (plus a chapter in Book II) takes the reader from the old French monarchy to Sedan; Book II thence to 1914; and Book III — with a clear showing of how the whole Versailles Treaty "hangs upon the peg of presumed German war guilt" — to France's problems of the hour. That the author knows his France and Frenchmen is authoritatively clear.

The essentials of Byron's life and career remain very much as we know them in Albert Brecknock's "Byron" (Appleton). As the subtitle — "A Study of the Poet in the Light of New Discoveries" — indicates, the image is not changed, but completed and made clearer in detail by what the author has been able to discover from new material since the publication of an earlier volume.

"The College Book of Verse" edited by Robert M. Gay (Houghton Mifflin) is a valuable collection, so far as those portions which keep to the tried and trodden path of classical English verse are concerned. But not even the most ardent admirer of Edwin Arlington Robinson will contend that, out of sixty pages devoted to modern verse, twelve should be given to his "Isaac and Archibald", to the total neglect of his other work; while the omission of poets so notable as Alfred Noyes, George Sterling, Arthur Davison Ficke, David Morton, and others will call for a good deal in the way of explanation.

To Charles Burton Gulick, A.M., Ph.D., Eliot professor of Greek literature, Harvard, the old Greek home, school, marketplace, and temple serve mainly but as dusty porticos to his "Modern Traits in Old Greek Life" (Longmans, Green). And in the same extensive "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" series, little if any better than this barrenness is "Æschylus and Sophocles; Their Work and Influence" by J. T. Sheppard, M.A., Hon. Litt.D., Fellow and Classical Lecturer, King's College, Cambridge.

The decades of bygone New York have roared, dreadfuled, mauved, and otherwise disported themselves in book form. Now we have in "Sketches of the Sixties", by Bret Harte and Mark Twain, collected from the San Francisco "Californian" and published by John Howell, a Golden Horn pink decade for a pendant to our own mauve one. Its "forgotten material" embraces some charming and spontaneous skits and articles,

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including the original of Mark Twain's "Frog of Calaveras County"; but all in all — though some of Bret Harte's papers reflect their author's aim to create a distinctive "western" type of literature — the material is interesting rather than compelling. It has been gathered and arranged with love, care, and skill, and the book is typographically a thing of beauty.

"The Pathway to Reality" by Viscount Haldane (Dutton) is the compilation of a series of the author's lectures at the University of St. Andrews, forming, in its entirety, an impressive treatise on his doctrine of philosophy. The ideas presented, however, are perhaps a trifle too manly, too influenced by life rather than by the thought of life, to allow the book to take a place in the foremost category of contemporary philosophy. In addition, the author's extreme idealism, despite the claim that it is original, impresses one as being basically the idealism of orthodox man and not that of the pioneer and logical thinker. Yet he has much to say, and although his use of the word "God" is frequent, he is not to be confused with the pseudo-philosopher.

Dr. Jonathan French Scott's "Five Weeks" (Day) is the first book to give a clear account of the part played by public opinion in five leading European nations in causing the World War. The "surge of public opinion" during the weeks in question — press editorials, records of mob meetings, parades, price fluctuation, "foreign correspondent" reports, etc. — in Austria, Germany, France, England, and Russia is established on a basis of solid scholarship and with the real historian's lack of partizan bias. It is the furthest possible remove from a rehash of newspaper ephemera and makes evident that public opinion in itself, not individual leaders, in various countries created situations which made the war unavoidable. "Five Weeks" is a real contribution to the war guilt question, notably in its condemnation of "so called historians who incorporate such stuff [the theory that the Kaiser was the villain of the Great War] in the text-books for children, now being brought out in school after school".

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GLOBE TROTTING THROUGH BOOKS

ALTHOUGH the mere title "Paris" (Macmillan) has a piquancy of its own owing to the fact that most of one's acquaintances either have just returned from or are about to embark for that glamourous city, Sidney Dark's spirited account is not depreciated. Tracing the origin and subsequent history of most of its famous landmarks, he picks out the most entertaining details with deft imagination. One feels that he is talking about the city that he loves, although one wishes occasionally that he would permit himself an æsthetic rapture. At first glance Henry Rushbury's drawings seem adequate, but a more careful study proves disappointing. He has represented the venerable buildings with insufficient light and shade, which gives them a curious unreality not at all in accord with their appearance today. The publishers, however, have done honor to their craft in producing a book which in binding and typography is entirely satisfying.

While one does get a hurried vision of the fleeting panorama of the American scene in Caroline Rittenberg's slim book, "Motor West" (Vinal), the essential contribution of this effort is neither æsthetic appreciation nor unusual observation but rather the quality of practicability. In the three months of motoring to the coast and back, the author has seen only what the average person would find of interest. Thus the record is conventional, brisk, brief, embracing such names as Colorado Springs, Hollywood, Catalina Island, Mount Rainier, Yellowstone National Park, etc. But the useful charts at the end of the volume justify amply the creation of this book, for here is recorded the route taken, the number of miles and the condition of roads along adjacent points, the amount and cost of gasoline and oil used at each place, the list of hotels together with a statement of the quality of the accommodations. When I motor west I shall rip these charts from the book and pocket them.

Although "A Griffin in China", by Genevieve Wimsatt (Funk, Wagnalls), is a superficial survey that conveys very little real notion of the nature of the oriental or of his manner of life, still it deals entertainingly with a few of the more ornamental and less vital phases of Chinese existence. The author evidently knows a good deal about China at first hand; and while, with the one exception of her chapter on Chinese women, she gives us but few glimpses of the Chinaman in that inner world where the foreigner may rarely intrude, yet she shows considerable zest in her descriptions of Chinese art and drama, no less than of Chinese eating, fortune telling, and hair cutting.

When a thing has been done fairly well once it is not likely to repeat itself successfully. That is, in literature. Cornelia Stratton Parker has tried in "More Ports, More Happy Places" (Boni, Liveright) to add to her narrative of European travels, but her contribution lacks the note of originality that was present in her first volume. She describes mountain climbing with vigor and sincerity; but her appreciation of the interesting scenes she passed over in Normandy and Brittany is perhaps too much savored with "stewed mutton chops and fried potatoes". Holmes protested that Memory has a nose; apparently, Mrs. Parker's nose retained more of her experiences than did her vision. She is in the way of seeing things as her children saw them; for all her outlook is that of a mother journeying with a pleasant but not remarkable pair of boys and a quaint, nice little girl.

"Cruising Around the World and the Seven Seas", by Stanton Davis Kirkham (Putnam), is the perfect book for people who look upon a world cruise as sour grapes. For the author finds every port not as it was when he went around the world before, thirty years ago. Apparently, Fords and plumbing have ruined the Orient for him.

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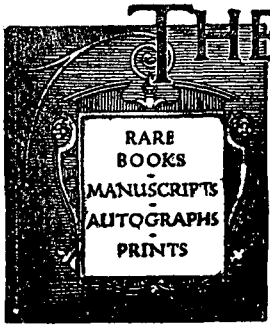

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

WHEN one of our great collectors dies, there is of course much interest in what will become of his collections. Many of them go into public libraries or other institutions, but a certain number must come under the auctioneer's hammer each season. The death of John A. Spoor of Chicago last year removed one of the greatest of American bibliophiles. Mr. Spoor, who had the multifarious interests of a capitalist and a clubman of three countries, was an ardent book collector, and indulged an expensive taste for early English and American literature. It is understood that his magnificent library will be sold some time in the season of 1927–28, in New York. It will be a sale that will attract the attention of collectors and dealers everywhere.

The coming generation of book collectors — the men who will take the place of the great bibliophiles who have left us within the last few years — is being trained at some of the colleges. Yale is the leader in this respect, the Harvard course in the Printed Book having been (it is hoped only temporarily) abandoned. Yale has been having an exhibition of some of the books collected by the young men who compose its class in book collecting, under the direction of librarian Andrew Keogh. The exhibition, given during the latter part of May, showed that the young men of Yale are collecting with excellent judgment. The exhibits included early illuminated and other manuscripts, examples of early printing, Elizabethan literature, eighteenth century literature, nineteenth century English literature, contemporary English literature, American literature, illustrated books, original manuscripts, and autograph letters of writers. The exhibition thus covered the range of literature from a beautifully illuminated manuscript graduale from the Church of S. Pietro di Colle d'Elsa, of the fourteenth century, to A. A. Milne's "Winnie-the-Pooh", 1926. Such gems as the rare *editio princeps* of Homer, 1488 (one of the largest and finest copies known); the black letter "Nuremberg Chronicle" of 1493, the greatest picturebook of the fifteenth century; the Kelmscott Chaucer; the Freeling-Huth-Chew copy of the first edition of Langland's "Vision of Piers Plowman", 1550; one of the fifteen known copies of the fourth edition of the Shakespeare quarto of "Othello"; the first edition of Henry Fielding's "Essay on Conversation", 1737, of which no copy has ever been offered at auction; Keats's "Lamia" with the rare advertisements at the end; Dickens and Thackeray first editions in original parts; Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", the first issue of the first edition in salmon wrappers, were a few of the rare books. The manuscripts included such treasures as a manuscript bill of Harrow School, November 24, 1804, with an alphabetical list of the pupils, in which Byron's name appears twice — once as monitor and once as pupil; the original script of "Jack Sheppard" in Ainsworth's handwriting; an original autograph poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Ruskin's original manuscript of "A Joy Forever"; an unpublished essay on "Books and Reading" in the handwriting of Robert Louis Stevenson and the autograph manuscript of his poem" To a Gardener"; the original first manuscript draft of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "The Gift of God"; and similar items. It would seem as though the next generation of Yale book collectors will be thoroughly able to take care of itself.

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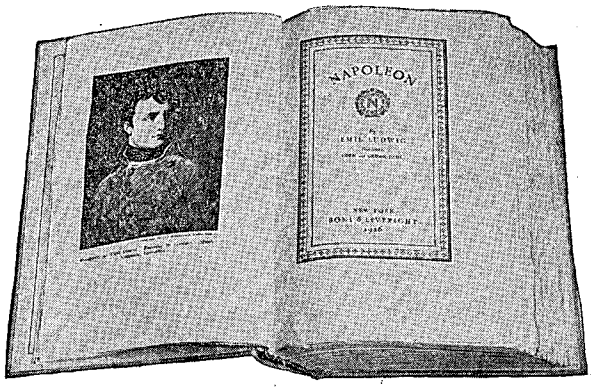

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